

*K Blair (p.) the captain to Sir W. Wallace*  
THE  
L I F E and A C T S

OF THE

Most FAMOUS and Valiant CHAMPION

Sir WILLIAM WALLACE,

Knight of ELLERSLIE;

Maintainer of the LIBERTY of

S C O T L A N D.

With a PREFACE containing a short Sum  
of the History of that Time.



G L A S G O W:

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*Epitaphium GULIELMI WALLACE.*

Invida Mors tristi GULIELMUM funere VALLAM,  
      quæ Cuncta tollit, sustulit.  
Et tanto pro Cive Cinis: pro Finibus Urna est;  
      Frigusque pro Lorica obit.  
Ille quidem Terras Loca se inferiora reliquit,  
      At Fata lætis Supprimens.  
Parte qui Meliora Solum, Cælumque pererrat,  
      Hoc Spiritu, illud Gloria.  
At tibi si inscriptum Generoso Pectus honesto,  
      Fuisse, Hostis proditi.  
Atribus Angle tuis, in pœnas parciore isse:  
      Nec Oppidatim Spargares,  
Membra Viri, sacrandæ Adytis, Sed scin quid in ista  
      Immanitate Viceris?  
Ut Vallæ in Cunctas Oras spargantur & Horas  
      Laudes, tuumque Dedecus.

The Author of the History of the *Douglasses*,  
hath translated the foresaid Verses.

Envious Death who ruins all,  
Hath wrought the sad lamented Fall  
OF WALLACE, and no more remains  
Of him than what an Urn contains,  
Ashes for our HERO we have,  
He for his Armour a cold Grave;  
He left the Earth too low a State  
And by his Acts o'ercame his Fate  
His Soul, Death had not power to Kill,  
His noble Deeds the World do fill,  
With lasting Trophies of his Name  
O! hadst thou Vertue lov'd or Fame,  
Thou couldst not have insulted so  
Over a Brave betray'd Dead Foe,  
Edward nor seen these Limbs expos'd,  
To publick Shame, fit to be clos'd  
As Relicks in an holy Shrine,  
But now the Infamy is thine,  
His End Crowns him with glorious Bays  
And stains the Brightest of thy Praise.

## P R E F A C E :

**T**HIS history of Sir William Wallace, with the other of the valiant king Robert Bruce, which followeth upon the end of it (the former written in latine by Mr. John Blair, chaplain to Wallace, and turned into Scots metre by one called blind Hary in the days of king James the fourth: the other written by Mr. John Barber Archdean of Aberdeen a learned man in the days of king David Bruce, and Robert Stewart) contain a relation of the most famous war that ever fell out in the isle of Britain, fought most valiantly for the space of forty years, betwixt the two realms of Scotland and England, the one unjustly pursuing, the other constantly defending the liberties of this country: During which broils there happened great alterations, both in the general state of this kingdom, and in the overthrow and advancement of particular families, the one for betraying, the other for maintaining their country's freedom and welfare.

That the whole history may be the more clear, we have thought good in a short preface, to set down the causes, occasions, and the most memorable passages of this war. In the year 1285 Alexander the III, king of Scotland, being pitifully taken away by a fall of his horse, at Kinghorn, without any issue of his body, and in him the whole posterity of his father Alexander the second, and grandfather William the Lyon being extinct: the right of the crown fell to the heirs of David earl of Huntingtown and Garioch, youngest brother to William the Lyon. He had left three daughters, the eldest Margaret, married to Allan lord of Galloway: the second Isabel, to Robert Bruce (surnamed the noble) lord of Annandale and Cleveland, the youngest Ada, married Henry Hastings,

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an Englishman; who having no just title to the Crown, the contention rested betwixt the posterity of the two elder daughters: For Allan lord of Galloway, leaving no sons by his wife Margaret; his eldest daughter, Dornagilla of Galloway married John Baliol a man of great power and lands both in Scotland, England, and France, and bare to him John Baliol: afterwards king Robert Bruce by his wife Isabel of Huntingtown had Robert Bruce earl of Carrick (by marriage of Martha heritrix thereof) who contended with John Baliol, and died in time of Wallace's wars. his eldest son Robert Bruce succeeded king of Scotland.

Dornagilla of Galloway claimed the crown as heir to Margaret eldest daughter to prince David, Robert Bruce earl of Carrick, albeit son to Isabel the second daughter, yet contended that in feudal succession, the first male ought to succeed before a woman standing in the same degree, as a second son excludeth his sister altho' she be elder: and therefore he and Dornagilla of Galloway standing in the second degree from prince David, he ought to be preferred before her: as for her son John Baliol, he could claim no right but by her and likewise was a degree further off from prince David. The like practick had fallen forth some ten years before in Heugh the fourth duke of Burgundy, Whose eldest son Heugh, dying before his father, left a daughter Iola, and countess of Nevers, who claimed to succeed her grandfather Heugh the fourth, notwithstanding Robert second son to the same Heugh the fourth, was preferred to her, and succeeded duke of Burgundy; If then the second son in feudal inheritance succeed before the eldest son's daughter, far more ought the nephew to succeed before the niece. The Right of succession being thus made doubtful, the competitors were so powerful, that they drew the greatest part of the kingdom in two equal factions: so that it seemed impossible to settle the controversie at home, without running into a most pernicious civil war.

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The states of Scotland to prevent this mischief thought it fittest to submit the arbitrement of the plea to Edward the first, surnamed Long-shanks king of England, and that upon divers weighty reason. This motion was in secret very greedily embraced by king Edward, hoping in so troublesome water, to find a gainful fishing, either by drawing the kingdom of Scotland under his direct subjection, or at least under his homage as lord paramount and superiour. And to make controverſie more fearful, he stirred up eight other competitors beside Bruce and Baliol, Florence earl of Holland descended of Ada ſiſter to William the lion; Patrick Dumbard earl of March, Sir Walter Roſs, Sir Nicholas Soules, Sir Roger Mondevail, Sir John Cumine of Badenach (theſe five were descended of younger daughters of Allan of Galloway) Sir William Veſcie begotten upon Alexander the ſecond his baſtard daughter, but pretended to be reabled, and John Haſtings lord Abergevan, descended of Ada youngeſt daughter to prince David of Huntingtown.

Difficulties thus increaſing, and the earl of Holland having on foot a great army to take the crown of Scotland by force (which their own ſto-ries affirm to have landed in Scotland, and to have intercepted ſome ſtrengths.) At the meeting of Norham, king Edward dealt ſecretly, and by ſit agents with the ſtates of Scotland, for eſchewing of imminent miſchiefs to become his ſubjects: he being descended of king David's ſiſter, and ſo but two degrees further from the crown of Scotland then Bruce or Baliol were. This being flatly reſuſed by all, he betook himſelf to his other deſign. And firſt dealt ſecretly with Robert Bruce, promiſing to diſcern in his favour, if he would take the crown of Scotland holden of him, and do him homage for it. But he ſtoutly reſuſed to ſubject a free nation to any over-lord; whereupon king Edward called for Baliol, who knowing that he was



not so much favoured of the states of Scotland easily condescended to king Edward's desire, and being by him declared king of Scotland, the states desirous of peace, peace, conveyed him to Scoon, where he was crowned, Anno. 1291, and all except Bruce, swore to him obedience; shortly thereafter Duncan Mackduff earl of Fife, was killed by the lord Abernethy (a man of great power in those times allied both with the Cumines and Baliol :) the earl's brother finding the king partial in the administration of justice, summoned him to compare before the king of England in parliament: where he being present, and sitting beside king Edward (after he had done him homage) when he was called upon, thought to answer by a procurator: but he was forced to rise, and stand at the bar: This indignity grieving him greatly, he resolved to free himself of this bondage. At the same time war breaking out betwixt England and France, king Edward sent ambassadors to the parliament of Scotland to send aid to him, as now being their over-lord. There came also other ambassadors from France, desiring the ancient league to be renewed. The king and states of Scotland renewed the league with France, which had remained inviolably kept for the space of five hundred years before, The king of England's sute was rejected, because the pretended surrender and homage was made by John Baliol privately, without consent of the parliament. A marriage also was concluded betwixt prince Edward Baliol, and a daughter of Charles earl of Valois brother to the French king Philip. Edward having foreseen all these things, had drawn Robert Bruce earl of Carrick with his friends enemies to Baliol, and divers noblemen of Scotland, who held lands of him in England, to bring such forces as they could make, to assist him in the French war: but withal taking truce with the French for some months, he suddenly turned his forces destined against France toward Scotland. His navy  
was



was vanquished at Berwick, and eighteen of his ships taken. Yet his land host by means of the Brucian faction, and the Englished Scots noblemen, took the town of Berwick with great slaughter, and shortly thereafter Dumbar, Edinburgh and Stirling. In and about these castles he had killed or taken captives the greatest part of the Scots noblemen: So that crossing Forth, the blow being sudden, he found no preparation for resistance. Baliol rendered himself to king Edward at Montrose, and was sent by sea into England, where he remained captive till such time as by the intercession of the Pope he was set at liberty, swearing and giving hostages never to return into Scotland. King Edward came to Scoon, and took upon him the crown of Scotland, as forfeited by the rebellion of his homage: Baliol. He sent for the nobles of Scotland who remained, that they with such as were his captives might swear homage to him, as to their leige lord and king, those who refused, were detained prisoners.

King Edward thinking that all was secure now for him in Scotland, left Plantagent (some call him Warran, earl of Surrey, and Sir Heugh Cressingham treasurer, and returned to prosecute the French war, taking such of the nobility of Scotland as he feared, along with him with their followers. The great men of Scotland being in this manner either imprisoned by king Edward, or sworn to his obedience, and tied thereto by reason of their lands holden of the crown of England, the rest either fled to the isles and Highlands, or thought it sufficient to defend their own till better times.

But while men of power neglected the publick cause of the liberty of Scotland, William Wallace a youth of honourable birth, being son to Malcom Wallace of Ellerslie, but of mean power, having first killed in private many Englishmen of the Garisons as he could overtake them, by these exploits became so encouraged, being a man of in-

vincible hardness, incredible strength of body and withal very wise and circumspect, he gathered his friends and neighbours, and by jeopardies and stratagems, divers times out of great numbers of the enemy.

The report thereof drew to him such as affected the liberty and welfare of their country, and had courage to hazard themselves for vindicating thereof, As namely the earl Malcom Lennox, the lord William Douglas (who had been taken captive at the winning of Berwick whereof he was captain, and sent home upon assurance (Sir John Graham, Sir Neil Campbell, Sir Christopher Setoun, Sir John Ramsay, Sir Fergus Barclay, Andrew Murray, William Oliphant, Heugh Hay, Robert Boyd, John Johnston, Adam Gordon, Robert Keith, Reynald Crawford younger, Adam Wallace, Roger Kilpatrick, Simon and Alexander Frazer, James Crawford, Robert Lauder, Scrimgeor, Alexander Auchinleck, Ruthven, Richard Lundie, William Crawford, Arthur Bisset, James and Robert Lindsay, John Cleland, William Ker, Edward Little, Robert Rutherford, Thomas Halliday, John Tinto, Walter Newbigging, Jardan Baird, Guthrie, Adam Currie, Heugh Dundas, John Scot, Steven Ireland, Mr. John Blair, Mr. Thomas Gray, and other gentlemen, with their friends and servants; who (after some valiant exploits happily achieved and an army of ten thousand men led by the Earl of Lancaster to assist the Earl of Warran defeat by Wallace at Bigger) holding an assembly at the Forest kirk, chused Wallace to be warden of Scotland, and viceroy in Baliol's absence. In which office he so valiantly behaved himself, that in a short space he recovered all the strengths on the borders, and brought the south parts of Scotland to great quiet.

The English fearing the loss of all, subtilly took truce with Wallace for one year, beginning in February, In June following, they proclaimed a justice air to be holden at Glasgow and Air, the  
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eighteenth of that moneth, thinking to intrap Wallace, and all his friends, and under colour of law to cut them off at the day appointed, All landed men according to the custum assembled to this court, the Englishmen condemned them of felony, and hanged them presently: Among the rest Sir Reinald Crawford sheriff of Air, uncle to Wallace; Sir Brice Blair, Sir Niel Montgomerie, and many of the barrons of Kyle, Cunningham, Carrick, Cliddisdale. These that escaped by flight advertised Wallace who chanced to come latter nor the rest. He assembled such of the country as detested so horrible an act extremely hated the authors thereof, in the beginning of the night secretly entred into Air, set fire into the place, where the Englishmen after that fact were securely sleeping, and suffered none to escape. The garrison of the castle issued forth to quench the fire, an ambush laid for the purpose, entred the house and made it sure.

The next morning Wallace came to Glasgow, where the lord Henry Percy had retired from Air the day before, whom he expulsed thence with great slaughter. This victory he so hotly pursued, that immediately thereafter he took the castle of Sterling, recovered Argile and Lorn, with the town of Saint Johnstoun, and the country about; thence he travelled thro' Angus and Merns, taking in all the strengths until he came to Aberdeen, which he found forsaken of the English, who had fled by sea with the lord Henry Bewmont an English lord who had married one of the heretrix of the earldom of Buchan named Cumine. Thus all the north country was reduced to the obedience of Wallace except the castle of Dundie; while Wallace lay at the siege hereof, news came of the approach of the English army, led by John earl of Warran and Surray, and Sir Hew Cressingham with a great number of Northumberland men, and such of Scots as held with England, to the number of thirty thousand.

Wallace having with him ten thousand men hardened in arms met them beside Sterling on the north

side of Forth, which having no fords at that place, was passible only by a wooden bridge. This Wallace of purpose had caused to be weakned, so that the one half of the host being past, led by Cressingham the bridge broke with the great weight of their baggage. These who were come over, Wallace charged suddenly before they were put in order, and cut the most part of them in pieces with leader Cressingham: The rest seeking to escape, drowned in the water. The earl of Warran with those that escaped, was assailed by earl Malcome Lennox captain of Stirling castle, and being hotly pursued by Wallace, hardly escaped himself, flying into Dumbar, a castle then belonging to Patrick earl of March. In this battle, foughten the 13 of September 1297. there perished no Scotsman of remark, but Andrew Murray of Bothwel. The English garrisons hearing of this discomfiture, fled from all places, so that before the last of September, all the strengths of Scotland was recovered, except Berwick and Roxburgh.

After these victories, Wallace held a parliament at St. Johnstoun, as Warden of Scotland, and settled the whole country, causing the nobility to swear to be faithful to the state, till such times as they might condescend who should be king: Earl Patrick Dumbar refusing to acknowledge the authority of this parliament, was chased out of Scotland: and because the years by past the ground had not been manured, and great famine threatned the land, Wallace assembled a great host, and entred England where he remained all the winter, and the spring following, living upon his enemies, and enriching his soldiers by their spoil: During which time the English durst never encounter him in open field; only at his first entry, king Edward with a great army of raw soldiers set against him in the plain of Stanmure: but perceiving the discipline and hardy resolution of Wallace's host, before they came nearer than half a mile, drew back his army, and retired: Wallace for fear  
of



of ambush, kepted his soldiers in order, and pursued them not. Thus king Edward left this country to the mercy of a provoked enemy, and notwithstanding that he promised battle, yet he kept himself close, till a peace was concluded for five years. Berwick and Roxburgh being rendered to the Scots.

Scotland thus enjoying perfect liberty, Wallace being earnestly requested by the French king, to the end that his special captains might be kept in military exercise during the peace sailed over into France, with fifty valiant men in his company. He was encountred on the way by Thomas of Chartres (commonly called Thomas of Longo-vil) who with sixteen sail infested the seas: but boarding Wallace's ship, he was taken by him, and thereafter fought most valiantly under him, and king Robert Bruce, for the liberty of Scotland. Wallace after his landing in France was employed in war against the English, who at that time possessed the dutchie in Guyen and Burdeous; them he defeat in sundry skirmishes. But in a few days he was called home by his friends in Scotland: for king Edward understanding Wallace's absence, and pretending that he had broken the peace in Guyen, dealt with Robert Bruce earl of Carrick, and his friends, and with such noblemen of Scotland as held lands in England or envied Wallace: glory, showing that it was a shame for them to suffer Wallace, a mean gentleman, to rule Scotland, while any of the blood royal did remain; so promising his assistance to Robert Bruce, he sent a great army into Scotland, and by the help of the Brucian faction, and Englished noblemen, he easily obtained the greatest strengths of Scotland. Wallace returned the next summer. secretly amassing a number of his special followers, who had lurked till his back-coming, on a sudden surprized Saint Johnstoun by a stratagem: and pursuing his victory hotly, chased the English out of Fife, Upon the report hereof, all the rest of his  
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followers come from their lurking holes, by whose assistance he recovered divers strengths. The lord William Douglas took the castle of Sanquhair by a stratagem, and finding the English captains of the nearest garrison to come and besiege him, he sent secretly to Wallace, who coming with his power, not only raised the siege, but chased also the whole English garrisons out of those quarters, from thence he came to the north parts, which he recovered with small difficultie, except the strong castle of Dundie to which he laid a siege.

The king of England grieved at this fortunate success of Wallace and understanding that he was highly envied by the earl of March, the Cummins (the greatest surname then in Scotland) and divers ancient noblemen (to whose honour Wallace renown seemed to derogate) he stirred up Robert Bruce elder, and his faction, persuading them that Wallace, was Bruce's only competitor for the crown: having so made a strong party for himself in Scotland, the next spring he came with an army of forty thousand men, Scots and English to Falkirk, six miles beneath Sterling. The Scots army was very great, being thirty thousand strong, if they had been all of one mind. For John Cumine lord of Cumbernauld, who had an eye to the crown, had persuaded the lord John Stewart of Bute, being tutor and grand-father by the mother to the children of the lord James Stewart of Renfrew, lately deceased, to contend with Wallace for the leading of the vanguard, alledging the same belonged to the lord Stewart's house by ancient privilege. Wallace refusing this, they parted, one from another in high chaff, there remaining with Wallace no more but ten thousand of his old Soldiers, Cumine with ten thousand of his followers, after a small shew of resistance, fled treasonably, leaving the valiant Stewart inclosed by two battels of the English, by whom, after he had fought valiantly for a long time, he was cut off with all his followers. Wallace with his battle defended themselves valiantly

ly, until they were safely retired beyond the river of Carron, losing beside some others, the noble Sir John Graham, the most valiant worthy of Scotland next unto Wallace, Bruce whom the king of England had brought with all his friends to the field, pretending to assist him for recovery of his right from the usurper Wallace. Perceiving Wallace on the other side of Carron, desired to speak with him, to whom he upbraided so foolish an usurpation of the kingdom of Scotland, against so powerful a faction at home, assisted by so mighty a king abroad, I, answered Wallace, intended never to reign in Scotland but finding my native country abandoned by John and Baliol, who have the right to the crown, have set my self to defend my friends and neighbours from the unjust tyranny and usurpation of the king of England, who setteth you forth most unnaturally to tear the bowels of your mother with your own hands.

After divers speeches to this purpose. Bruce perceiving the fraudulent and tyrannous dealing of king Edward, returned to the host. The next morning Wallace understanding that the English army weakly entrenched, and in great security. Amassing with his own army such as had escaped, set upon them in the dawning before they could be arrayed, and killed many; so that the English king returned at that time without any further exploits. Bruce remembering what he heard of Wallace, desired king Edward according to his former promises, to put him in possession of so much of the kingdom of Scotland as then was under his power: to whom he answered in the French tongue, "Have we no more ado but "conquer kingdoms for you?" By this speech the lord Bruce conceived so much grief and anger, that within a few days he departed this life, without seeking his eldest son Robert Bruce, afterward king, being kept for assurance of his father's obedience, in Calais castle in France.

After

After this unhappy battle. Wallace striving to recover such castles and strengths as king Edward had intercepted, found such opposition and backwardness by his envious emulators, that he returned to Saint Johnstoun, and in an assembly of the states resigned his charge of warden, and with eighteen men passed again into France according to a promise at his last return there from. This fell out in the end of the year 1300. The opposite faction having gained their desire, choosed John Cumine governour; the rather because king Edward had promised to assist him to the crown of Scotland. But he found him as great an enemy as he had been to Wallace. For after seven months truce, obtained by means of the French king, Edward sent Sir Ralph Gonfray with a great army to subdue the Scots, and to put an end to the war which they expected should be easie, Wallace being now out of the way, John Cumine joining with the lord Simon Frazer, making some eight or nine thousand men, came to resist the English, who having wasted the country as far as Rosting, about five miles from Edinburgh, expecting no resistance divided themselves into three battles, that they might spoil farther in the country. The Scots embracing the occasion, set upon the first battle, and easily discomfit them: the second also, albiet stronger by the joining of those who had fled, was after a long conflict put to the rout. By this the third battle coming to the revenge, put the Scots to a great strait, as being forewounded, wearied, and weakened in the two former battles, and having to withstand a fresh enemy of far greater number: hereupon they were forced to kill all the captives, lest they should assist the enemy, and with the weapons to arm their baggage men: and setting forward both with courage and necessity seeing no escape, after a long and hard fight, they put the enemy to flight. This was the 24 of March 1301.

King Edward sore incensed by this evil success  
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sent for Robert Bruce younger out of Calais, whom he perswaded that he had for along time against Wallace defended his father's right to the crown of Scotland : that having put Wallace out of the way, he found the Cumins as great enemies : notwithstanding he intended yet once more to put that enemy out of the way, and so settle him in his kingdom. The young prince believing him, caused all his friends and favourers of Scotland to joins with him and entring the borders, spoiled the country, and took divers castles as far as Douglas.

Some report, that the lady Douglas named Ferras, an English woman, betrayed that castle to Bruce, who took the Lord William Douglas captive with all his children and goods. The lord himself was kept prisoner in Berwick and thereafter at York, while he died.

Mean time king Edward had prepared a mighty army both by land and sea with which he entred Scotland and subdued all before him, while he came to Stirviling, kept then by Sir, William Oliphant : who after a long siege, knowing of no releif yeilded the castle, upon condition that himself and all that were with him, should pass with their lives safe : notwithstanding king Edward kept still all the noblemen, together with the captain Sir William Oliphant : and such as would not swear homage to him (pretending to be protector of Robert Bruce's right) he sent prisoners to London. Having in this castle intercepted divers of John Cumin's friends he procured them to draw him to a parley with him in which he so blinded him with hopes of the kingdom, and with fear of utter undoing that he joined himself and his friends to the English ; who by this accession, easily passed forward with the course of victory, as far as the outmost bounds of Ross ; and in his back coming carried away with him into England all books, registers, histories laws and monuments of the kingdom ; and amongst others the fatal marble chair, whereupon the former

Scots

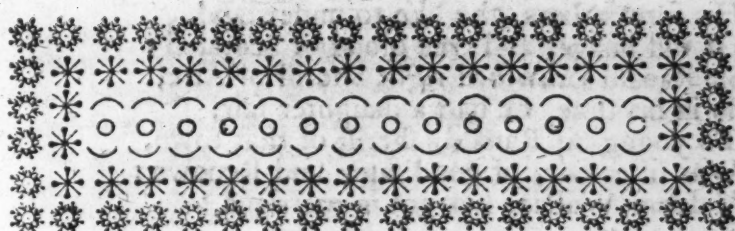


Scots kings used to be crowned at Scoon, on which was engraven a prophecy, hearing, That where ever this chair should be transported, the Scots should command there. He carried also with him all the learned men and professors of Scotland, amongst others, the famous subtile doctor John Duns, surnamed Scotus; thinking hereby so to discourage and effeminate the minds of the Scots; that they should cast off all care of recovering their liberty, the memory thereof being drowned in oblivion. At his returned into England he left his cousin Sir Aymerde Vallance earl of Pembrok, viceroy, having fortified all castle with strong garrisons.

The Scots who stood for the liberty of the country being forsaken by John Cumine, sent earnest letters to France to move Wallace to return. He was then making war upon the English in Guyen: but hearing the mischiefs of his country, obtained leave of the French king to return and secretly amassing some of the remainder of his old friends, recovered divers castles and towns in the north, and having greatly increased his army, besieged St. Johnstoun till it was rendered. But as he proceeded in the course of his victories, he was betrayed by his familiar friend Sir John Monteith to the lord Aymer Vallance, who sent him into England, where by king Edward's command he was put to death, and his body quartered, and sent into the principal cities of Scotland, and to be set up for a terror to others.

As for the authority of these two histories altho they possibly err in some circumstances of time, place and number, or names of men, yet generally they write the truth of the story of these times, both at greater length, and upon more certain information, than those who have written our chronicles. So committing them to thy diligent perusal (gentle and courteous reader) I wish you profit thereby, and happiness from God. Farewel.





T H E  
L I F E and A C T S  
O F T H E  
Most FAMOUS and valiant CHAMPION  
Sir *WILLIAM WALLACE*,  
Knight of ELLERSLIE.

The First BOOK.  
C H A P. I.

**O**UR Antecessors of whom we should oft read :  
And hold in mind their fame and worthy deed  
We let over-slide through very slothfulness.  
And cast us ever to other business.  
On vain gaming is set our whole intent.  
Which hath been seen into these times by want :  
Our next neighbour that came of Brutus blood.  
They often-times to Scots wish'd little good :  
Though now of late God turn'd their mind and will,  
That great kindness they have shown us until.  
The hearts of people, the Lord hath in his hand.  
He may them rule and guide at his command :  
And though all leids would have this land in thrall,  
Upon his power, God can against them all,  
As we have seen in our forbearers before ;  
But of these parables as now I speak no more.

We read of one right famous in renown,  
Of worthy blood, that reigned in his region :  
And henceforth now. I will my purpose hold,  
Of William Wallace as ye have heard it told His

His fore-fathers who like to understand,  
 Of old linage, and true blood of Scotland :  
 Sir Ranald Crawford right Sheriff of Aire,  
 So in his time, he had a daughter fair,  
 To young Sir Ranald, sheriff of that town,  
 Was sister fair, of good fame and Renown :  
 Malcom Wallace her got in marriage,  
 That Ellerslie then had in heritage.  
 Auchinbothie and many other place,  
 The second uye he was to good Wallace :  
 The which Wallace full hardily had wrought,  
 When Walter, heir of Wallace to him sought.  
 Who likes to hear more knowledge in that part,  
 Go read the line of the first Stewart.

Now Malcom Wallace got with his lady bright,  
 Malcom Wallace, a good and gentle knight,  
 And William too, as chronicles bear on hand,  
 Who after was rescuer of Scotland.  
 When it was lost with treason and falseness :  
 Over-set with foes, it fred through Gods grace.  
 Alexander our worthy king forlorn,  
 By aventure his life lost at Kinghorn.  
 Three years still the realm stood desolate.  
 Where though there rose a full griveous debate :  
 Our prince David earl of Huntingtown,  
 Three daughters had of great fame and renown,  
 Of the which three came Bruce, Baliol, and Hailling :  
 Two of these three desired to be king :  
 The Baliol claimed of the first gree lineally,  
 And Bruce the first male of the gree by gree.  
 To Edward soon into England they send,  
 Of this great strife they thought he should make end,  
 Folly it was (indeed it hapned so)  
 Succour to seek of their old mortal fo.  
 Edward Long-shanks had now begun his war  
 Upon Gasfroiga, into an awful Fear :  
 The land which he claimed stood in such case,  
 He thought full soon, to make a full conquest.  
 To Northam kirk he came withoutten mair,  
 The council then of Scotland met him there :  
 Full subtilly he charged them in bandown,

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As their over-lord, to hold of him the crown.  
 Bishop Robert in this time right worthy,  
 Of Glasgow lord, said, that we do deny,  
 Any over-lord, but the great God above.  
 The king was wroth, and home he did remove.  
 Yet John Baliol followed on him so fast,  
 To hold of him he granted at the last:  
 And contrarie right a king he made him there,  
 Where through Scotland repented it full fair.  
 To the Baliol our lords would not consent,  
 Edward forthwith set down a paliamment:  
 He called Baliol to answer for Scotland:  
 The wise lords soon caused him break that band.  
 An abbot, and gave over his alledgance.  
 King Edward then took it in great grivance:  
 His hoast he rais'd, and came to wark on Tweed;  
 But for to fight, as then he had great dread;  
 To Corspatrick of Dumbar soon he send,  
 His Counsell askt, for he the countrey kend;  
 Where he was brought in presence of the king,  
 By subtile band they pocked up this thing.

## C H A P. III.

## The Battel of Berwick.

**E**Arlepatrick then to Berwick can persue,  
 Received he was, and trusted very true:  
 The king followed with his men of renown,  
 After midnight at rest was all the town.  
 Corspatrick rose, the keys well he knew,  
 Let bridges down, and Portculziēs they drew;  
 Edward entred, and caus'd slay hastily,  
 Of men and women, eight thousand and fifty;  
 And children too, by this false adventure.  
 Of true Scots escaped no creature,  
 A captain there this false king hath made,  
 Toward Dubar without resting they rade.

## C H A P. III.

## The Battel of Dumbar.

**W**Here gathered was great power of Scotland,  
 Against Edward, in Battel for to stand:  
 The

The three Earls was entred in that place,  
 Of Mar, Monteith and Athol upon case.  
 In the castle the earl gart hold them in.  
 That to their men without they could not win :  
 Nor yet to them supplying for no mo ;  
 The battels then together fast, they go,  
 And many slain there was without mercy,  
 Of true Scots, over-set with subtilty.  
 Earl Patrick then, when the fighting was fellest,  
 To ours so turned, and harming did us maist,  
 Is none in world that skaithes may do mair,  
 Then well trusted a born familiar.  
 Our men are slain without Redemption.  
 Through these deeds whole, tint was this Region.

## C H A P. IV.

How King Edward and Corspatrick came to Scoon,  
 and deposed John Baliol, and had with them  
 the Heirs of Scotland.

**K**ing Edward past and Corspatrick to Scoon,  
 And there he got the homage of Scotland soon :  
 For none was left the realm for to defend,  
 For John Baliol then to Montrose they send,  
 And him deprived for ay of his Kingrike ;  
 Then Edward himself was called a royal Kite,  
 The crown he took upon the self same stane,  
 That Gathelus sent with his son from Spain.  
 When Iber Scot first into Scotland came ;  
 That Kenneth king, the second of that name,  
 Brought it to Scoon, and gart it stable thair,  
 Where kings were crown'd eight hundred years and  
 Before the time that king Edward it fand. (mair  
 These Jewels he gart turse into England ;  
 In London set in witness of that thing,  
 By conquest then of Scotland made him king  
 Where that stone stands, Scotland should masters be,  
 God choose the time, for Margaret's heirs to see.  
 Eight score they led of greatest that they fand,  
 All heirs with them, and Bruce out of Scotland.  
 That office then he kept but short time,  
 I may not now put all the deeds in rime :

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Of Sir William Wallace.

5

On chronicles, why should I tarry lang :  
 To Wallace again now briefly will I gang.  
 Scot'and was lost when he was but a child,  
 All overset with our Enemies wild ;  
 His father Malcom in the Lennox fled,  
 His eldest son thither with him he led.  
 His mother fled with him from Elerflie,  
 To Gowrie past, and dwelt in Kilspindie.  
 The knight his father thither hath him sent,  
 Unto his uncle with a great intent.  
 In Gowrie dwelt and had their living thair,  
 An aged man, which received them fair :  
 Then to Dundie Wallace to school they send,  
 While he of wit-full worthily was kend :  
 Thus he continued in his tender age,  
 In arms then did many vassalage,  
 When Saxon blood in this realm could reign,  
 Marking the will of that unrighteous king.  
 Many great wrongs they wrought in this region,  
 Destroy'd our lords, and brake our buildings down.  
 Both wives and widows they took at their own will,  
 Nuns and maidens whom they liked to spill :  
 King Herods part they play'd here in Scotland,  
 Of young children that they before them fand.  
 The Bishopricks that was greatest of vail,  
 They took in hand of their archbishops hail :  
 Not for the pope they would no kirk forbear,  
 But gripped all through violence of wear.  
 Glasgow they gave, as at their vaile was kend,  
 To Diocce of Durham to a command :  
 Small benefices they would not pursue :  
 But for this thing full many other they slew,  
 Hanged barrons, and wrought full meikle care.  
 It was well known within the barns of Aire :  
 There eighteen score was put to felon dread ;  
 But God above hath sent us some remead.  
 It is remembred farther in the tale,  
 I will follow upon my purpose haile :  
 William Wallace ere he was man of arms,  
 Great pity thought Scotland that took such harms.  
 Meikle dolour it did him in his mind :

For

On



For he was wise, right worthy, weight and kind  
 In Gowrie dwelt still with this worthy man,  
 As he increast, and with a bondant than,  
 Into his heart he had still meikle care,  
 He saw the Sutheron multiply mair and mair,  
 And to himself he oft would make his moan,  
 Of his good kin they had slain many one.  
 Yet he was then seemly, strong and bold,  
 Ere he of age was seventeen winters old,  
 Weapons he bare either good sword or knife :  
 For he with them hapned full oft to strife :  
 Where he found one out of others presence,  
 After to Scots they did no more offence,  
 To cut his throat, or stick him suddenly,  
 He cared not, found he them anerly.  
 Sundry wanted, but none knew by what way,  
 For as to him there could no man ought lay ;  
 Little of speech, was courteous and benign,  
 Sad of countenance, he was bold and young.

## C H A P. V.

How Wallace slew young Selbie, the Constables Son  
 of Dundie.

**U**Pon a day to Dundie he was send,  
 Of cruelness full little he was kend :  
 The constable was a fellon man of wear,  
 And unto Scots he did full meikle dear.  
 Selbie he height, dispiteous in out-rage.  
 A son he had near twenty years of age :  
 Into the town he used every day,  
 Three men or four thereto with him to play.  
 An heily shrew, wanton in his intent,  
 Wallace he saw, and towards him he went :  
 Seemly he was, right big, and well beseen.  
 Into a weed of goodly gaming green.  
 He called on him, and said, thou Scot, abide,  
 What Devil (said he) thee graithed in so good weed :  
 An horse-mantle it was thy kind to wear ;  
 A Scots whittle under thy belt to bear.  
 Rough Rulzions upon thine harlots Feet ;  
 Give me thy knife, what doth thy gear so meet :

To

To him he went his knife to take him fra,  
Fast by the collar Wallace can him ta ;  
Under his hand his knife he braided out,  
For all his men that sembled him about :  
But help him self he knew of no Remead,  
Without rescue he sticked him to dead.  
The Squyer fell of him there was no more,  
His men followed on Wallace wonder sore.  
The Preass was thick, and cummered them full fast.  
Wallace was speedy, and greatly als agast ;  
The bloody knife was drawn in his hand,  
He spared none that he before him fand.  
The house he knew his eme had lodged in,  
Thither he fled, farther he might not win,  
The good wife there within the close saw he,  
And help he cryed, for him that died on tree ;  
The young captain hath fallen with me at strise,  
In at the door he went with this good wife.  
A russet gown of her own she him gave,  
Above his weed which covered all the lave.  
A sudled courh over head and neck let fall,  
A worn white hat she breased on withal,  
For they should not long tarry at that Inn ;  
Gave him a rock, and then sat down to spinn.  
The Sutheron sought where was Wallace but dreed,  
They knew not well at what gate he in yeed :  
In that same house they sought him busily,  
But he sat still and span right cunningly,  
As of his time he had not learned lang.  
They left him so, and forth their gates can gang,  
With heavy chear, and sorrowful in thought ;  
No wit of him as then get could they nought,  
The Englishmen all then in barret bown.  
Bade fire all Scots that were into the town,  
Yet this good-wife held Wallace until night,  
Made him good chear, and put him out of sight.  
Through a dark gate she guided him full fast.  
In covert went syn by the water past ;  
Forbure the gate, for watches that was there ;  
His mother was into a great dispare ;  
When she him saw, she thanked heavens king,

And

Son

weed :

et :

To

And said, dear son, so long where hast thou been?  
 He told his mother of that sudden case,  
 Then weeped she, and said, full oft alace  
 Ere that thou cease, thou wilt be slain withal.  
 Mother, he said, God ruler is of all:  
 Unsufferable are the people of England,  
 Part of their yre me thinks we should gainstand.  
 His eme he knew that he the Squyer slew,  
 For dread thereof in great Languor he grew,  
 This passed over, while divers days were gane.  
 The good man dread that Wallace should be tane.  
 The Sutheron are full subtille every man.  
 A great ditty for Scots ordain'd they than,  
 By the law days in Dundie set an aire.  
 Then Wallace would no longer sojourn there.  
 His mother graithed her in a Pilgrims weed.  
 Himself disguised, syn gladly with her yeed.  
 A short sword under his weed bare he,  
 In all the land full many foes had he,  
 Both on their feet with them more took they nought  
 Who spired, she said, to S. Margaret they sought  
 Who served her, full great friendship they fand,  
 With Sutheron folks, for she was of England.  
 Besides Lundores the ferrie over they past,  
 Then through the Ochel sped they wonder fast;  
 Into Dumferling they lodged all that night;  
 Upon the morn when that the day was light,  
 With gentlewomen hapned them to pass,  
 Of England born, in Linlithgow winning was:  
 The captains wife in Pilgrimage had been;  
 When she them met, and had good Wallace seen.  
 Good chear they made, for he was wonder fair,  
 Not large of tongue, well taught, and debonair  
 Forth talking thus of matters that were wrought,  
 While South over Forth, with her son she him brought  
 Into Linlithgow they would not tarry lang.  
 Their leave they took, to Dumpace they gang:  
 There dwelt his Eme, a man of great Riches,  
 A mighty Person, height to name Wallace:  
 Made them good chear, and was a full good-man,  
 Welcomed them fair, and to them told he than;

Did

Did him to wit the Land was all on fleir  
Treated them well, and said, My son, so dear,  
Thy Mother and thou, right here with me shall bide,  
While better be thy chance, what may betide  
Wallace answered, Wester more we will,  
Our Kin is slain, and that me liketh ill,  
And other many worthy in that art :  
Live I, will God, we shall us wreck on part  
The Parson sighd, and said, My son so free,  
I cannot know how that redress may be.  
What should I speak of frustrate at this tide,  
For gift of good he would not with him bide.  
His Mother and he to Ellerslie they went,  
Upon the Morn she for her brother sent,  
In Corbie dwelt, and was Sheriff of Aire,  
His Father was dead that lived long time there,  
Her eldest Son that meikle was of mein,  
Her Husband als at Lochmabin was slain :  
Sir Malcom Wallace his name was but lies,  
His hogh sinews were cutted in that preass :  
On knees he fought, feil Englishmen he slew ;  
To him then fought more fighters than anew :  
On either side with Spears they bare him down.  
There sticked they that good Knight of renown,  
Unto my Tale I left at Ellerslie,  
Sir Ronnald came unto his Sister free :  
Welcomed them, and asked of their intent.  
She pray'd that he to Lord Persie would went.  
She irked of War, she would no further flee,  
To purchase, in rest that she might be.  
Sir Ronnald had the Persie's protection.  
As for all Part to take remission :  
Then he caus'd write to his Sister that tide,  
In that respite Wallace would not abide.  
His Mother he left, she wept with Heart full fair,  
His leave he took, then from his Emc can fare.  
Young he was, and to Southern right savage,  
Great room they had, despite and eke Courage.  
Sir Rannald durst not then hold Wallace there,  
For great peril he knew appearing were ;  
For they had whole the strenghts of this Land ;



What they would do durst none against them stand.  
 Sheriff he was, and used them among,  
 Full sore he dread, that Wallace should take wrong,  
 For he and they could never well accord,  
 He got a blow tho' he was lad or Lord,  
 That proffered him any lightliness :  
 But they repaired over meikle to that place,  
 Als English Clerks in prophecy it fand,  
 How one Wallace should put them from Scotland ;  
 Sir Rannald knew well a more quiet steed,  
 Where William might be better from their feed ;  
 With his Uncle William of Richardtoun,  
 Sir Richard height, that good Knight of renown,  
 These Lands whole then was his heritage.  
 But blind he was, so happened through courage,  
 By Englishmen that did him meikle dear ;  
 In his rising, he worthy was in wear.  
 Through hurt of veins, and minishing of Blood,  
 Yet he was wise, and of his counsel good.  
 In Februar Wallace was to him send,  
 Into April he boun from him to wend.  
 But good service he did him with pleasure,  
 As in that space was worthy to advance.

## C H A P. VI.

How Wallace past to the Water of Irvin to take Fish.

**S**O on a time he desired to play,  
 Into April the three and twenty day :  
 To Irvin water, fish to take he went,  
 Such fantasie fell into his intent.  
 To lead his net, a child with him there yeed :  
 But he ere noon, was in a fellon dread :  
 His Sword he left, so did he never again,  
 It did him good, although he suffered Pain.  
 Of that labour as then he was not slie,  
 Happy he was, took Fish abundantlie,  
 Ere of the Day ten Hours could overpass  
 Riding there came, near by where Wallace was,  
 The Lord Persie that was Captain of Aire,  
 From hyn he turn'd, and could to Glasgow fare,  
 Part of the Court had Wallace labour seen,

To

To him they rode five cled in Garment green.  
Saint Martin's Fish said Scot now we would have.  
Wallace again them meekly answer gave.  
It were reason, methink, ye should have part.  
Waith should be dealt in all place with free heart.  
He bade his boy give them of his wathing.  
The Suthron said, As now of thy dealing  
We will not take, thou wouldst give us over small.  
He lighted down, and from his boy took all.  
Wallace said then, Gentlemen, if ye be,  
Leave us some part, we pray, for charity:  
An aged Kinght serves our Lady this Day;  
Good friend leave part, and take not all away:  
Thou shalt have leave to fish, and take thee mair,  
All these surely shalt to our sitting fare.  
We serve a Lord, these fish shall to him gang.  
Wallace answered said. Thou art in the wrang,  
Whom thoust thou, Scot, in faith thou servest a blaw.  
To him he ran and out a sword can draw  
Wallace was wo he had no weapons there,  
But a Paulst-staff which in his hand he bare:  
Wallace with it fast on the cheek him took,  
With so good will, while off his Feet him shook.  
The Sword flew from him a foot-broad on the Land;  
Wallace was glad, and caught it soon in hand,  
And with the Sword an ackward stroke him gave  
Under the head his craig in sunder drave,  
By that the rest lighted about Wallace.  
He had no help but only on God's Grace:  
On either side full fast on him they dang:  
Great peril was if they had lasted lang,  
Upon the head in great yre he struck one,  
The shearing Sword cut to the collar bone.  
Another he hit on the arm hastily,  
While hand and sword both on the Land can ly  
The other two fled to their horse again,  
He stuck him that last was on the plain.  
Three flew he there, two fled with all their might  
After their Lord, but he was out of sight,  
Taking the muir ere he and they could twin,  
To him they rode anone ere they could blin,

And cry'd, Abide, your Men are Martyr'd down.  
 Right cruelly into this false Region.  
 Five of your Men here at the water bade,  
 Fish you to bring, tho' it no profit made,  
 We are escap'd, but in field slain are three.  
 The Lord ask'd. How many may there be?  
 We saw but one, that hath overcome us all.  
 Then leugh the Lord, and said shame on you fall;  
 Since one you all hath put to confusion:  
 Who mones it most the Devil in Hell him drown  
 This day for me, in faith he's not be sought.  
 When Wallace thus the worthy work had wrought  
 Their horse he took, and gear that was left there:  
 Gave o'er the craft, and went to fish no mair.  
 Went to his Eme, and told him of the dead:  
 And he for wo near swelt out of his weed,  
 And said, Son, these tidings sits me sore  
 If they be known, thou may get skaith therefore:  
 Uncle, he said, no longer will I bide,  
 These Sutherons horse, let see if I can ride  
 Then but a Child in service for to make,  
 His Eme's Son with him he would not take.  
 This good Knight said, Dear Cousin, I pray thee;  
 When thou wants good, come fetch enough from me;  
 Silver and gold he caus'd one to him give;  
 Wallace then kneel'd and lowly took his leave.  
 The End of the First Book.

## The Second BOOK.

## C H A P. I.

How Wallace slew the Churl with his own Staff in Aire.

**Y**OUNG Wallace then fulfilled of his courage,  
 In praise of arms, desirous of vassalage,  
 Thy vassalage may never be forlorn,  
 Thy deed is known tho' all the Word had sworn,  
 For thy whole mind, labour and business,  
 Was set on war, and very righteousness:  
 And full great loss of thy dear worthy kin,

The

The rancour more remains thy mind within  
It was his Life and most part of his food.  
To see them shed the burning Sutherons blood.  
To Ochter house withoutten more he rode.  
And but short time in peace there he abode:  
There was one Wallace that welcomed him well,  
Though Englishmen thereof had little feel,  
Both meat and drink at his will had he there.  
In Langlan Wood when that he made repair.  
The Gentleman full oft was his reset,  
With stuff of house full oft he can him bet:  
So he desir'd the town of Aire to see,  
His child with him, and then no more took he.  
Ay next the wood Wallace caus'd leave his horse,  
Then on his foot went to the market-crofs:  
Then Perlie was in the castle of Aire  
With Englishmen great number and repair,  
And all the Town ruling on their own ways,  
To many Scots they did full great surprise:  
All but abasing Wallace among them yeed,  
The rage of youth made him to have no dread.  
A Churl they had that great burdens did bear,  
Exceedingly he would lift meikle mair,  
Than any three that they among them fand,  
And als by this one sport he took in hand.  
He bare a sting into a busteous pole.  
On his broad back, of any it would thole,  
But for a groat, as fast as he might draw,  
When Wallace heard speak of that merry saw,  
Then he desir'd at that market to be:  
For one stroke he bade him groats three,  
The Churl granted of that proffer was fain,  
To pay that Silver Wallace was full bane.  
Wallace that sting took up into his hand,  
Full sturdily before him could he stand;  
Wallace with that upon the back him gave  
While he his rig-bone all into sunder drave.  
The Churl was dead of him I speak na mair,  
The Englishmen assembled on Wallace there  
Fell on the field of folks fighting fast  
He unabased, and not greatly agast,



Upon the Head one with the sting hit he,  
 While bone and brain he made in Pieces flee,  
 Another he stroak on the bairnet of Stile,  
 The tree then rave, and frushed every deale.  
 The tree was lost, the Englishman was dead,  
 For his craig-bone was broken in that steed,  
 He drew a Sword that helped him in need,  
 Throughout the thickest of the press he yeed,  
 And at his horse full fain he would have been,  
 Two grieved him most that cruel were and keen.  
 Wallace returned as Man of meikle main,  
 And at one stroke the foremost hath he slain;  
 A full fore stroke the other got that tide,  
 With his good Sword, he made him there abide:  
 In at the Corset brimly he him bare,  
 The grounded Sword out through his body share.  
 Five slew he there, ere he past from the Town,  
 He got his horse, to Langlane made him bown:  
 And kepted the child, and let him not abide,  
 Escaped thus he can to Langlane ride:  
 Some followed him on horse, some upon foot,  
 To take Wallace, as then it was no boot.  
 The trees were thick that kepted him full well,  
 But there to byde, because he could never a deal,  
 Good Ordinance that effeired for his Estate;  
 His custom was at all times ere and late:  
 The Squier Wallace in Ocher house that was,  
 Both bed and meat for him they made to pass,  
 As for that time that he remained there,  
 But fore he longed to see the town of Aire.  
 Thither he past upon a Market-day,  
 Would God as then that he had bidden away.  
 His Eme's servant for to buy fish he sent.  
 Sir Reynald Crawford the Sheriff then was kent.

## C H A P. II.

How Wallace slew Lord Persies Steward, and was Imprisoned in Aire.

**W**HEN he had tane such good as he had bought,  
 The Persie's Steward right sadly to him sought  
 And said, Thau Scot, to whom buys thou this thing?

To

To the Sheriff he said by heaven's King,  
 My Lord shall have it, syn go fetch thee mair.  
 Wallace by chance, was near by going there,  
 He went to him, and said, Friend, I pray thee,  
 The Sheriff's servant that thou would let him be.  
 A lordly Man the Steward was of blood,  
 And thought Wallace him charged in terms rude.  
 Go hence thou Scot, the meikle Devil thee speed,  
 At thy Sheriff's use thou weens us for to lead.  
 An hunting staff into his hand he bare  
 Therewith he smote on William Wallace there.  
 But with his tree little sunzie he made,  
 Fast by the choller him caught withoutten bade,  
 A full great knife fast to his Heart stroak he.  
 Then from him dead, shot him right suddenly.  
 Cater sensyn I trow he was no mair.  
 The Englishmen assembled Wallace there.  
 Fourscore were set in Armour birnest down,  
 On Market-day, for Scots to keep the town.  
 Wallace boldly he drew a Sword of weir,  
 Into the brime the foremost couth he bear,  
 Out through the body flicked him to the dead,  
 And sundry more, ere he past from that stead;  
 An ackward stroak another took he there  
 Upon the knee, the bone in sunder share,  
 The third he stroak on a peasent of mailzie:  
 His craig in two, no weeds might availzie,  
 Thus Wallace fared as wood as a Lion.  
 The Englishmen that were on bargain down.  
 They kept the gate with Spears rude and lang,  
 For dint of Sword might no man to him gang:  
 Wallace was harness on his Body well,  
 At him they fought with sharp Swords of steel.  
 And from his strength environed him about,  
 Out through the press on a side he brake out,  
 Unto a wall that stood by the Sea side,  
 For well or wo there must he needs abide.  
 Part of their spears in pieces there he share.  
 Then from the Castle other help came mair;  
 Out over the dyke they gladd on every side,  
 Brake down the wall, no succour was that tide;

Then Wallace knew of no ween but to die ;  
 To win his death amongst them thus went he ;  
 Other part in great yre hewing fast.  
 His birnest brand it bursted at the last.  
 Brake in the hilt away the blade it flew :  
 He wist not ween, out forth his knife he drew ;  
 The first he slew which him in hand hath hint,  
 And other two he sticked with his dint.  
 The Remnant to him with Spears hath sought,  
 Bare him to ground, no further might he nought,  
 The Lords bade, that they should not him sla ;  
 To pine him more they charged him to ta' ;  
 Into their Innes, although that he had sworn,  
 Out of the gate by force they have him born,  
 Thus good Wallace by Englishmen was tane,  
 In fault of help, for he was his alane.  
 He would not cease, his courage so him bare,  
 Frivole fortune hath brought him in the snare.  
 The false gods full of unrighteousness,  
 And false Juno full of deceitfulness.  
 These feigned gods, Wallace never yet knew,  
 Great righteousness him ay to mercy drew.  
 His kin might him get for no kind of thing.  
 Might they have payed the ransom of a King.  
 The more they bade, the more it was in vain,  
 Of their best men that day seven hath he slain.  
 They caus'd set him into a prison fell,  
 Of his torments great pity was to tell.  
 Evil meat and drink they caus'd unto him gave,  
 Great marvel was it he might long there live.  
 And eke thereto he was in prison law,  
 While they thought time on him to hold the law,  
 Leave I him thus into this painful stead ;  
 While God above do send him some remead.  
 The plain complaint, and piteous lamenting  
 The woful weeping that was for his taking,  
 The tormenting of every Creature :  
 Alace ! they said, how shall our life endure ?  
 The flower of youth into his tender age,  
 Fortune of arms hath left him in thirlage.  
 Living this Day a Chistian have we none,

Durst

Durst take in hand but young Wallace alone :  
The Land is lost, he is caught in the snare ;  
The A-per-se of Scotland is in great care.

## C H A P. III.

How Wallace was Imprisoned in Aike, and escaped.

**B**Arreld-herring and water they him gave,  
Where he was set into that ugly cave.  
Such food for him was feeble to command,  
Then said he thus, Good God me now receive,  
My piteous Spirit, and Soul over all the lave :  
My careful life, I may not now defend.  
Over few Sutherland unto the death I drew,  
And that I rue indeed, and very true.  
For soon I will out of this World wend,  
If I should now in prison make an end.

Eternal God, why should I thus ways die,  
Since my belife all whole remains on thee ?  
And thine own hand full worthily has wrought  
But thou remead, no life they ordain me :  
Mine only Saviour that died on the tree.  
From hell's prison with thy blood hath me bought,  
Why wilt thou give thine handy-work for nought,  
And many other in great pain that I see,  
For of my life nothing else I rought.  
O warried sword of temperate never true,  
Thy frusking blade in prison soon me threw,  
And Englishmen over little harms hath tane,  
Of us they have undone more than a new :  
My faithful Father despitefully they slew,  
My Brother als, and good men many one,  
This is the dart shall us overcome each one.  
Of this Kingrick, dear God, when shalt thou rue,  
Since my power thus suddenly is gone.

And worthy Scots, Almighty God you lead,  
Since I no more in worship may you speed ;  
In prison here me worthes to mischief ;  
Now silly Scotland, that of help hath great need,  
Thy nation stands into a fellow dread.  
Of worldliness right thus I take my leave :  
Of other pains, God let you never preave :



Though I for wo out of wits should wend,  
None other gift I may now to you give.

Adue Wallace, sometimes was strong and sture,  
Thou must of need in prison long endure.

Thy worthy kin may not thee save for gold:  
Ladies weep, that were both mild and mure,  
In furious pains thy Mother that the bure:  
For thou to her was dearer than the gold:  
Her most desire was to thee under mould:  
In worldliness why would any assure  
For thou were formed forty on the fold.

Complain ye poor, thus as you sceuels tells:  
Complain to heaven with words that never failed,  
Complain your voice to the great God above:  
Complain for him that sits in syteful-Cells,  
Complain his pain that thus in dolour dwells:  
In languor lyes, for losing of their love.

His furious pain was fellon for to prove.

Complain also ye birds, as blyth as bells,  
Some happy chance may fall for your behove.  
Complain ye Lords, complain ye Ladies bright.  
Complain for him that worthy was and wight,  
Of Saxons Sons that suffered meikle dear:

Complain for him that is in prison dight,  
And for no cause, Scotland but for thy right.

Complain also ye worthy men of wear.

Complain for him who was your asper spear.

Few Englishmen yet to the death he dight.

Complain for him your triumph had to bear:

Cellinus his master Jaylor was now.

In Englishmen, alace, why should we trow:

Our worthy kin are pyned on this wise:

Such rule but right, is little to allow.

Methinks we should in barret make them bow,

At our Power, and so we do feil fyse,

From their danger, God make us for to rise,

That well hath wrought before these times now,

For they mark ay to wait us with suppress.

What would I more of Wallace torments tell,

The flux he took, into that prison fell:

Near to the death likely he was to draw:

They

They charged the Jaylor there he should not dwell,  
But bring him soon out of that ugly Cell.  
In Judgment, where that he should thole the law.  
This man went down and suddenly he saw.  
As to his sight, death had him snapped well snail.  
Then said to him, He hath pay'd that he aw.

When they presumed he should be very dead,  
They caus'd servants withoutten longer plead,  
With short advice unto the wall him bare,  
They cast him over out of that bailful stead:  
Of him they trowed there should be no remeād.  
In a draff midding where he remained therē.  
His first nurse of the new town of Aire,  
To him she came, which was full well of read  
And purchase leave, away with him to fare.  
Into great yre they granted her to go,  
She took him up withoutten words mo,  
And on a cart unseemly they him cast:  
And over the water they led him with great wo,  
To her own house withoutten any ho.  
She warmed water, and als her servant fast,  
His Body washt, while filth of him was past:  
His heart was weight, and flightered to and fro:  
And his two eyes at last cast up also.

His foster-mother loved him attour the lave,  
Got milk to warm, if his life she might save.  
With all her cure, great kindness could him kyth;  
Her daughter had of twelve weeks a knave,  
Her child's paps in Wallace mouth it gave;  
The woman's milk comforted him full swyth,  
Then in a bed they brought him for to lyth,  
And coverly they kept him in that cave,  
Him for to save, well secretly they might.

In their chamber they kept him that tyde.  
She caus'd grap up a buird in the house side.  
With tapestry cloaths honoured with great sight,  
And that the voice on every land should light.  
That he were dead, throughout the land so wyde,  
In presence ay she weeped under sight.  
But goodly meats she graithed either night.  
And so besel unto that self same tyde,

While

While furthermore that Wallace worthed weight.

Thomas Rymer withoutten fail was than,  
With the Minister, which was a worthy man:  
He used oft to that religious place.

The people deemed of meikle wit he can;  
And so he did, although they blest or ban.  
Which happened sooth in many diverse place,  
I cannot say, by wrong or righteouness.  
In rule of war whether he tint or wan,  
It may be deem'd by division of grace.

His man that day at the market had been,  
Of Wallace knew this careful case so keen.  
His master asked, What tidings that he saw:  
His man answered, Of little heard, I mean.  
The Minister said, That hath been seldom seen.  
Where Scots and English assembled on a raw,  
Was never yet, so far as I could know.  
But either a Scot would do a Sutherland teen,  
Or he to him, as a venture might faw.

Wallace he knew, was tane into that stead,  
Out over the wall I saw them cast him dead,  
Out of their prison, famisht for want of food.  
The Minister said, with heart heavy as lead,  
Such deed to them me thinks should foster seed:  
For he was weight, and came of gentle blood.  
Thomas answered, these tydings are not good.  
If that be sooth, myself shall never eat bread.  
For all my wit, here shortly I conclude.

A Woman then of the new town of Aire,  
To him she went when he was lying there.  
And on her knees right lowly them besought,  
To purchase leave, she might hence with him fare.  
In lighliness they granted to her there,  
And over the water into her house him brought,  
To bury him as goodly as she mought.  
Then Thomas said, Yet shall I live no mair.  
If that be true, by God that all hath wrought.

The Minister he heard what Thomas said in plain,  
He charged his man to speed him fast again,  
To see the house, and warily to espy,  
What words he heard among them busily.

The

The man went out at biding was all bairn,  
To the new town to pass, he did his pain,  
To that ilk house, and went in suddenly :  
About he blinked unto the boord him by.  
The woman rose, in heart she was not fain.  
Who lyes here ? he did demand in plain.  
Wallace, she said, full worthy that have been.  
Then weeped she, that pity was to seen :  
The man thereto great credence gave he nought ;  
Toward the boord he bowned as he best thought,  
On knees she fell and cried, For Jesus sheen,  
Let slander be, and from your thoughts it seem.  
The Man answered by him that all hath wrought,  
I would his walfare, and cast into his thought ;  
Might I on life once see him with mine een,  
He should be safe, tho' England would him seem,  
She led him up to Wallace by the grees.  
He spake with him, then fast again can prease,  
With glad Bodward, their mirths to amend,  
And came again, and told them whole to end.  
He told to them the first tydings was lies,  
Then Thomas said forsooth ere he deceise,  
Many thousand on field shall take an end,  
From this region he shall the Sutheron send,  
And Scotland thrice he shall bring to a peace.  
Into this region great God shall send him grace.  
All worthy men that have good wit to weal,  
Beware that ye do not misdeem my teal.  
Perchance ye say, to Bruce was none such like,  
He was as good where deeds were to assaile,  
As of his hands, and bolder of battle :  
But Bruce was known right heir of his Kingrick.  
For he had right, we call no man him like,  
But Wallace thrice this Kingrick conquest hail,  
In England far fought battle in that Rike.

## C H A P. IV.

## The Battle of Lowdon hill.

**I** will return to my purpose again,  
When Wallace was relieved of his pain,  
The country deem'd all whole that he was dead,  
His



His dearest Kin knew not of his remead :  
 While whole he was, likely to go and ride,  
 Into that place he would no longer bide,  
 His true keeper he sent to Ellerlie,  
 After him there he durst not let her be,  
 Her daughter als, her servants and her child,  
 He made them pass unto his mother milde  
 When they were gone, no weapons there he saw,  
 To help him with, what venture might saw ;  
 A rousty Sword in a nook he saw stand,  
 Withoutten belt, hose, bucler, or yet brand ;  
 Long time before it had been in that stead,  
 An aged man it left when he was dead.  
 He drew the blade, and found it would well byte,  
 Though it was foul, he took it with him tyte.  
 God help his man, for thou shalt go with me.  
 While better come, will God soon may that be.  
 To Sir Rannald as then he would not fare,  
 Into that passage for Sutheron made repair :  
 At Richardtown full fain he would have been :  
 To get him horse, and part of armour sheen,  
 Then afterward as he bounded to fare,  
 Three Englishmen he met ryding to Aire,  
 At their voyage in Glasgou forth had been :  
 One Long-castle, that cruel was and keen,  
 A bold Squyer, with him good Yeomen two,  
 Wallace drew up, and would have let them go,  
 To him they ride, and said dispitefully,  
 Thou Scot abide, I trow thou be a spy,  
 Or else a thief, from presence would thee hide.  
 Then Wallace said, with sober words that tide,  
 Sir, I am sick ; for God's sake let me go.  
 Long-castle said, Forsooth it bees not so :  
 A fellow freik thou seemest in thy fare :  
 While men thee know, thou shalt with me to Aire.  
 Hint out his sword that was of noble hew,  
 Wallace with that at his lighting him threw.  
 Upon the craig with his sword hath him tane,  
 Through brain and lyre, in sunder brake the bane :  
 By he was fallen, the two were lighted down,  
 To venge his death, on Wallace made them bown

The one of them upon the head he gave,  
The rousty blade unto his craig him clave;  
The other fled, and durst no longer byd,  
With a rude step Wallace could after glyd,  
Out through the ribs a sicker stroke gave he,  
While liver and lungs men might at once see.  
The horse he took, both weapons and armour  
Then thanked God with glad heart in that hour,  
Silver he had, all with him hath he tane,  
Him to support, for spending had he nane;  
Into great haste he rode to Richardtown,  
A glad Sembali was at his lighting down.  
When Wallace met with Sir Richard this Knight,  
For him had mourned, while feeble was his sight.  
His two Sons of Wallace was full faine.  
They had him lost, yet God saved him again,  
His Eme Sir Rannald to Richardtown came fast;  
The woman told, by Crosby as she past.  
How Wallace escaped, then on their way yeed;  
Sir Rannald yet was in a fellon dread.  
While he him saw, in heart he thought full long,  
Then suddenly in arms he him throng;  
He might not speak, but kissed him tenderly.  
His troubled Spirit was in an extasie;  
The glad tears brust from his eyes two,  
Ere that he spake, a long time held him so;  
And at the last, right friendly then said he,  
Welcome, Nevoy, welcome, dear Son, to me,  
Thanked be he that all the world hath wrought,  
That fairely thee out of prison hath brought,  
His mother came, and other friends anew,  
With full glade will to see these tydings true.  
Good Robert Boyd that worthy was and wight,  
Would not them trow, while he him saw with sight  
From sundry parts they came to Richardtown,  
Fell worthy Folks that were of great renown.  
Thus leave I them in mirth, gladness, and pleasance,  
Thanking great God of this so happy chance.

The End of the Second Book.

The

## C H A P. I.

How Wallace revenged the slaughter of his Father  
and of his Brother on Lowdon-hill.

**I**N joyous July when the flowers are sweet,  
Digestable, engendering with the heat.  
Both flower and fruit, bushes and boughs braid,  
Abundantly in every sionk and flaid.  
All bestial their right course to endure,  
Well helped are by working of Nature:  
On foot ascending to the heavens hight.  
Conversed well by the Maker of might.  
Fish in the flood resorteth really,  
To man's food, the world to occupy.  
But Scotland so was wasted many a day,  
Through war, such skaith, that labour was away;  
Vittail grew scant, ere August could appear,  
Through all the land the food happned full dear.  
But Englishmen that riches wanted nane,  
By carriage brought their vitail in good wane,  
Stuffed Houses with wine and good vernage,  
Enjoy'd this Land as their own heritage:  
This Kingrick whole they ruled at their will.  
Messengers then such tidings told them till.  
And told the Persie that Wallace living was,  
And from their prison in Aire escaped has,  
They trow'd it well, that Wallace past that stead,  
For Long castle and his two Men were dead.  
They wearied the chance that Wallace was so past.  
In every part they were full greatly agast.  
Through prophesie that they had heard before,  
Lord Persie said, What need words more?  
But he be fast, he shalt do great marvel:  
It were the best for King Edwards avail,  
Might he him get to be his stedfast man,  
For gold or land, his conquest might stand than.  
We think by force he may not gotten be:  
Wise men forsooth by his escape may see,  
Thus deem they him in many diverse case.

We

We leave them thus, and speak of good Wallace :  
In Richardtoun he would no longer bide,  
For friends counsel, or ought that might betide:  
And when they saw that it availed nought,  
His purpose was to avenge him if he mought,  
On Satheron blood, that had his elders slain :  
They let him work his own will into plain.  
Sir Richard had three Sons as I you told,  
Adam, Richard, and Simon that were bold :  
Adam eldest was grown into courage,  
Forward, right fair, and eighteen years of age ;  
Large of person, right hardy, wise and wight,  
Good king Robert in his time made him knight :  
Long time after in Bruce's wars abade,  
On Englishmen many good journey made.  
This good Squver with Wallace boun'd to ride,  
And Robert Boyd which would no longer bide,  
Under thirlage of sieges of England :  
To the false King he never had made band.  
Cleland was there, near Cousin to Wallace,  
Then bode with him in many perilous place,  
And Edward Little, his sisters son so dear,  
Full well graithed into their armour clear :  
With their servants to Richardtoun they rode,  
To Machlin mure, and short time there abode :  
For friends them told was bounden in thirlage.  
That Finwick sent was for the carriage :  
Within short time he will bring it to Aire,  
Out of Carlile they had received it there,  
That pleased Wallace in heart greatumly,  
Wit ye they were a goodly company,  
Toward Lowdon they bowned them to ride,  
And in a shaw, a little there beside,  
They lodged them, for it was near the night,  
To watch the way as goodly as they might,  
A good true Scot which holster house held there,  
Under Lowdon, mine author can declare,  
He saw them come, he went to them on hy.  
Both meat and drink he brought them privily,  
And to them told the carriage Men in plain,  
Their fore rider to Aire was past again.

Lest

We



Left them to come with power of great avail  
 They trowed by them they were in Anuandail,  
 Wallace then said, we will not sojourn here,  
 Nor change no weed, but our each days gear.  
 At Corringtown the way was spilt that tide,  
 For that same way behoved they to ride.  
 And from the time that he off prison fare,  
 Good summet-weed daily on him he bare;  
 Good light harness from that time used he ever,  
 For sudden strife from it he would not sever;  
 An habergion under his gown he bare:  
 A good steel cap in his bonnet but mair.  
 Two gloves of plate, with cloth was covered well,  
 In his doublet a close collar of steel.  
 His face he kepted for it was very bare,  
 With his two hands they which full worthy were  
 Into his weed, if he came in a thrang,  
 Was no man then on foot might with him gang,  
 So grown of strength, of power strong and sture,  
 His terrible dints were fearful to endure.  
 They trusted more of Wallace him alane,  
 Then an hundreth of England might be tane.  
 These worthy Scots made there no tarrying,  
 To Lowdon hill, past in the day dawning,  
 Devised the place, and put their Horse away,  
 And thought to win, or never home to ga.  
 Two scarriours sent to visit well the plain,  
 But they right soon returned in again:  
 To Wallace said, that they were coming fast,  
 Then to the ground all kneeling at the last,  
 with humble hearts praying with all their might.  
 To God above to help them in their right,  
 They graithed them in harness hastily.  
 There sonzied nane good of that company:  
 Then Wallace said, here was my Father slain,  
 And my brother which does me meikle pain,  
 So shall my self, or venged be but dread,  
 The Traytor is here, the causer of the deed.  
 Then height they all to bide with hearty will.  
 By that the power was taking Lowdon hill,  
 The knight Fenwick convoyed the carrlage,

He had on Scots made many shrewd voyage.  
The Sun was risen, leming over lands light  
The Englishmen saw that they came to the height,  
Near him they rode, and soon the Scots saw,  
He told his men, and said to them on raw ;  
Yonder is Wallace that escaped our prison,  
He shall again be drawn through the Town :  
His head I know might better please the King,  
Than gold or land, or any earthly thing ;  
He made his servants bide with the carriage still,  
Thought to demain the Scots at their own will.  
Ninescore he led in harness birnisht bright,  
And fifty were with Wallace in the right.  
Unrebuted the Southorn were in wear,  
And fast they came full awfull in effeir.  
A manner of dyke of stones they had made,  
Narrowed the dyke wherethrough the thickest rade,  
The Scots on foot took the gates them before,  
The Southorn saw their courage was the more ;  
In pridelful yre they thought over them to ride,  
But otherwise it hapened in that tide,  
On either side, together fast they glade  
The Scots on foot great room about them made.  
With prunzing spears through plates of fine steel.  
The Englishmen that thought to venge them well  
On harness horse about them rudely rade.  
That with unese about their feet they bade.  
Wallace the foremost in the birn he bare,  
The grounden spear throughout his body share :  
The shaft he shook it off the frulshing tree,  
Divided it soon, since no better might be :  
Drew Swords then both heavy, sharp and lang,  
On either side full cruelly they dang.  
Fighting at once into that fellon doubt,  
The Englishmen environed them about.  
Through force they thought out through them for to  
The Scots on foot that boldly could abide, (ride  
With swords share through halfe and habrick good  
pon the fields shot out the southeron blood.  
rom horse and man, through harness birnest been  
fore assailzie forsooth there might be seen :

He

They

They trusted no life, but to the lattar end,  
 Of so few folk, great nobleness might be kend :  
 Together bad defending them so fast,  
 Durit none dissever, while that the prease be past  
 The Englishmen that were right wise in wear,  
 By force ordained in sunder them to bear,  
 Their chief Captain, as fierce as any Bear,  
 Through matalent, and very proper care,  
 On a great horse into his gliftring gear,  
 Out over cast a fellon asper spear.  
 The Knight Fenwick that cruel was and keen,  
 Of Wallace Father he at the death had been.  
 And of his brother that doughty was and dear.  
 When Wallace saw that false knight was so near,  
 His courage grew in yre as a lyon.  
 To him he ran, and freiks field bare him down.  
 As he rode by, an ackward stroke him ta,  
 Both thigh and arison, in sunder made him ga,  
 From the courser he fell on the far side,  
 with a sharp sword he strake him in that tide :  
 Ere he was dead, a great prease came so fast,  
 Over him to ground they Bore Boyd at the last,  
 Wallace was near, and turned in again,  
 Him to rescue, while he rose up the plain ;  
 Weightly did him wean, while he a sword have tane,  
 Throughout the stoure these two in fare are gane :  
 The remnant upon them followed fast,  
 In their passage fell Sutheron made agast.  
 Adam Wallace the heir of Richardtown,  
 Starke on Bewmount a squire of renown,  
 On the peasant with his sword birnisht bare,  
 The birnisht blade his halfe in sunder share.  
 The Englishmen saw their Chiftain was slain,  
 Boldly abode, as men of meikle mein.  
 Rick horse ramping rushed frieks under feet.  
 The Scots on foot made many lose the sweet,  
 Wight men lighted themselves for to defend,  
 Where Wallace came their deed was little kend.  
 The Sutheron part sore frushed were that tyde,  
 That in that stour no longer they might byde.  
 Wallace indeed he wrought right worthily.

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The Squyer Boyd, and all their Chevalry.  
The Englishmen took plain part for to flie:  
Little and Cleland made of their Enemies die.  
On horse some part of strengths can them bound,  
To succour them with many working wound.  
An hundred dead in field was leaved there.  
And three Yeomen of Wallace dead, but mair.  
Two was of kyle and one of Cunninghame,  
With Robert Boyd to Wallace came from hame,  
Fourscore escaped from field on Sutheron side,  
The Scots in place that boldly could abide,  
Spoiling the field of gold and other gear,  
Harnes and horse which they needed in wear.  
The English Knaves they made the carriage lead,  
To clyd's forrest. while they were out of dread,  
And band them fast with widdies sad and fair.  
On bowing trees then hanged they them there,  
He spaired none that able was for wear.  
But Women and priests he made them ay forbear.  
When thus was done, to dinner soon they went,  
Of stuff and wine that God had to them sent,  
Ten score horse they wan that carriage bare,  
With victual and wines as meikle as they might fare  
And other stuff, that they of Carleil led.  
The Sutheron part out of the field they fled.  
With sorrow sought to the castle of Aire,  
Before the Lord, and told them of that care,  
What good they left, and who in field were slain,  
Through wight Wallace that was of meikle main:  
And how he had made all his Servants hang  
The Persie said, If that Squyer last lang,  
Out of this land he shall exile us clean.  
So dispiteful in World was never seen,  
In our prison here last when that he was,  
Over slothfully our keeper let him pass,  
Then this our hold I find well may not be:  
We must make bring our victuals by the sea.  
But loss our men, it helpeth us right nought;  
Our kin may ban that ever we hither sought.  
Leave I them now blaming their sorry chance,  
And more to speak of Scot mens governance.

When



When Wallace had well vanquish't in that plain;  
 That false Tyrant that had his father slain,  
 His brother als which was a doughty knight,  
 Other good men before to death had dight.  
 He caus'd provide, and parted their victual,  
 With stuff and horse that was of great avail,  
 To friends about right privily they send,  
 The remnant full gladly there they spend:  
 In Clyd's wood they sojourned three days,  
 No Sutheron was that durst pursue those ways,  
 But he thol'd death that came in their danger:  
 The word of Wallace walked far and near.

Wallace was known in life living again,  
 Though Englishmen thereof had meikle pain,  
 The Lord Persie to Glasgou could he fare  
 With wise Lords, and held a counsel there.  
 When they were met, more than ten thousand,  
 No Chiftain was that time durst take in hand  
 To lead a range on Wallace to assail:  
 Asked about what was their best counsel.  
 Sir Aymer Vallange, that false traitor and strong,  
 In Bothwel dwelt and then was them among;  
 He said, My Lords, my counsel will I give,  
 But do ye not, from Skaith ye may not live:  
 Ye must take peace withoutten tarrying,  
 As for a time we must send to the king.  
 The Lord persie said, of our trews he will none,  
 An awful Christian truly he is one.  
 He will do more in faith ere that he blin,  
 Sutheron to slay, he thinks it is no sin.  
 Sir Aymer said, trews It behoves you take.  
 While afterward for him provision make:  
 I know he will do meikle for his kin,  
 Gentrice and truth ay resteth him within.

## C H A P. II.

How the Englishmen took peace with Wallace.

**H**IS Uncle Sir Rannald may take the Band,  
 It he will not, recognise all his land,  
 Unto the time that he the work have wrought.  
 Sir Rannald was soon to their counsel brought:

They

They  
 Or he  
 To kin  
 While  
 Sir Ra  
 At my  
 His wo  
 In priso  
 He is a  
 Thoug  
 Sir Ay  
 Me to  
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 Might  
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They charged him to make Wallace at peace.  
Or he should pass to London ere he cease,  
To king Edward, and bide in his prison,  
While they ask to have peace for his ransom,  
Sir Rannald said, Lords, ye know right well  
At my counsel he will not do a deal :  
His worthy kin despitefully ye slew,  
In prison then near to the death him drew :  
He is at large, and will not do for me.  
Though ye therefore should make me to die,  
Sir Aymer said, these Lords counsel to send  
Me to the king to make a final end  
Of his conquest, forsooth he will it have,  
Wallace nor thou may not this country save.  
Might Edward king get him for gold or land,  
To be his Man, then might he keep Scotland.  
The Lord bad cease, thou fairest of that Knight  
Far more in truth then it is any right,  
The wrong conquest our king desireth ay,  
Of him and us, it shall be seen one day.  
Wallace hath right both force and fair fortune,  
Ye heard how he escaped our prison.  
Thus said the Lord, prayed Sir Rannald fair,  
To make this peace thou Sheriff art of Aire.  
As for a time we may advised be  
Under my seal I shall be bound to thee ;  
The Englishmen, that they shall do him nought.  
Nor to Scots, but it be on them fought.  
Sir Rannald knew he might not them gainstand.  
Of Lord Persie he had received that band.  
Persie was true, and ay of great avail,  
Sober in peace, and cruel in battle,  
Sir Rannald boun'd him on the morn. but bade,  
Wallace to seek in Clyds forrest he rade.  
So he him fand bowning to his dinner.  
When they have seen this good knight coming near,  
Well he them knew, and told them what he was,  
Marvel he had what made him hither pass.  
Made him good cheer of meats good and fine,  
King Edwards self could get no better wine,  
Then they had there, vernage and venison,

Of bestial into great fusion.

Then after meat he shewd them of his deed ;

How he had been into so meikle dread ;

Nevoy, he said, work part of my counsel,

Take peace a while, and for the more avail :

But do thou so, forsooth thou hast great sin ;

For they are set to undo all thy kin.

Then Wallace said to good men him about,

I will no peace for all this fellow doubt,

But if it please better to you than me.

The Squyer Boyd him answered soberlie,

I give my counsel ere this good knight be slain,

Take peace a while altho it do us pain.

So said Adam the heir of Richardtoun,

And Cleland als to their opinion.

With their consent Wallace this peace hath tane.

As his Eme wrought, while ten months were gane,

Their leave they took with sad comfort in plain,

Fand God to brogh, they should meet whole again,

Boyd and Cleland past to their places hame,

Adam Wallace to Richardtoun by name.

Furth with Sir Rannald can William Wallace ride.

In his houshold in Corsbie for to bide.

This peace was cried in August moneth mild.

These gods of battel furious and wild,

Mars and Juno ever doth his business,

Causers of war, ay workers of wickedness :

And Venus als, which goddeffs is of love ;

And old Saturn his course for to approve,

These four shews of divers complection,

Battel, debate. envy and destruction.

I cannot deem of their melancholy,

But Wallace could not well in Corsbie ly.

Him had rather in travel for to be.

Right sore he longed the Town of Aire to see.

### C H A P. III.

How Wallace slew the Buckler player in the Town  
of Aire.

Sir Rannald past from home upon a day.

Fifteen he took, and to the town went they ;

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Covered his face that no man might him know,  
Nothing he cared how few Enemies he saw,  
In sober weed disguised well were they,  
An Englishman on the gate saw he play,  
At the Scrimmage, a buckler on his hand,  
Wallace near by in fellowship could stand :  
Lightly, he said, Scot, darest thou not prieve :  
Wallace said, Yea, so thou dare give me lieve.  
Smite on he said I defie thy Nation  
Wallace therewith hath tane him on the crown,  
Through buckler, brand, and through the harns also  
Unto the shoulder the sharp sword made he go,  
Lightly returned to his own men again.  
The woman cried, Our buckler player is slain,  
The man is dead, what needs words mair !  
Feil men of arms about him sembled there,  
Eightscore at once upon sixteen they set.  
But Wallace soon with the formost hath met,  
With yre and will on the head hath him tane,  
Through the bright helm in sunder burst the bane :  
Another breathly on the breast him bare,  
His barnisht blad throughout his body share,  
Great room he made, his men were fighting fast,  
And many a groom they made full sore agast :  
For they were wight, and well used in wear,  
Of Englishmen right boldly down they bear ;  
On their Enemies great Martyrdom they made,  
Their hardy Chieftain so well among them gade  
What Englishman that bade into his gate,  
Country to Scotland made never more debate.  
Feil freiks on fold were felled under feet,  
Of Sutheron blood lay sticked on the street ;  
New power came from the castle that tide,  
Then Wallace fled, and drew toward aside.  
With right good will he would eschew surprise,  
For he in war was worthy, wight and wise,  
Harns and heads in sunder hewed he fast,  
By force out through the thickest prease he past,  
Wallace returned behind his men again,  
At the rescue feil Sutheron hath he slain.  
His men all then out of peril brought.



From their enemies with all the power he mought;  
 Unto their horse they went but more abode.  
 For danger than to Laglane wood they rode.  
 Twenty and nine they left into that stead;  
 On Sutheron men that brittend were to dead,  
 The remnant again turned that tide;  
 For in this wood they durst not him abide;  
 Toward the town they drew forth all their main,  
 Curling the peace they took before in plain.  
 The Lord Persie in heart was greatly grieved,  
 His men supressed again to him relieved,  
 And feil were dead into their armour clear,  
 Thrice of his Kin that were to him full dear.  
 When he heard tell of this great grievance,  
 Their self was cause of this mischievous chance,  
 Mourning he made tho few Scots it kend,  
 An Herald then to Sir Rannald he send,  
 And to him told of their full sudden case,  
 And charged him to take soverance of wallace:  
 He should him hold from market town and fair,  
 Where he might best be out of their repair.  
 The Sutheron knew that it was wight Wallace,  
 That them over-set into that sudden case;  
 Their truce for this they would not break a deal.  
 When Wallace had this chance eschewed well.  
 Upon a night from Laglane home he rade,  
 In chambers soon their residence they made;  
 Upon the morn when that the day was light,  
 With Wallace sent forth Sir Rannald the knight,  
 Shew him the writ that Lord Persie had sent,  
 Dear Son, he said, this is my whole intent, (worn  
 That thou would grant while that this trews were  
 No skaith to do to any in England born,  
 But where I pass, daily thou bide with me.  
 Wallace answered, Good sir, that may not be;  
 Right loath I were, dear uncle you to grieve;  
 I shall do nought while time I take my leave.  
 And warn you als, ere that I from you pass.  
 His Eme and he on this accorded was.  
 Wallace with him made his countenance,  
 Ilk wight was blyth to do him pleasure,

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In Corfbie, he rested them among,  
 There seventeen days, suppose he thought it long,  
 Though they him pleas'd as a Primate or King,  
 Into his mind remained another thing.  
 He saw his Enemies masters in this region,  
 Might not him please tho he were king with crown,  
 Thus leave I him with his dear friends still,  
 Of Englishmen now speak some part I will  
 The end of the Third Book.

## The Fourth Book.

## C H A P. I.

How VVallace wan the Peel of Gargunoke.

**I**N September that humble moneth sweet,  
 When bypast was of the summer the heat.  
 Vitall and fruit are riped abundance,  
 As God ordained to Man's sustenance;  
 Saggattarius with his asper bow,  
 By each sign the verity to know,  
 The changing course which makes great difference  
 And leaves had lost their colour of pleasance;  
 All worldly thing hath nought but a season.  
 Both herb and fruit must from the high come down  
 In this ilk time a great council was set.  
 In Glasgou town, where many masters met,  
 Of English Lords to stature this country,  
 And charged they all Sheriffs for to be.  
 Sir Rannald Craufurd behov'd that time be there,  
 For he through right was born Sheriff of Aire;  
 His dear Nevoy with him that time he took,  
 William Wallace as witness bears the book:  
 For he no time should far be from his sight,  
 He loved him with heart and all his might,  
 They graithed them withoutten longer abode,  
 Wallace some part before the court on rode.  
 Overtook the Child, Sir Rannald's sum should lead,  
 VVith him two men that worthy were indeed:  
 Softly they rode while they the Court should knaw.  
 So suddenly that time himself he saw  
 The Persie's sum in which great riches was:

The horse was tryed, and might no further pass ;  
Five men were charged to keep it well that tide,  
Two were on foot, and three on horse can ride,  
The Master-man at their servant can spear,  
Who aw the sum ; the truth to me you lear  
The man answered withoutten words mair,  
My Lord, he said, it is the Sheriffs of Aire.  
Since his it is, this horse shall with me gang,  
To serve our Lord, or else I think great wrang,  
Though a subject indeed would pass his Lord,  
It is not leifome by no righteous record,  
They cutted the brace, and let the harnes saw :  
Wallace was near when such robbery saw,  
He spake to them with manely countenance,  
In fair form, he said, but variance ;  
Ye do us wrong, and it is time of peace.  
Of such robbery it were good time to cease :  
The Sutherop shrew in yre answered him to,  
It shall be wrought as thou mayest see us do.  
Thou gets no mends, what needs words mair ?  
Sadly advised, Wallace remembred there  
Of the promise he made his Eme before,  
Reason him ruled. as then he did no more,  
But past away to meet his Eme again,  
Seeing this reaff, was moved with great pain :  
The horse yet took they, for aventure might fall,  
Bound on the sum, then forth the way can call.  
Their tyred summer there left they on the plain:  
Wallace turned toward the court again.  
On the Mure side soon with his Eme he met,  
And told how they the way had for him set :  
And were not I was bound in my ledgance,  
We parted not thus for all the gold in France.  
The horse they rest which should your battels bear.  
Sir Rannald said, This is but little dear :  
We may get horse and other things in plain,  
If men be lost, we get them never again,  
Wallace then said, as wisely God me save,  
Of this great miss amends shall I have.  
And neither let for peace, nor yet pleasance,  
With witness here, I give up my ledgance,]

For

For cowardly you are to lose the right,  
Soon after then your own death will be dight :  
In wrath therewith suddenly from him he went,  
Sir Rannald was wise. and cast in his intent,  
And said, I will bide at the Meirns all night,  
So Englishmen of us shall deem no unright :  
If any be dead before us upon case,  
Then we law may bide the righteousness.  
His lodging took, at the Meirns still he bade,  
Full great mourning for his Nevoy he made.  
But all for nought, what might it him avail,  
As into war he wrought not his counsel.  
Wallace rode forth, with his two yeomen past,  
The Summer-man he followed wonder fast :  
By Cathcart he overhighed them again,  
Then knew they well that it was he in plain,  
By horse and weed had argued them before,  
And then returned withoutten more.  
Wallace to ground from his coursar can glyde,  
A birnisht brand he braided out that tyde :  
The master-man with so good will strake he,  
Both hat and head in sunder made he flee :  
Another fast upon the face he gave,  
To dead on ground but mercy soon he drave :  
The Third he hit with great yre in that stead,  
Fey on the field, he hath him left for dead.  
Wallace slew three, by this his Yeomen wight.  
The other two derfily to death hath dight :  
Then spoiled they the harness ere they wend,  
Of silver and gold they got enough to spend.  
Jewels they took the best were chosen there,  
Good horse and gear, then on their way can fare.  
Then Wallace said, at some strength would I be,  
Over Clyde that time was a good bridge of tree,  
Thither they past all in their goodly might,  
The day was gone, and coming was the night,  
They durst not well near still by Glasgow byde.  
In the Lennox he took purpose to ride,  
And so he did, then lodged there that night :  
As they best might, while that the day was light :  
To an Hostillare he went and sojourned there,



VVith true Scots that his near friends were :  
 The counsell met right gladly on the morn,  
 But fell tidings were brought to Perlie beforne;  
 His men were slain, his treasure all was rest,  
 VVith fell Scots, and them no jewels left,  
 They deem'd about of that derf doubtful case.  
 The Sutheron said, forsooth it is VVallace.  
 The Sheriffs court was coming to the Town,  
 And he was one for Scots of most renown.  
 They gart seek Sir Rannald in that rage.  
 But he was still then at his Herberage.  
 Some wise men said, thereof nothing he kend,  
 The men were slain here at the towns end.  
 Sir Rannald came by nine hours of the day,  
 Before the Perlie and his men brought were they.  
 They followed him of fellon that was wrought,  
 The Aylse to him of this could say right nought,  
 They deem'd about thereof that fellon case,  
 Before the judge there he denied Wallace :  
 And so he might, he wist not where he was,  
 From this concil my purpose is to pass.  
**O** Wallace to speak in wilderness so wide,  
 The Lord God be his governor and guide ;  
 Still at that place four days he sojourned hail.  
 VVhen tidings came to him from that council,  
 Then statute they in each stead on the west.  
 In these bounds VVallace should have no rest.  
 His dear Uncle a great-oath made him swear,  
 That he but leave, no friendship should him bear,  
 And many other full wo was that day.  
 And Robert Boyd stole off the town away ;  
 And Cleland als, before him had been,  
 They had far rather see him with their Een.  
 Living on life, as they knew him before.  
 Than of pure gold a million and more.  
 Boyd weeped sore, and said, our lord is gone,  
 Amongst his foes is set all him alone,  
 Then Cleland said, false fortune changes fast,  
 Great God since we with him had ever past.  
 Edward Little to Annandale is went,  
 And wist right nought of this new judgment.

Adam

Adam Wallace bode still in Rirhardtown,  
So fell it thus with Wallace of renown ;  
He with his power parted marvelously,  
By fortune of chance over-turns doubly,  
Their piteous moan as then could not be bet,  
They wist no whit where that should him get.  
He left the place where he in lodging lay :  
To Earl Malcome he went upon a day :  
The Lennox whole he held into his hand,  
To King Edward then had he not made band,  
The land was strait and masterful to win :  
Good men of arms that time was it within :  
The Lord was traitst, the men sicker and true,  
With weak power they durst him not pursue :  
Right glad he was of Wallace company,  
Welcomed him fair with worship reverently ;  
At his own will desired if he would,  
To bide there still, master of his household,  
Of all his men he should whole chistain be ;  
Wallace answered, it were enough for me,  
I cannot bide, my mind is set on plain,  
Wrocken to be, or else to die in pain,  
Our west country their state is so strang,  
Into the North my purpose is to gang.  
Steven of Ireland into the Lennox was.  
And wight Wallace ordained him to pass,  
And others als that born was of Argyle.  
Wallace still there made residence a while,  
While men it wist, and sembled soon him till :  
He charged none, but at their own good-will,  
Though they were strangers, he could not them dread  
But received them in all his wars to lead.  
Some part of them was then in Ireland born :  
That Mackfadian had exiled out beforn :  
King Edward's man he was sworn of Ireland,  
Of right low birth, suppose he took in hand.  
To Wallace there came one that height Fawdon.  
Of melancholy, and evil of complexion,  
Heavy of stature, and dour countenance,  
Sorrowful was ay, in dread without pleasance,  
Wallace received what men would come him till,

The bodily oath they made him with good will  
 Before the Earl all in one concord,  
 And him received as their Captain and Lord.  
 His special men that came with him from hame,  
 The one height Gray, the other Keirly by name :  
 In his service came first in all their main,  
 To Lowdon hill, where that Fenwick was slain :  
 He then commanded ay next him to pursue ;  
 For he them kend right hardy, wise and true.  
 His leave he took right on a fair manner,  
 The good Earl then he bade him gifts feir :  
 Wallace would none, but gave his feil fyse,  
 To poor and rich on a goodly wise.  
 Humble he was, hardy, wise and free,  
 And of riches he held no propertie,  
 Of honour and worship he was mirror kend,  
 As he of gold had abundantly to spend,  
 Upon his foes he wan it wothily.  
 Thus Wallace past, and his good Chevalry,  
 Sixty he had of likely men at wage,  
 Through the Lennox he led them with courage,  
 About Lekkie he lodged them in a yale,  
 A strength there was which they thought to assaile,  
 On Gargunnoch there bigged was a peel,  
 That stuffed was with men and victual well,  
 Within a dyke, close chamber, and a hall,  
 Captain thereof to name height Thirwail !  
 They led Wallace where that this bigged was,  
 Thought to essay further ere he would pass.  
 Two spies he sent to visit all the land,  
 Right loth he was the thing to take in hand.  
 The which by force that should go him again,  
 Rather he had through adventure be slain.  
 There men went forth when it was large midnight,  
 About the house they spied all that right.  
 The watchmen heavy were and fall'n asleep.  
 The bridge was drawn, that the entry should keep,  
 The labourers late recklesly went in,  
 These men returned withoutten noise or din,  
 To their master, and told what they had seen :  
 Then graithed he soon these men of arms keen.

Sadly

Sadly on foot unto the house they fought,  
And entred in, for letting had they nought.  
Wight men essayed with all their busie cure,  
A locked bar was drawn athort the door,  
But they might not it break out of the wa.  
Wallace was grieved when such tarry he saw :  
Some part annoyed wrathly to it he went,  
By force of hand it raised out of the sprent,  
Three ells of breadth als of the wall pulled out,  
Then marvelled all his men that were about,  
How he did more than twenty of them might,  
Then with his foot the gate he strake upright,  
VWhile brace and bands he bursted all at anes :  
Frayedly they rose that were within those wanes.  
A watch man had a fellon staff of steel,  
At VWallace strake but he kept him right well :  
Rudely for him he rest it in the thrang,  
Dang out his brains then in the dyke him slang,  
The remnant by that were on their feet,  
Thus VWallace soon can with the captain meet,  
The staff he had heavy, and forged new.  
VVith that VWallace upon the head him drew  
VWhile bone and brain-all into sunder yeed.  
His men entred, that worthy were indeed,  
In hands hint, and sticked all the lave :  
VWallace commanded they should no wear men save:  
Twenty and two they sticked in that stead.  
VVomen and bairns, when that the men were dead,  
He caus'd be tane, and kept in close full well,  
That they thereout might have thereof no feil,  
The dead bodies they soon put out of sight,  
Took up the bridges ere that the day was light,  
In that place bode four days ere he would pass,  
VVist not thereout how that the manner was,  
Spoiled that stead, and took them gaming gear,  
Jewels and gold away with them they bear.  
VWhen he thought time, they ished in the night.  
To the next wood they went with all their might.  
The captain's wife, woman and children three,  
Fast where they would, for VWallace left them free.  
In that forrest he liked not to bide,



They bound them over Forth for to ride :  
 The moss was strong, to ride it was no boot.  
 VVallace was wight and lighted on his foot :  
 Few horse they had, little thereof they rought,  
 To save their lives, feil strengths oft they sought  
 Steven of Ireland was their guide that night,  
 Toward Kingkardin, syn rested there at right,  
 In that Forreist which was both long and wide,  
 VVhich from the moss grew to the water side :  
 After the sun, VVallace walked about  
 Upon Teth side, where he saw many a rout  
 Of wild beasts wavering in wood and plain :  
 Soon at a shot a great hart hath he slain.  
 Flew fire of flint, and graithed thereat right,  
 Suddenly their fresh venison they dight ;  
 Victuals they had, both bread and vine so clear,  
 VVith other stuff, enough at their dinner,  
 The staff of steil he gave Kirely to keep,  
 Then past they over the water of Teth so deep,  
 Into Strathern they entered suddenly :  
 In covert past ere Sutheron could him spy :  
 VVhom they found of Scotland's adversures  
 VVithout respect was come their fatal hours.  
 VVhomever they met was at the English say  
 They slew all down withoutten more delay,  
 They spared none that was of English blood,  
 To death he yeed tho' he were never so good,  
 This was the grace that VVallace to them gave ;  
 They saved none, Knight, Squire, nor yet knave,  
 But wasted all by worthinels of wear  
 Of that party that might bear bow or spear.  
 Some part by sight, some part by force they slew,  
 But VVallace thought they wasted never enew.  
 Silver they took, and als gold as they fand,  
 Others good-gear full lightly red from hand.  
 Cutted throats, syne in peit pots them cast.  
 Put out of sight, for that they thought was best.  
 At the black-ford as they would them pass over,  
 A Squyer came, and with him bairns four ;  
 To Down should ride, and wiend that they had been  
 All Englishmen that he before had seen :

Tidings

Tidings to spear, he hovey them among :  
Wallace therewith a good sword out he swang,  
Upon his head he strake with so great yre,  
Through bone and brain in sunder strake the lyre :  
The other four in hands soon were hint,  
Dersley to death sticked ere they would stint.  
The horse they took, and what they liked best.  
Spoiled them bare, syne in a bog them kest.  
Of this matter no more tarry they made,  
But forth their way passed without abade,  
These warlike Scots all with one consent.  
So north over Ern out through the land they went,  
In Methvin wood their lodging took that night :  
Upon the morn when that the day was light,  
Wallace rose up and went to the forrest side,  
Where that he saw some wild beasts abide :  
Of wild and tame walking abundantly :  
Then Wallace said, this country liketh me,  
Weir men may do with food that they should have,  
But want they meat, they reck not for the lave.  
Of dainty fair Wallace could never keep,  
But as it came, welcome was meat and sleep,  
Sometime he had great sufficiency within,  
Now want, now have, now loss, now sometime win,  
Now light, now sad, now blyth, and now in brise :  
In halt, now hurt, now sorrow, and now haile.  
Now waile and well, now cold weather, now heit,  
Now moist, now drouth, and wavering wind now weit,  
So fares with him for Scotland's right full even.  
In fell debate, seven years, and months seven.  
When he wan peace, and left Scotland in plain,  
Then Englishmen made new conquest again.  
I frustrate terms I will not tarry lang,  
Wallace again into his men can gang,  
And said, here is a land of great abundance,  
Thanked be God of his purveyance,  
Seven of yourselves, graith soon, and go with me,  
Right sore I lang St. Johnstoun for to see.

## C H A P. II.

How Wallace past to Saint Jonstoun, and slew the  
Captain, and wan Kinclavin.

**S**Teven of Ireland, as God of Heaven thee save,  
Master and leader I make thee of the leave :  
Keep well thy men, let none out of thy sight,  
While I gang hither, and come with all my might,  
Bide we seven days into this forrest strong,  
Ye may get food suppose I dwell so long.  
Some part you have, and God will send you mair.  
Thus turned he and to the town can fare :  
The Mayor kepted the port of the village,  
Wallace knew well, and sent him his message.  
The Mayor was brought, saw him a goodly man,  
Right reverently, he hath received him than.  
At him he asks, all Scots that if ye be?  
Wallace said, yea : and it is peace true me.  
I grant, he said, that likes us wonder well,  
True men of peace must ay some friendship feel.  
What is your name ? pray you tell me it ;  
William Malcom, he said, since you would wit :  
In Ettrick forrest hath my winning been,  
There was I born among the shawes sheen,  
Now I desire this Northland for to see.  
Where I might find better dwelling for me.  
The Mayor, said, Sir, I ask it for none ill,  
But feil tidings oft times is brought us till,  
Of one Wallace that born was in the west,  
Our King's men he holds at great unrest ;  
Martyrs them down, great pity it were to see.  
Out of their trews forsooth I trew he be.  
Wallace said then, We hear speak of that man,  
Tidings to you of him tell nought I can ;  
For him he gart an inns well graithed be,  
Where none should come but his own men and he.  
The Stewart Kirley brought them in fusion,  
Good things enough, the best was in the town,  
As Englishmen to drinking would them call,  
And commonly he dealt not therewithal.  
In their presence he spent reasonably,

Yet

Yet for himself he payed abundantly :  
On Scotsmen he spende meikle good,  
None with his will upon the Sutheron blood,  
Soon he conceived in his wit privily,  
Into that town who was of most party,  
Sir James Butler an aged cruel knight,  
Keeped Kinclevin, a castle wonder wight.  
His Son, Sir John that dwelt into that town,  
Under captain to Sir Gerrard Herroun.  
The women als he visit at the last,  
And so on one his eyes began to cast,  
In the South gate, a fellow ferlie fair,  
Wallace to her made privately repair  
So fell it thus from the town ere he past,  
At an accord they happned at the last.  
Wallace with her in secret made him glad :  
Sutheron will not that he such pleafance had,  
Of on the night he would say to him sell,  
This is far worse than any pain of hell,  
That thus with wrong these devils brook our land,  
And I with force may not against them stand,  
To take this town my power is too small,  
Great peril als my life may befall ;  
Set it on fire It will undo my sell.  
Or lose my men, there is no more to tell.  
The gates are closed, the dykes are deep withal,  
Though I could swim, forsooth they cannot all,  
This matter here therefore I will let slide,  
For at this time I may no longer bide,  
All men him told the Captain was to pass  
Home to Kinclevin, whereof right glad he was,  
His leave he took at heirs of the town,  
To Methvin wood right gladly made them boun,  
His horn he hint, and blythly bowed to blaw ;  
His men him heard, and there soon can they draw.  
Right blyth he was, for they were hail and feir,  
Many at him of tidings would not speire.  
He then commanded for to make ready fast,  
In good array out of the wood they past,  
Towards Kinclevin they bouned them that tide,  
Then in the vail that near was them belide,



Fast upon Tay his bushment can he draw,  
 In a dern wood he stiled them on raw.  
 Set Scurriours out the country to espy,  
 But soon ere noon there came for riders by.  
 The watch turned to see what was his will,  
 He them commanded in covert hold them still :  
 And we skail forth, the house will knowledge have,  
 And that may soon be warning to the lave.  
 All force in war doth nought but grievance.  
 VVallace was few, but happy was his chance :  
 Made him fail syse his adversours to win.  
 By that the court of Englishmen came in :  
 Fourscore and ten well graithed in their gear,  
 Harness on horse, as likely men of wear.  
 VVallace saw well that number was na ma,  
 He thanked God, and then the field can ta,  
 The English marvel greatly what they should be :  
 But fra they saw, they made them for mellie :  
 In rest they cast sharp spears in that tide  
 In over they thought out over the Scots to ride,  
 VVallace and his went over them again,  
 At the first rush feil Sutheron were slain,  
 VVallace struck one with his good spear of steel.  
 Throughout the coast that shaft frushed ilk deal.  
 A birniit brand in haste then hint he out,  
 Thrice upon foot he throng through all thee root,  
 Stern horse they sticked, should men of arms bear,  
 Fey under foot was foyled men of wear  
 Butler lighted himself for to defend.  
 VVith men of arms that were full worthy kend,  
 On either side feil frieks were fighting fast,  
 The captain bade, tho he was fore agast :  
 Part of the Scots through worthiness he slew,  
 VVallace was wo, and toward him he drew :  
 His men then dread, the Butler bold and keen,  
 On him he fought with yre and proper teen,  
 Upon the head he strake in maltalent,  
 The briniht blade through his basnet went.  
 Both bone and brane he bursted through his weed :  
 Thus VVallace hand delivered them of that dread  
 Yet feil on fold was fighting fellonly,

Stephen

Stephen of Ireland, and all the chevilyr,  
Into that stour did worthily and well,  
And Keirly als with his good staff of steel.  
The Englishmen frae their chiftain was slain,  
They left the field, and in all their main.  
Threescore were slain ere they would leave the stead  
The fleand folk they wist of no remeed;  
But take the horse, they fled in all their might,  
The Scots followed, that worthy were and wight  
Few men of sense was left that place to keep,  
Women and priests upon the wall can weep,  
For well they weined the fleers was their lord,  
To take them, they made them ready ford:  
Let down the bridge, cast up the gates wide,  
The frayed folk entred that durst not bide:  
Good Wallace ever followed them so fast,  
While in the house he entred at the last,  
The gate he wore, while coming was the rout,  
Of English and Scots he held no man therout,  
The Englishmen that winned in that steed,  
Withoutten grace they brittended them to dead.  
The captain's wife, women, and priests two,  
And young children, forsooth they saved no mo.  
Held them in close before this sudden case,  
Ere Sutheron men should siege them in that place.  
Took up the bridge, and gates closed fast,  
The dead bodies out of sight they caus'd cast,  
Within the house, and without that were dead:  
Five of his own to bury he caus'd lead.  
In that castle seven days still bode he,  
In every night they spoiled busiely:  
To Short-wood Shaws led wine and victuals wight,  
And household gear, both gold and silver bright,  
Women, and they to whom they granted grace,  
When he thought time, they put out of that place,  
When they had tane that liked them to have.  
Strake down the gate and set on fire the lave,  
Out of the windows the stanchours all they drew,  
Full great iron work into the waters threw.  
Burdin doors and locks in their yre,  
All work of tree they burnt into the fire.

Spilt what they might, brake bridge and bulwark down  
To Shortwood shaws in haste they made them bown :  
Chooſed a ſtrength, where they their lodging made,  
In good eſſeir a while there ſtill he bade.

Yet in the town of this no wit had they.

The country folk when it was light of day :

Great ſmoak ſaw riſe, and to Kinclevin they ſought,

But walls & ſtone more good there found they nought,

The captains wiſe S. Johnſtoun town ſhe yeed,

And Sir Gerrard told his fellow deed.

Als to her ſon what happned was by caſe ;

Then deemed they all that it was wight Wallace,

Before time there he ſpyed had the town ;

They charged them all ſhould be ready bown,

Harnett on horſe into their armour clear,

To ſeek Wallace, they went all forth in fear :

A thouſand men well garniſht for the weir,

Towards the wood, right awful in eſſeir.

### C H A P. III.

#### Short-Wood Shawes.

**T**O Short-Wood Shaw, and ſet it all about.

With five ſtailes, that ſtalwart were and ſtout.

The ſixth they made a fellow range to lead,

Where Wallace was full worthy ay indeed.

The ſtrength they took, and bade them hold it ſtill,

On every ſide, aſſail ye whoſe it will.

Sir John Butler into that forreſt went,

With two hundred, fore moved in his intent,

His father's death to venge him, if he mought,

To Wallace ſoon with men of arms he ſought :

A cleugh there was, whereof a ſtrength they made.

With thortour trees, and boldly there abade ;

From the one ſide they might iſh to the plain.

Then through the wood to the ſtrength paſs again.

Twenty he had that noble archers were,

Againſt ſeven ſcore of english bow men faire ;

Threſcore of ſpears near hand them bode full right,

If ſcots iſſued to help them at their might ;

On Wallace ſet a bicker bold and keen.

A bow he bare, was big, and well beſeen.

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And arrows als, both long and sharp with aw,  
No man there was that Wallace bow could draw ;  
Right strong he was and in full sober gear,  
Boldly he shot among these men of wear,  
An angel head into the hooks he drew,  
Then at one shot the foremost soon he slew.  
English archers that hardy were and wight,  
Against the Scots bickered with all their might,  
Their awful shot was fellon for to bide ;  
Of Wallace men they wounded feil that tide.  
Few of them was sicker of archery ;  
Better they were, and they got even party.  
In field to bide either with sword or spear.  
Wallace perceiv'd his men took meikle dear ;  
He gart them change, and stand not in that stead.  
He cast always to save them from the dead.  
Full great travel upon himself took he,  
Of Sutherland archers feil men gart he die.  
Of Long-castle shire bow-men were in that place,  
A fore archer ay waited on Wallace ;  
At an open where he used to repair,  
At him he drew a sicker shot and fair,  
Under the chin through a collar of steel,  
On the left side and hurt his hale some deal :  
Astonied he was, but not greatly agast.  
Wallace him saw and followed him full fast,  
And in the turning with good will hath him tane  
Upon the craig in sunder brake the bane.  
Then feil of him no friendship with him fand,  
Fifteen that day he shot dead with his hand.  
By that his arrows wasted were and gone.  
The english archers forsooth they wanted none.  
Out-with they were their power to renew,  
On every side they could to them persew.  
William Loran came with his boisteous stail,  
Out of Gowrie on Wallace to assail ;  
Nevoy he was, as it was known plain,  
To the Butler before that they had slain :  
To venge his Erme, he came with all his might,  
Three hundred led of men in arms bright.  
To lead the range, on foot he made him ford,

Wallace



Wallace to God his confidence could remord,  
 Then comfort them with manly countenance :  
 Ye see, he said, good Sirs, their ordinance :  
 Here is no choice, but either do or die,  
 We have the right the happier may it be,  
 That we should scape with grace out of this land,  
 Loran by that was ready at his hand :  
 By this it was afternoon of the day :  
 Feil men of wit to counsel soon yeed they.  
 The Sutherland cast sharply on every side,  
 He saw the wood was neither long nor wide.  
 Lightly they said, he should it hold so lang,  
 Five hundereth made on foot through it to gang :  
 Sad men of arms, that eager were of will,  
 About the Scots with many shout full shrill,  
 With bow and spear, and swords stiff of steel,  
 On either side no friendship could they feel.  
 Wallace in yre a buirly brand can draw,  
 Where feil Sutherland were sembled on a raw,  
 To fend his men with his dear worthy hand :  
 The folk were fey that he before them fand :  
 Through the thickest of the great press he past,  
 Upon his enemies he went wonder fast,  
 Against his dints no weeds might avail,  
 Whom he so hit was dead withoutten fail.  
 Of the fiercest full braithly dang he down ;  
 Before the Scots that were of great renown,  
 To hold the strength they prest with all their might,  
 The Englishmen that worthy were and wight,  
 Sir John Butler relieved in again,  
 Sundered the Scots, and did them meikle pain,  
 The Loran als, that cruel was and keen,  
 A fore essay forsooth their may be seen.  
 Then at the strength they might no longer bide,  
 The range so strong came up on either side.  
 In the thickest wood they made their fell defence  
 Against their foes so full of violence.  
 Right feil Sutherland there lest their life in weed,  
 To a new strength Wallace and his men fled :  
 On his adversaries they made right feil debate,  
 To help themselves, none other succour they wate,  
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The Sutheron als were sundred them in twin,  
But they again together soon can win :  
But subtilly their ordinance they made.  
The range again and bowned but more abade ;  
The Scots were hurt and part of them were slain.  
Then Wallace said, We labour all in vain :  
To slay commons it helps us right nought,  
But their chiftains that hath them hither brought :  
Might we work so that one of them be slain,  
So fore essay they could no get again.  
By this the host approaching was full near,  
Thus they them held full manly upon steir,  
Then Wallace saw the Sutheron were at hand,  
Him thought no time longer for to stand.  
Right manfully he graithed hath his gear,  
Sadly he went against these men of wear,  
Throughout the stourful fast fighting he sought,  
With God's grace to venge him if he mought :  
Upon the Butler awfully strake he,  
Safeguard he got under a bowing tree,  
The branch in two he strake above his head,  
Als to the ground he felled him in that stead,  
The whole power came on him so fast,  
That they by force rescued him at the last.  
Loran was wo, and thither fast can draw,  
Wallace turned so suddenly he him sa,  
Out at a side full fast to him he yeed  
He got no girth for all his birnisht weed :  
With yre him strake on his gorget of steel,  
The trenching blade it pierced every deal :  
Through plate and stuff might not against it stand,  
Darsly to death he left him on the land,  
Him have they lost, though Sutheron had it sworn,  
For his craig bone was all in sunder shorn.  
The worthy Scots did nobly that day,  
About Wallace while he was won away.  
He took the strength against their foes will  
Abundantly in bargain bade them still.  
The cry soon rose the bold Loran was dead,  
Sir Gerrard Heroun tronoynted to that stead.  
And all the host assembled him about :

At the north-side then Wallace issued out  
 With his good men and bouned them to go,  
 Thanking great God that they were parted so,  
 Seven of his men, that day to death were dight :  
 To Gargil wood they went that self same night,  
 In the field left of the Sutheron six score,  
 And Loran als that mourning was the more.  
 The range in haste they raised soon again :  
 But when they saw their travel was in vain,  
 When it was past, full meikle moan was made,  
 To ride the wood, both vail, slonk, and slaid :  
 For Butlers gold, Wallace took care before,  
 But they found nought would they seek evermore.  
 His horse thev got, but nought else of his gear :  
 With doeful moan returned these men of wear,  
 To St. Johnstoun, with sorrow and great care,  
 Of Wallace forth me likes to speak no mair.  
 The second night the Scots could them draw,  
 Right privily again to Short-wood shaw,  
 Took up their good which was put out of sight,  
 Clothing and stuff, both gold and silver bright.  
 Upon their feet, for horse was tane them fra,  
 Ere the sun rose to Methvin wood can ga.  
 The two days over their lodging still they made,  
 On the third night they moved but more abade.

## C H A P. IV.

How Wallace was sold to the Englishmen by his  
 Leman.

**T**O Elchock park suddenly they went,  
 There in that strength to bide was his intent,  
 Then Wallace said, He would go to the town,  
 Arrayed him well into a priests gown,  
 Into St. Johnstoun disguised can he fare,  
 To this woman, of which we spake of aire :  
 Of his presence she right rejoiced was,  
 And ay in dread how he away should pass,  
 He sojourned there from noon was of the day.  
 While neerer the night ere that he went his way.  
 He trysted her when she should come again,  
 On the third day, than was she wonder fain.

Yet

Yet he was seen with enemies as he yeed ;  
To Sir Gerrard they told of all his deed :  
And to the Butler that would have wroken been,  
Then they caus'd take that woman fair and sheen,  
Accused her sore of reset into that place.  
Full oft she swore, that she knew not Wallace.  
Then Butler said, we wot well it was he,  
And but thou tell, in bail fire thou shalt die,  
If you will help to bring yon Rebald down,  
We shall thee make a lady of renown,  
They gave to her both gold and silver bright :  
And said she would be wedded to a knight :  
Whom she desired, that was but marriage,  
Thus tempted they her through counsel & great wage  
That she them told what night he should be there.  
Then they were glad, for they desir'd no mair,  
Of all Scotland but VWallace at their will,  
Thus ordain'd they that pointment to fulfil :  
Feil men of arms they graithed hastily,  
To keep the gates, wight VWallace to espy,  
At the set tryft he entred in the town,  
VVitting nothing of all this false treasoun :  
To her chamber he went but more abade,  
She welcomed him and full great pleasance made.  
VVhat that they wrought, I cannot graithly say,  
Right unperfet I am of Venus play.  
But hastily he bowned him to gang,  
Then she him took, and ask'd if he thought lang :  
She asked him, that night with her to bide.  
Soon he said, nay, for chance that may betide :  
My men are left all at misrule for me,  
I may not sleep this night while I them see.  
Then weeped she, and said, full oft alace,  
That I was made, wo worth the cursed case ;  
Now I have lost the best man living is :  
Of feeble mind, to do so foul amifs !  
O warried wit, wicked, and variance,  
That me hath brought in this mischievous chance !  
Alace, she said in world that I was wrought,  
If all this pain on myself might be brought.  
I have served to be burnt in a gliced,

VWhen



When Wallace she near from wit couth weid,  
 In his arms he caught her soberly,  
 Who hath done ought, he said, dear heart, have I ?  
 No, I, quoth she, have falsly wrought this train :  
 I have you sold, right now ye shall be slain.  
 She told to him her treason to an end,  
 As I have said, what needs more-legend ?  
 At her he askt, if she fore-thought it fore ?  
 Yea, Sir, she said, and shall do evermore.  
 My waried wierd in world I must fillill,  
 To mend this miss, I would burn on a hill.  
 He comfort her and bade her have no dread  
 I will he said have some part of thy weed.  
 Her gown on him he took and courches als,  
 Will God I shall escape this treason false,  
 I thee forgive, withoutten words mair :  
 He kissed her, then took his leave to fare.  
 His buirly brand helped him oft in need,  
 Right privately hid it under his weed.  
 To the south gate the gainest way he drew,  
 Where that he found of armed men anew.  
 To them he told dissimulate in countenance,  
 To the chamber where he was in perchance,  
 Speed fast, he says, Wallace is locked in.  
 For him they sought, withoutten noise or din.  
 To that same house about they can them cast,  
 Out of the gate then Wallace got full fast.  
 Right glad in heart, when that he was without :  
 Right fast he yeed, a sture pace and stout.  
 Two-men beheld, and said, we will go see :  
 A stalwart queen, forsooth yond seems to be.  
 They followed him through the South inch they two,  
 Then Wallace saw with them there came no mo,  
 Again he turned, and hath the foremost slain :  
 The other fled, then Wallace with great main,  
 Upon the head with his sword hath him tane,  
 Left them both dead, then to the strength is gane.  
 His men he got, right glad when they him saw,  
 To their defence in haste they caus'd him draw :  
 Devoyded him soon out of the woman's weed,  
 Thus scaped he out of this felon dread.

The end of the Fourth Book.

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Of Sir William Wallace.

The Fifth BOOK.

CHAP. I,

How Wallace escaped out of Saint Johnstoun and  
Past to Elchock park, and how he slew Fawdoun.

**T**He dark region appeared wonder fast,  
In November, when October was past.  
The days fail through right course waxed short  
To banisht men, that is no great comfort,  
With their power to feir place that worths gang,  
Heavy they think when that the night is lang;  
Thus Wallace saw the night's messenger,  
Phoebus had lost his fiery brands clear.  
Out of the wood they durst not turn that tide,  
For adversaries that in their way would byde,  
Wallace then told anew were on his hand,  
The Englishmen were of the town command. (was  
The door they brake where they trowed VWallace  
When they him missed, they bowned hence to pass:  
In this great noise the woman got away,  
But to what stead I cannot graithly say.  
The Sutheron sought right sadly for that stead.  
Through that South inch & found their two men dead  
They knew by that VWallace was in the strength,  
About the park they set on breadth and length,  
VVith six hundred well graithed in their arms,  
All likely men to wreak them of their harms,  
An hundred men charged in arms strong,  
To keep an hound, that they had them among,  
In Gelderland there was that bratched bred.  
Sicker of scent, to follow them that fled:  
She was so used in Esk and Liddesdaile,  
VWhile she had blood. no fleeing might avale,  
Then said they all, VWallace might not away,  
He should be theirs, for ought that he do may.  
The host they left in divers parts that tyde,  
Sir Gerrard Heroun in the stall can byde:  
Sir John Butler the range he took him till,  
With three hundred which were of hardy will,  
Into the wood upon Wallace they yeed,

The

The worthy Scots that were in meikle dread,  
 Sought to a place, for to have issued out,  
 And saw the stall environed them about.  
 Again they went with hideous stroaks and strong,  
 Great noise and din he raised them among :  
 Their cruel death right marvelous to ken,  
 VVhere forty marcht against three hundred men.  
 VVallace so well upon him took the tyde,  
 Through the great preass a way he made full wyde,  
 Helping the Scots with his dear worthy hand :  
 Feil for men he left few upon the land.  
 Yet VVallace lost fifteen into that stead,  
 And forty men of Sutheron there was dead :  
 The Butlers folk so frushed were indeed,  
 The hardy Scots to strengths through they yeed.  
 Upon the Tay side they hasted them full fast,  
 In will they were the water to have past,  
 Better him thought in peril for to be  
 Upon the land, than wilfully to see  
 His men to drown, where rescue might be none :  
 Again in yre to the fields are they gone,  
 Butler by then had put his men in array,  
 On them he set with hardy awful essay,  
 On either side with weapons stiff of steell,  
 VVallace again no friendship let them feel,  
 But do or die they wist no more succour :  
 Thus send they long into the stalwart stour.  
 The Scots Chiftain was young and in a rage,  
 Used in wars, and fights with high courage :  
 He saw his men of Sutheron take such wran  
 Them to revenge all dreadless he did gang :  
 For many of them were bleeding wonder sair,  
 He could not see none help appearing there,  
 But if their Chiftain were put out of their gate  
 To brim Butler so boldly made debate,  
 Through the great preass, right fast to him he sought  
 This awful deed avenge it if he mought,  
 Under an oak with men about them set,  
 VVallace might not a graith stroake on him get,  
 Yet shed he them : a full rude step he made,  
 The Scots went out, no longer there they bade :

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Steven of Ireland that worthy war and wight,  
 To help Wallace he did full prease and might,  
 With true Keirly doughty in many deed  
 Upon the ground feil Sutheron they gart bled :  
 Sixty were slain of Englishmen in that place.  
 And nine of Scots were tint into that case.  
 Buttler's men were so destroyed that tide.  
 Into the flour they would no longer bide.  
 To get supply he went into the stail,  
 Thus lost he there an hundred of great avail.  
 As they were best arraying Buttler's rout,  
 Betwixt parties then Wallace issued out,  
 Sixteen with him they graithed them to go :  
 Of all his men he had leaved no mo.  
 The Englishmen had missed him, in hy  
 The hound they took, and followed hastily.  
 At the Gaskwood full fain they would have been :  
 But the sloth-hound that cruel was and keen,  
 On Wallace feet he followed wonder fast,  
 While in their sight approached at the last.  
 Their horse was wight, and sojourned right lang,  
 To the next wood they had two miles to gang,  
 Of upward ground they yeed with all their might :  
 Good hope they had, for it was near the night,  
 Fawdon he tryed, and said he might not gang.  
 Wallace was wo to leave him in the thrang :  
 He bade him go, and said the strength was near,  
 But he therefore would not the faster fear :  
 Wallace in yre on the craig can him ta  
 With his good sword, and straike his head in twa :  
 Dreadless to ground he dashed to the dead.  
 From him he lap, and left him in that stead :  
 Some deems it to evil, and some to good,  
 But I say here into these terms rude.  
 Beetter it was he did, as thinks me ?  
 First to the hound it may great stopping be :  
 Als Fawdon was holden of great suspicion,  
 For he was holden of bruckle complexion,  
 Right strong he was, and had but little gone,  
 Thus Wallace wist had he been left alone  
 And he were false to Enemies he would ga,



If he were true, the Sutheron would him sla  
 Might he do nought, but lose him as it was.  
 From this question now shortly will I passe,  
 Deem as ye list, ye that can best and may :  
 But I rehearse, as my author doth say.  
 The stars as then began for to appear,  
 The Englishmen were coming wonder near.  
 Five hundred whole were in their Chevalry,  
 To the next strength then Wallace can him hye ;  
 Steven of Ireland unwitting of Wallace,  
 And good Keirly still bode near that place,  
 At the mure-side, into a scroggie slaid,  
 By east Duplin where they thus tarry made.  
 Fawdon was left beside them on the land.  
 The power came, and suddenly him fand.  
 For their slouth hound the graith way to him yeed,  
 Of other dread as then he took no heed,  
 The slouth stopped, at Fawdon still he stood.  
 No further would from time he found the blood,  
 The Englishmen deem'd, for other they could not tell,  
 But that the Scots had foughten among them sell.  
 Right wo they were, for lossed was their scent,  
 Wallace two men among the host in went,  
 Dissembled well that no man should them ken,  
 Right in effeir, as they were Englishmen.  
 Keirly beheld unto the bold Heroun,  
 Upon Fawdon as he was looking down ;  
 A subtil stroak upward him took that tyde.  
 Under the cloke the grounden sword can glyde,  
 By the good malize both craig and halfe-bane  
 In sunder strake, thus ended this Chistain,  
 To ground he fell, feil folk about them throng.  
 Treason they cryed, a traytour us among.  
 Keirly with that fled out at the Host-side,  
 His fellow Steven thought it no time to bide,  
 The fray was great, and fast away they yeed,  
 Both toward Ern thus scaped they that dread.  
 Battler was woe, of weeping might stint.  
 Thus recklesse this good Knight have they tint.  
 They deemed all that it was Wallace men,  
 Or else himself, though they should not him ken.

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He wist not well if they were tane or slain,  
The feeble wood may little him avail.  
Fourty there past again to Saint Johnstoun,  
With dead corpse to burying made them bown :  
Parted their men, and diverse ways yeed :  
A great power at Duplin still there bade,  
To Dalreach the Butler past but let,  
At sundry parts the gates was unbe't.  
To keep the wood while it was day th v l o i g h t.  
As Wallace thus in the thick forrest he sought  
For his two men in mind he had great pain :  
He wist not well if they were tane or slain,  
Or scaped whole by any jeapordie :  
Thirteen were left, with him no mo had he.  
In Gask hall there their lodging had they tane :  
Fire they got soon, but meat then had they nane,  
Two sheep they took beside them in a fold.  
Ordained their supper unto that seemly hold :  
Graithed in haste, some meat to them was dight,  
So hard they blow loud horns upon hight.  
Two sent he forth to see what it might be :  
They bode right long, but no tiddings got he,  
But bousteous noise so brimly blowing fast :  
So other two into the wood forth past.  
None came again, but bousteously can blow,  
Into great yre he sent them forth in row.  
When that alone Wallace was leaved there,  
The a ful blast abounded meikle mair.  
Then trew'd he well they had his lodging seen :  
His sword he drew of noble mettle keen.  
Then forth he went where that he heard the horn,  
Without the door Fawdon was him beforne.  
As to his sight his head into his hand,  
A cross he made when that he saw him stand :  
At Wallace in the head he swagged there,  
And he in haste soon hint it by the hair,  
Then out again at him cou'd cast.  
Into his heart he was greatly agast.  
Right well he trewed it was no spirit of man,  
It was a devil that such malice began.  
He wist no avail there longer to abide,

Up through the hall this wight Wallace can glyde  
 To a close stair, the buirds roof in twine,  
 Fifteen foot long he lap forth of that inne :  
 Up the water then suddenly can he fare,  
 Again he blenked what appearance was there ?  
 Him thought he saw Fawdon that ugly syn,  
 Upon the house and all the rest on fire.  
 A great roof tree he had into his hand,  
 Wallace as then no longer he would stand.  
 Of his good men full great marvel had he,  
 How that they were tint through his fantaesie,  
 Trusting right well all this was sooth indeed :  
 Suppose that it be no point of the creed.  
 Power they had with Lucifer that sell,  
 That time that he parted from heaven to hell.  
 By such mischief if his men might be lost.  
 Drowned or slain amongst the English host ;  
 Or what it was in likenels of Fawdoun,  
 Which brought his men to such confusion :  
 Or if the man ended in evil intent,  
 Some wicked spirit again for him were sent,  
 I can nought speak of such divinity,  
 To clerks I will let all such matters be.  
 But of Wallace on forth I will you tell,  
 When he was went out of the danger fell,  
 Yet glad he was that he escaped sa,  
 But for his men great mourning can he ma,  
 Flait by himself to the maker above,  
 Why he suffered his soul such matters prove ?  
 He wist not well if it were God's will,  
 Right or wrong his fortune to fulfil ;  
 Had it pleased God, he trowed it might not be,  
 He should be set in such perplexity  
 But great courage in his mind ever drave.  
 On Englishmen thinking a mends to have,  
 As he was thus walking by him alone,  
 Upon Ern side, making a piteous moan ;  
 Sir John Butler to watch the furds right,  
 Out from his men of Wallace had a sight ;  
 The mist was went and to the mountains gone,  
 To him he rade where that he made his moan ;

On loud he spired, What art thou walks this gate ?  
A true man, Sir, though my voyage be late :  
Errands I pass from Down unto my Lord,  
Sir John Stewart, the right who will record ;  
In Down is now, new come from the king.  
Then Butler said this is a feleouth thing :  
Thou lied, he said, thou hast been with wallace,  
I shall thee know, ere thou come from this place.  
To him he start the courser wonder wight,  
Drew out his sword, then made him for to fight,  
Above the knee good Wallace hath him tane,  
Through thie and brayne in sunder strak the bane,  
Dersly on ground the knight fell on the land.  
Wallace the horse soon seased in his hand  
An ackward stroak then took him in that stead,  
His craig in two, thus was the Butler dead.  
An Englishman saw their Chiftain was slain,  
A spear in rest he cast with all his main.  
On Wallace drave from the horse to bear,  
Warly he wrought as worthy man of wear ;  
The spear he wan withoutten more abaid,  
On horse he lap, and through a great rout raid  
To Dalreach, then he knew the furd full well.  
Before him came feil stuffed into Steel ;  
He strake the first, but bade in the blasoun,  
While horse and man all fleit the water down.  
Another soon down from the horse he bare,  
Stramped to ground and drowned withoutten mair  
The third he hit on the harness of steel :  
Throughout the coast the speir it raiff ilk deal.  
The great power after him then can ride,  
He saw no wisdom there longer to abide.  
His burnisht brand braithly in hand he bare,  
Whom he hit right they followed him na mair,  
To stuff the chase feil freiks followed fast :  
But Wallace made the gayest ay agast.  
The mure he took and through their power rade :  
The horse was good but yet he had great dread,  
For failing him ere he wan to a strength,  
The chase was great stailed on breadth and length  
Through strong danger they had him ay in sight,



At the Blackford there Wallace down can light.  
 The horse stufed, the way was deep and lang.  
 A large long while wightly on foot can gang,  
 Ere he was horsed, ryders about him cast,  
 He saw full well long time he might not last,  
 Sad men indeed upon him can renew.  
 Without recovery twenty that night he slew :  
 The fiercest ay rudely rebuked he,  
 Keeped his horse, and right wisely can he flee,  
 While that he came the mirkest mure amang,  
 His horse gave over, and would no further gang.  
 Wallace on foot took him with good intent,  
 The horse he slew ere that he further went,  
 That Englishmen of him should have no good,  
 And left on foot, for well he understood :  
 The Sutheron men of him should have no sight,  
 In high hather he past with all his might,  
 Thro' the dark mure then from him has he fought  
 But suddenly there came into his thought :  
 Great power did walk at Stirling bridge of tree,  
 Sighing, he said, no passage is for me.  
 For fault of food, and I have fasted lang,  
 On war men now methinks no time to gang :  
 At Cambuskenneth I shall the water till,  
 Let God above do with me what he will,  
 Into this land I may no longer bide.  
 Tarry he made some part on Forth's side,  
 Took off his weed, and graithed him but mair,  
 His sword he bound that wonder sharply share,  
 Among his gear, on his shoulders aloft :  
 Thus in he went, to great God praying oft,  
 Of his good grace his cause to take in hand ;  
 Over the water he swam to the south land :  
 Arrayed him well, the season was right cold :  
 For Pisees was into his days of old,  
 Overthwart he cast, to the Torwood he yeed,  
 A w dow dwelt which helped him in need,  
 Hither he came when day began to daw,  
 To a widow, and privily can caw :  
 They spired his name, but tell them he would nought  
 While she her self near to his language sought,

From

From time she knew that it was wight Wallace,  
Rejoyced she was, and thanked God o' g' race.  
She spired soon, if he was his alone?  
Mourning, he said, As men now have I none,  
She spired then, Where that his men should be:  
Fair dame, he said, go get some meat to me;  
I have fasted since yesterday at morn,  
I dread full sore my men they be forlorn,  
Great part of them I saw to the death brought;  
She got him meat in all the hast she mought.  
A woman he called, and als with her a child.  
And bade them pass again these ways wilde,  
So the Gaskhal tidings for to spear  
If part was left of his men into fear,  
And she should find an horse soon in her gate:  
He bade them see if that place stood in state,  
Thereof to hear he had full great desire,  
Because he thought it was all into fire.  
They passed out withoutten tarry mair.  
Him for to rest Wallace remained there,  
Refreshed he was with meat and drink and heat,  
Which caused him through natural course to sleep,  
Where he should sleep at the woman he spiered,  
The widow had three sons that were-leared:  
First two of them she sent to keep Wallace.  
He gart the third go soon to Dunipace.  
And tell his Eme that he was happened there:  
The parson came to see of his welfare  
Wallace to sleep was laid in the wood-side,  
The two young men without him near could bide:  
The parson came near hand, the manner saw.  
They beckned to him what steed he should draw.  
The rone was thick that Wallace sleepeed in,  
About he went, and made but little din.  
So at the last of him he had a sight,  
Full privately where that his bed was dight:  
He him beheld, then said un'o himsell,  
Here is a marvel who likes it for to tell,  
This is a person of worthiness of hand,  
Troweth to stoope the power of England:  
Now false fortune, the misworker of all,

By eventure hath given him a fall :  
 That he is left without supply of ma,  
 A cruel wife with weapons might him sla !  
 Wallace him heard, with that the sleep overpast,  
 Feirly he rose, and said to him als fast :  
 Thou liest, false priest, wert thou a foe to me,  
 I would not dread such other ten as thee :  
 I have had moe since yesterday at morn,  
 Than such fixty assembled me befor.  
 His Eme him took and went forth with Wallace,  
 He told to him all his most painful case ;  
 This night he said, I was left mine alone,  
 In full debate with enemies many one :  
 God at his will hath ay my life to keep,  
 Over Forth I swam, that awful is and deep :  
 That I have had in war before this day,  
 Prison and pain, (to this night) is but play ;  
 So beat I am with strakes sad and sore,  
 The shril water then brunt me meikle more ?  
 After great blood through heat and cold was wrought,  
 That of my life almost I nothing rought,  
 I mourn far more the tynsel of my men,  
 Nor of myself, might I suffer such ten.  
 The Parson said, dear Son, thou mayst see well,  
 Longer to strive, it helpeth never a deal ;  
 Thy men are lost, and none will with thee rise  
 For God his sake, make as I will divise ;  
 Take a Lordship whereon thou mayest live,  
 King Edward will great lands to thee give,  
 Uncle, he said, of such words na mair,  
 This is nothing but eiking of my care,  
 I like better to see the Sutheron die,  
 Than gold or land that they can give to me,  
 Trust thou right well, of war I shall not cease,  
 Until the time I bring Scotland to peace,  
 Or die therefore the plain to understand,  
 So came Kirely and good Steven of Ireland, -  
 The widow's Son to Wallace hath them brought,  
 From they him saw, of no sadness they rought.  
 For perfect joy they weeped with their een,  
 To ground they fell, and thanked heaven's king.

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Als he was glad for rescue of them two.  
 Of their fears living were left no mo.  
 They told him that Sir Gerrard was dead,  
 How they had well escaped of that stead.  
 Through the Ochel they had gone all that night,  
 To Airth ferry when that the day was light.  
 How a true Scot through kindness of Wallace,  
 Brought them soon over, that kend them to that place  
 Als Keirly wist that Wallace living were,  
 Near Dunipace that he would find him there,  
 The parson gart good purveyance for them dight,  
 Into Torwood they lodged all that night.  
 While the woman that Wallace north had send,  
 Returned again, and told to him an end,  
 What Englishmen in the way she saw dead,  
 Feil was fallen sey in many sundry stead.  
 The horse she saw that Wallace had bereft,  
 At the Gaskhall standing as it was left,  
 Withoutten harm, nor touched of a stone;  
 But of his men, good tydings got she none,  
 Therefore he grieved greatly in that tide,  
 In the forrest he would no longer bide.  
 The widow gave him part of her silver bright,  
 Two of her sons that worthy were and wight,  
 The third he left, because he lacked age,  
 In weir was then might not win vassalage.  
 The parson then got them good horse and gear,  
 But wo he was his mind was so on wear.  
 Thus he took leave without longer abode,  
 To Dundaff mure the famine night he rode.  
 Sir John the Graham which was lord of that land,  
 An aged knight had made none other band,  
 But purchast peace, in rest he might bide still,  
 Tribute he paid full fore against his will,  
 A son he had both wise worthy and wight,  
 King Alexander at Berwick made him knight,  
 Where showing was of battel to have been,  
 Betwixt the Scots and the bold Persie keen.  
 This young Sir John right noble was in wear,  
 On a broad sword his father gart him swear,  
 He should be true to Wallace in all things



And he to him while life in them might reign,  
 Three nights there Wallace was out of dread,  
 Rested him well, so had he meikle need,  
 On the fourth day he would no longer bide,  
 Sir John the Graham bowed with him to ride,  
 And he said, nay, as then it should not be,  
 A plain part yet I will not take on me,  
 I have tint men through mine own reckles deed,  
 A burnt child als more sore the fire should dread.  
 Friends some part I have in Clidisdale,  
 I will go see what they may me avail,  
 Sir John answered, I will your counsel do;  
 When ye think time send privately me to,  
 Then I shall come with my power in haste:  
 He him betaught unto the holy Ghaist,  
 Sir John to borch they should meet whole and sound,  
 Out of Dundaff he and his four couth found:  
 In Bothwel mure that night remained he,  
 With one Crawford that lodged him privily.  
 Upon the morn to the Kilbank he went,  
 Received he was of many with glad inent:  
 For his dear Eme young Auchinleck dwelt there,  
 Brother he was to the sheriff of Air.  
 When old Sir Rannald to his death was dight,  
 Then Auchinleck wedded that lady bright;  
 And children got, as stories bear record,  
 Of Lismahago, for he held of that lord:  
 But he was slain, that pity was the mair,  
 With Persie's men into the town of Aire,  
 His son dwelt still, then nineteen years of age,  
 And brocked whole his father's heritage;  
 Tribute he payed for all his lands bread,  
 To the lord Persie, as his brother had made.  
 I leave Wallace with his dear uncle still,  
 Of Englishmen yet speak something I will.  
 A messenger soon through the country yeed  
 To lord Persie and told this fellon deed:  
 Kinclevin was burnt, broken and cast down,  
 The captain dead of it, and St. Johnstoun,  
 The Loran als in Shortwood shaws seen,  
 Into the land great sorrow hath been seen,

Through

Through wight Wallace that all this deed hath done.  
The town he spy'd, and that forthought us soon,  
Butler is slain, with doughty men and dear.  
In asper speech the Persie then can spear,  
What word of him, I pray thee graithly tell.  
My lord, he said, right thus the case besel:  
We know for truth he was left him alone,  
And as he fled he slew full many one:  
The horse we found that him that gate could bear,  
But of himself no other word we hear.  
At Stirling bridge we wot he passed nought,  
To death in Forth he may for us be brought.  
Lord Persie said, now truly that is sin,  
So good of hand he is this world within.  
And he tane peace, and been our king's man,  
This whole empire he might have conquest then.  
Great harm it is of of our knights that are dead,  
We must gar see for others in their stead:  
I trow not yet that Wallace lossed be.  
Our clerks say, he shall gar many die.  
The messenger says, all that forsooth hath been.  
Many hundred that cruel was and keen,  
Since he began are lossed without remeed.  
The Persie said forsooth he is not dead:  
The crooks of Forth he knows wonder well;  
He is on live that shall our nation feel,  
When he is stressed, then can he swim at will:  
Great strength he hath, both wit and grace theretil,  
A messenger the Lord charged to wend,  
And his command in writ he with him send:  
Sir John Psewart great sheriff then he made  
To St. Johnstoun and all the lands brade;  
Into Kinclevin there dwelt none there again.  
There was nought else but broken walls in plain.  
Leave I them thus ruling the land there.  
And speak I will of Wallace good welfare:  
He sent Kairly unto Rannald that night,  
And Boyd and Blair that worthy were and wight:  
And Adam als, his cousin good Wallace,  
To them declared he of this painful case,  
Of this escape out that company:

Right wonder glad was that good chevalry  
 From time they knew that Wallace living was,  
 Good diligence they made to him to pass.  
 Master John Blair was one of that message,  
 A worthy clerk, both wise and als right sage :  
 Learned he was before in Paris town,  
 Among masters in science of good renown,  
 Wallace and he at home in school had been.  
 Soon afterwards as verity was seen :  
 He was the man that chiefly undertook,  
 That first compiled to drite the latine book  
 Of Wallace life, right famous of renown.  
 And Thomas Gray parson of Libertown,  
 With him they were and put in historial,  
 Oft one of both meikle of his travel.  
 And therefore here of them I make mention,  
 Master John Blair to Wallace made him bow,  
 To see his health, his comfort was the more,  
 And they full oft together were before.  
 Silver and gold they gave him for to spend,  
 So did he them freely when God it send.  
 Of good welfare, as then he wanted none,  
 Englishmen wisht he was left him alone ;  
 Where he should be, was none of them could stay,  
 Drowned or slain, or else escaped away,  
 Therefore of him they took but little heed :  
 They knew him not, the less he was in dread.  
 All true Scots great favour to him gave,  
 What good they had, he needed not to crave.  
 The peace lasted that Sir Ronnald had tane,  
 Those three months it should not be out gane,  
 Whole Christmas then Wallace remained there,  
 In Lanark oft to sport he made repair.  
 When that he went to Kilbank from the town,  
 If he found men was of that nation,  
 To Scotland they did never grievance more.  
 Some sticket they, some throats in sunder shore.  
 Feil were found dead, but none wist how it was,  
 Whom he handled, he let no further pass.  
 There Hefilrig dwelt that cursed knight to wail,  
 Sheriff he was of all these Lands hail :

Of fellon outrage despiteful in his deed,  
Many of him therefore had meikle dreed,  
Marvel he thought who durst his people sla.  
Without the town he caus'd geat numbers ga,  
Whan Wallace saw that they were mo than he,  
Then did he nought but salust courteouslie,  
Als his four men bure them so quietly,  
No Sutheron could deem them dishonestly,  
In Lanark, a gentlewoman there,  
A maiden mild, as my book will declare,  
Eighteen years old, and little more of age,  
Als born she was to part of heritage.  
Her father was of worship and renown.  
And Hew Braidfote he hight of Lammingtown,  
Als feil were then into the country call'd,  
Before time they Gentlemen were of ald;  
But this good man and als his wife was dead,  
The maiden wist then of none other remead,  
But still she dwelt in tribute in the town,  
And purchast had King Edward's protection.  
Servants with her, of friends at her will,  
Thus lived she without desire of ill.  
A quiet house, as she might hold in wear,  
For Heselrige had done her meikle dear:  
Slain her brother which eldest was and heir:  
All suffered she and right lowly and bare.  
Amiable so beneign ware and wise,  
Curteous and sweet, fulfilled of all gentrice:  
Well ruled of tongue, right hail of countenance:  
Of virtue she was worthy to advance;  
Humble her held and purchast a good name,  
Of every wight she kepted her from blame,  
True religious folk a great favour her lent,  
Upon a day to the kirk as she went,  
Wallace her saw as he his eyes can cast,  
The print of love him prunzied at the last,  
So asperly through beauty of that bright,  
With great uneale in presence bide he might:  
He knew full well the kindred of her blood,  
And how she was in honest use and good.

Whiles



Whiles would he think to love her over the lave,  
 And otherwise he thought on his dislave,  
 How that his men were brought to confusion,  
 Through his last love he had in St. Johnstoun :  
 Then would he think to live and let overslide,  
 But that thought long in mind could not abide.  
 He told Keirly of his new lust and bail,  
 Then asked he him of his true counsel,  
 Master, he said, as far as I can feel,  
 Of likliness it may be wonder well :  
 Since so ye love, take her in marriage,  
 Goodly she is, and als of heritage :  
 Suppose that ye in loving feel amiss,  
 Great Good forbid it should be so with this,  
 To marry thus, I cannot yet attend,  
 I would of war first see a final end :  
 I will no more along to my love gang,  
 Take heed to me, for dread I suffer wrang.  
 To proffer love thus soon I were not brieve,  
 Might I leave off, in war. I think to live.  
 What is this love ? Nothing but foolishness :  
 It may reave me both wit and stedfastness.  
 Then said he thus, this will not graithly be,  
 Amours and wars at once to reign in me :  
 Right sooth it is, stood I in blisse of love.  
 Where deeds where, I should the better prove.  
 But well I wot, where great earnest is in thought,  
 It leteth war that in wise men is wrought  
 Unless it be, but only till one deed ?  
 Then he that thinks of love for to spee,  
 He may do well, hath he the fortune and grace :  
 But this stands all into another case.  
 A great kingdom with feil foes overset,  
 Right hard it is any mends for to get  
 Against them, and keep the observance  
 Which belongs to love and all her frivole chance,  
 Example I have which me forthinketh fair,  
 I hope in God it shall be so no mair.  
 The truth I know of this and her lineage :  
 I know nought her, therefore I lose a gage.  
 To Keirly he thus argued in this kinde,

But

But great desire remained in his mind :  
For to behold that freely of fassoun,  
A while he left, and came not in the town,  
On other thing did make his wit to vaik,  
Proving that he might of that labour slaik,  
When Keirly saw he suffered pain for thy,  
Dear sir, he said, ye leave in sluggary :  
Go see your love, and ye shall get comfort :  
At this counsel, he walked for to sport,  
Unto the kirk where she made residence.  
She knew him well, but as for eloquence :  
She durst not well in presence to him kyth,  
Full sore she dread that Sutheron should her myth :  
For Heselrige had a matter new begun,  
And her desired in marriage to his son :  
With her maiden this Wallace she besought  
To dyne with her and privately she him brought  
Through a garden, she had great work anew,  
So Englishmen nought of their meeting knew,  
He kissed this maid with gladness and pleasance,  
Soon her besought right hartily acquaintance,  
She answered him with humble words and wise,  
Were mine acquaintance worthy for to prise,  
Ye shall it have, as God me save in faul,  
But Englishmen do gar our power fall,  
Through violence of them, and their bairnage,  
That hath well near destroyed our linage :  
When Wallace heard her complaint pitcously,  
Grieved in heart he was right greatumny,  
Both yre and love him set into a rage,  
But nought for they he scb. red in courage,  
Of this matter he holds as I said aire  
To that goodly how love constrained him fair,  
She answered him reasonably again,  
And said, I shall to your service be bane,  
With all pleasance in honest causes hail,  
And I trust nought ye would set to assail,  
For your worship to do me dishonour,  
And I a maid, and stand in more stour,  
From Englishmen to save my woman heid  
And coast have made to keep me from their feid,  
With

With my good will I will no Leman be,  
 To no man born; therefore I think should ye :  
 Desire me not, but unto godliness :  
 Perchance ye think I were two low percase,  
 For to pretend to be your righteous wife,  
 Into your service I would use all my life.  
 Here I beseech for your worship in arms,  
 Ye charge me not with no ungodly harms :  
 But me defend for worship of your blood,  
 When Wallace well her true tale understood  
 As in a part him thought it was reason,  
 Of her desire ; therefore to conclusion,  
 He thanked her, and said If it might be,  
 Through God's will that your kingdom be free,  
 I would you weed with all hearty pleasure,  
 But at this time I may not take such chance.  
 And for this cause none other now I crave :  
 A man of war may not all pleasure have.  
 Of their talk then can I tell you no mair,  
 To my purpose, what band they made them there :  
 Conclude they this, and to the dinner went,  
 The fore grievance remained in his intent.  
 Loss of his men and lusty pain of love :  
 His leave he took at that time to remove.

## C H A P. II.

How Wallace past to Lochmabane, and how they  
 cutted his horse-tails ; and how he shave the blood-  
 letter.

**T**Hen to Gilbank he past ere it was night,  
 upon the morn with his four men him dight,  
 To the Corhead without resting he rade,  
 Where his nevoy Tom Haliday him abade,  
 And Edward Little als his cousin dear,  
 Which was so blyth when he wist him so near ;  
 Thanking great God he sent him safe again.  
 For many dreamed he in Strathairn was slain,  
 Good cheer they made all out these days three,  
 Then Wallace said that he design'd to see  
 Lochmabane town and Englishmen that were there,  
 On the fourth day they bowned them to fare :

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Sixteen he was of goodly Chevalry,  
In the Knockwood he leaved all but three.  
Thomas Haliday went with him to the town,  
Edward Little and Kirely made them bown,  
To an Hostler Thomas Haliday led them right,  
And gave command their dinner should be dight,  
To hear a mass in good intent they yeed,  
Of Englishmen they thought there was no dread,  
One Clifford came, was Emes son to the Lord.  
And three with him the truth for to record.  
To their inns soon, when Wallace was past :  
Who ought these horse, in great hathing he askt,  
The good wife said for to have pleased him best,  
Three Gentlemen are come out of the west,  
Who devil made them so gayly for to ride ;  
In faith with me a wed there must abide,  
These leud Scots have learned little good,  
Lo, all these horse are shent for fault of blood,  
Into great scorn withoutten words more,  
The tails of all these three horse they shore.  
The good wife cried, and piteously can greet :  
So Wallace came, and could the captain meet,  
A woman told him, they had his horse shent,  
For proper yre he grew in maltalent :  
He followed fast and said, good friends, abide,  
Service to take for thy crafts in this tide ;  
Marshal thou art without command of me,  
Backwards again methinks I should pay thee ;  
Alace, I of late new come out of the west,  
Into this country a barbour of the best ;  
To cut and shave and that on wonder good ;  
Now shall thou feel how I use to let blood,  
With his good sword the captain hath he tane,  
While horse again he marshalled never ane.  
Another soon upon the head strake he,  
While chase and cheeks upon the gate can flee.  
By that his men the other three had slain ;  
Their horse they took and graithed them full bane,  
Out of the town, for dinner had they none.  
The wife she prayed that made so piteous moan.  
Then Englishmen frae their chiftain was dead,

To



To Wallace sought from many sundry stead :  
 From the castle came cruel men and keen,  
 When Wallace hath their sudden ssembly seen,  
 Toward some strength he bowned him to ride,  
 For then him thought it was no time to bide.  
 His horse bled fast that gart him dreading have,  
 Of his good men he would have had the lave,  
 To the Knockwood withoutten more they rade,  
 But into it no journing he made.  
 That wood so then was neither thick nor strang :  
 His men he got then lighted he to gang,  
 Toward an hight, and led their horse a while,  
 The Englishmen were then within a mile,  
 On fresh horse riding on hastily,  
 Seven score was then were in that company.  
 The Scots lap on, when they that power saw,  
 Toward the south then thought it best to draw,  
 Then Wallace said it were no wit in wear.  
 With our power to bide them bargain here,  
 You are men good, therefore I will that we  
 Innermore seek, while God send us supply,  
 Haliday said we shall do your counsel :  
 But score I dread that these hurt horse will fail,  
 The Englishmen in birnisht armour clear,  
 By then to them approached wonder near ;  
 Horsed archers shot, and would not spare,  
 Of Wallace men they wounded two full fair  
 In yre he grew, when that he saw them bleed,  
 Himself he turned and on them sone he yeed,  
 Sixteen with him that worthy were and wear,  
 Of the foremost right sharply down they bear,  
 At that return fifteen in field were slain,  
 The lave they fled unto their power again,  
 Wallace followed with his good chevalrie,  
 Tomas Haliday in wear was full busie,  
 A bushment saw that cruel was and keen.  
 Two hundred hail of well graithed Englishmen  
 Uncle, he said, Our power was too sma,  
 From this plain field I counsel you to dra ;  
 You too few are against yon fellon stail.  
 Wallace returned full soon at his counsel,

At

At the Corhead full fain they would have been :  
But Englishmen have well their purpose seen  
In plain battle they followed hardily.  
In danger thus they held them awfully.  
Hew of Morland on Wallace followed fast,  
He had before made many Scots agast.  
Holden he was of wear the worthiest man,  
In north England was with him living than ;  
In his armour well forged of fine steel,  
A noble courser bare him both fast and well ;  
Wallace returned beside a buirly oak,  
And on him set a fellon sicker stroak.  
Both collar bone and shoulder blade in two,  
Through the mid coast the good sword gart he go :  
His spear he wan, and als his courser bright,  
Then left his own, for losed was his might,  
For lake of food no further could he gang,  
Wallace on horse the Sutheron men amang,  
His men relieved that doughty were indeed,  
Him to rescue out of that fellon dread,  
Cruel stroaks forsooth their might be seen,  
On either side, till blood ran on the green,  
Right perilously the sembly was to see,  
Hardly and hot continued the mallic,  
Shewing rescue of Scots and English als:  
Some carved bone in sunder, and some the hals,  
Some hurt, some hint, some dung into the dead,  
The hardy Scots so stirred in that stead,  
With Haliday on foot that boldly bade,  
Among the Sutheron a full great room they made,  
Wallace on horse hint him a noble spear,  
Out through them rade, as good chistain of wear.  
Three slew he there ere that his spear was gane,  
Thus his good sword in hand than hath he tane :  
Dang on Derfly with straiks sad and fore,  
Whom that he hit, grieved the Scots no more.  
Fra Sutheron men by natural reason knew,  
How with a stroak a man ay he slew,  
Then marvelled they he was so meikle of main,  
For their best men in that kind had he slain  
That his great strength again helped him nought,

For

For none other in contrair Wallace sought,  
 Then said they all, leave he the strength untane,  
 This whole kingdom he will win him alane,  
 They left the field and to their power fled,  
 And told their lord how evil the foremost sped,  
 Which Graytock height was new come in the land,  
 Therefore he trowed none durst against him stand;  
 Wonder he thought when as he saw that sight,  
 Why his good men for so few took the flight  
 At that return twenty in field were tint,  
 And Moreland als therefore he would not flint;  
 But followed fast with three hundred but dread,  
 And swore he would be venged on that deed.  
 The Scots want horse becaufe, their own did fail;  
 In fleeing then choiced the most avail.  
 Out of the field this wight Wallace was gone,  
 Of his good men he had not lossed one;  
 Five wounded were, but lightly forth they rode;  
 Wallace a space behind them ay abode.  
 And Haliday proved well in many place,  
 A sister's son he was to good Wallace.  
 Warlike they rode and held their horse on end,  
 For they trowed well the Sutheron would offend:  
 With whole power at once upon them set.  
 But Wallace cast their purpose for to let:  
 To break their ray, he visit them full fast,  
 The Englishmen so greatly were agast,  
 That none of them durst rush out of the stall,  
 All in array together held them hail.  
 The Sutheron saw how that abundantly,  
 Wallace abode near hand their chevalry,  
 By Moreland's horse they knew him wonder well,  
 Past to their Lord, and told him ever ilk deal.  
 Lo, Sir, they said, forsooth this same is he,  
 That with his hands caused so many die,  
 Hath his horse grace upon his feet to bide,  
 He doubts not through five thousand for to ride.  
 We reed you cease and follow him no more,  
 For dread that we repent it syn full sore,  
 He blamed them, and said, men, well may see,  
 Cowards you are that for so few would flee.

For

For their counsel yet leave would he them nought,  
Into great yre he sadly on them sought,  
Wailing a place where he might bargain make :  
Wallace was wo upon him for to take,  
And he so few to bide them on a plain  
At Queensberry he would have been full fain :  
Upon himself he took so great travel,  
To send his men, if that might him avail.  
A sword in hand right manly him to wear,  
Ay waiting fast if he might get a spear.  
Now here, now there, before them too and fro,  
His horse give over and might no further go ;  
Right at the skirt of Queensberry besel,  
But upon grace as mine author will tell ;  
Sir John the Graham that worthy was and wight,  
To the Corhead came on the other night,  
Thirty with him of noble men at wage  
The first daughter he had in marriage,  
Of Haliday was nevy to Wallace,  
Tydings to spire, Sir John passed of that place,  
With men to speak where they a tryft had set,  
Right nere the stead where Scots and English met ;  
And Kirkpatrick that cruel was and keen,  
In Eskdale wood that half a year had been ;  
With Englishmen he could not well accord,  
Of Thortolwald he baron was and lord,  
Of kin he was to Wallace Mother dear,  
On Crawford side that meikle had to stier.  
Twenty he had of worthy men and wight,  
By then Wallace approached to their sight.  
Sir John the Graham when he the counter saw,  
On them he rade, and stood but little aw.  
His good-father he knew right wonder well,  
Cast down his spier, and sunnied not a deal.  
Kirkpatrick als with worthy men of wear,  
Fifty in front at once they down can bear,  
Through the thickest & three hundred they rade  
On Sutheron side full great slaughter they made.  
Then to rescue that was in fellon throng,  
Wallace on foot that great power among :  
Good room he got through help of Gods grace.

The



The Sutheron fled and left them in that place.  
 Horses they wan to stuff the chase good speed,  
 Wallace and his that doughty were indeed.  
 Graystock took flight on stern horse and stout,  
 An hundred held together in a rout :  
 Wallace on them full sadly can pursue,  
 The fleeing well of Englishmen he knew,  
 That ay the best would pass without their chistain.  
 Before him fand he good Sir John the Graham,  
 Ay striking down whom ever he might hy,  
 Then Wallace said, this is but waste folly.  
 Commons to slay where Chistains goes away,  
 Your horse are fresh, therefore do as I say :  
 Good men ye have are yet in noble state,  
 To yon great rout, for God's love hold your gate :  
 Sunder them soon, we shall come at your hand,  
 When Sir John had this tale well understand,  
 Of nore other from henceforth took he heed,  
 To the foremost he followed well with speed.  
 Kirpatrick als considered this counsel,  
 They charged their men, ay followed on the stail :  
 At this command full soon with them they met :  
 Sad straiks and sore sadly upon them set.  
 His uncle als he knew, right wonder well,  
 Cast down his spear, and sounzied not a dael.  
 Kirkpatrick als with worthy men of wear,  
 Thirty on front at once down they bear  
 Through the thickest Sir John the Graham rade,  
 On Sutheron side full great slaughter they made.  
 Good room he got through help of God's grace,  
 The Sutheron fled and left them in that place.  
 Horses they wan to stuff the chase good speed,  
 Wallace and his that doughty were indeed.  
 Graystock fled fast on stern horse and stout,  
 An hundred held together in a rout.  
 Wallace on them sadly could pursue,  
 The fleeing well of Englishmen he knew.  
 Wallace on horse he hint a noble spear,  
 And followed fast as good chistain in wear :  
 Three slew he there ere that his spear was gane,  
 Then his good sword in his hand hath he tane,

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Dang on Derfly with straits sad and sair,  
Whom that he hit grieved the Scots na mair.  
Upon the lave fighting full wonder fast,  
And many groom they made full sore agast.  
The Englishman that busie were in wear,  
Assailed sore them from the moss to bear,  
Right perilously the ssembly was to see;  
Hardy and heat continued the mallie.  
Shewing the rescue of Scots and English als,  
Some carved bones in sunder, some the hals.  
Sir John the Graham to Graystock fast he sought,  
His pensane then it helped him right nought,  
Upon the craig a grave stroak gave him right,  
The buirly brand was braid and birnisht bright,  
In sunder carved the malzies of fine steel,  
Through brane and bone it rushed ever ilk deal.  
Dead with that dint to the ground down him drave;  
By that Wallace assembled on the lave,  
Derfly to death feil freiks there he dight,  
Rose never again, whom ever he hit right.  
Kilpatrick came, Thom Haliday and their men,  
Their doughty deeds were noble for to ken.  
At the Knockhead the bold Graystock was slain,  
And many mo which were of meikle main:  
To save their lives, part in the wood they past,  
The Scotis men they ran together fast.  
When Wallace with S. John the Graham had met,  
Right goodly he with humbleness him greet;  
Pardon he asked of the reprove before,  
Into the chafe, and said, he should no more,  
Information make to him that was so good.  
When that Sir John Wallace well understood;  
Do away, he said, thereof as now no mair:  
Ye did full right, it was for our welfare:  
Wiser in war, ye are all out than I,  
Father in arms ye are to me for thy.  
Kirkpatrick then that was his cousin dear,  
He thanked him right on a good manner.  
Eight score were slain ere they would leave the stead,  
The fleeing folk they knew of no remead,  
Not one was lost of all their chevalry.

Sir John the Graham to them came happily,  
 The day was done approaching was the night,  
 At Wallace then they asked counsel right.  
 He answereth thus, I speak but with your leave,  
 Right loath I were any godly man to grieve :  
 But thus I say, in terms short for me,  
 I would assail, if ye think it may be,  
 Lochmabine house which now is left alone,  
 For well I wot that power in it is none,  
 Carlaverock als yet Maxwel hath in his hand.  
 And we had these, they might be both a wand  
 Against Sutheron that now hath our countrie  
 Say what you will, this is the best thinks me,  
 Sir John the Graham give first his good consent  
 Then all the leave right with a whole intent,  
 To Lochmabin right hastily they rade.  
 When they came there not halfe a mile beside  
 The night was dark, to counsel are they gone ;  
 Of moon or stare appearance were there none.  
 Then Wallace said, we think this land at rest :  
 Tom Haliday thou knowest the country best,  
 I hear the noise of feil folks here about,  
 Therefore I trow we are the least in doubt,  
 Haliday said, I will take one with me  
 And ride before the country fer to see,  
 Watson he called, with thee make me becn,  
 With them thou wast a neighbour in this town,  
 I grant I was with them against my will,  
 And mine intent was ay to do them ill,  
 Unto the gate partly they two forth rade,  
 The porter came withoutten longer abade :  
 At John Watson then tydings could he spier.  
 Open he bade, the captain cometh near,  
 The gate but more unwisely up he drew,  
 Tam Haliday soon by the craig him threw,  
 And with a knife he sticked him in that stead,  
 In a dark hole him dreadless cast him dead,  
 John Watson hath hint the keys in his hand,  
 The power then with Wallace was command :  
 They entred in, before them found no mo,  
 Except Women and simple servants two.

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In the kitchin long scudlers they had been.  
Soon they were slain : When the lady had seen,  
She cryed for grace for him that died on tree,  
Then Wallace said, madam, your noife let be :  
To women yet we do but little ill,  
And young children we like not for to spill,  
I would have meat, Haliday, what sayest thou ?  
For fasting folk to dine were good time now,  
Great purveyance was ordained them before,  
Both bread and ale, good wine and other flore.  
To meat they bowned, for they had fasted lang,  
Good men of arms into the clos caus'd gang :  
Part fleeing folk on foot they from them glicd,  
On the Knockhead where great mellie was made :  
Ay as they came John Watfon let them in,  
And done to death withoutten noife or din :  
No man left there that was of England born :  
The castle well they viewed on the morn :  
For Johnstoun sent a man of good degree,  
Second daughter forsooth wedded had he,  
Of Halidays dear nevoy to Wallace :  
Great captain then they made him of that place  
They left him there into a good array,  
They issued forth upon the other day.  
Women had leave in England for to fare.  
Good Wallace and Sir John the Graham could care,  
To the Corhead, and lodged there that night :  
Upon the morn the sun was at the hight :  
After dinner they would no longer bide,  
Their purpose took him Crawford-mure to ride.  
Sir John the Graham with Wallace that was wight.  
Thom Haliday again returned right  
To the Orchal and remained but dread.  
No Sutheron wist principal who did this deed.  
Kirkpatrick past to Eisdale woods wide,  
In safety there he thought he should abide  
Good Wallace and Sir John the Graham in fear,  
With them forty men of arms clear ;  
Through Crawford-mure as they then took their way  
On Englishmen their mind remained ay.



## C H A P. III.

How Wallace wan the Castle of Crawford, and slew  
the Captain thereof.

From Crawford John the water down they ride,  
Near hand the night they lodged upon Clyde :  
Their purpose took into a great vail,  
Then Wallace said I would ye might assail  
Crawford castle with some good jeopardie :  
Sir John the Graham, how say ye best may be :  
This good knight said, If the man were without,  
To take the house there is but little doubt,  
A Squyer then rul'd that lordship haile,  
Of Cumberland born, his name was Mortindale,  
Then Wallace said, myself will pass in fear :  
And on with me, of harbery for to spier :  
Follow on drigh, if that we mister ought,  
Edward Little with his master forth sought.  
To an hostilary, and with a woman met,  
She told to them that Sutherland there were set.  
If ye be Scots I counsel you pass by,  
For if they may, ye will get evil Harbery,  
At drink they are, so have they been right long,  
Great words there is of Wallace them among.  
They trow that he hath found his men again :  
At Lochmabane feil Englishmen are slain,  
The house is lost, that makes them be full wo :  
I hope in God, that they shall soon tyme mo.  
Wallace spiered of Scotland if that she be ?  
She said, yea, and thinks yet to see  
Sorrow on them, through help of God's grace.  
He asked her, who was into that place ?  
No man of sense was left that house within :  
Twenty are here making great noise and din.  
Alace, she said, If that I might once see,  
The worthy Scots in it might master be.  
With this woman he would no langer stand.  
A beaken he made, Sir John came at his hand.  
Wallace went in, and said Benedicite.  
The captain spiered, what bellamy may thou be,  
That comes so grim ? some tidings to us tell.

Thou

Thou art a Scot, the devil thy nation quell  
Wallace braid out a sword withoutten more,  
Into the breast the brime captain he bore  
Throughout the coast sticket him to the dead :  
Another he hit ackwark upon the head.  
Whom ever he strake, he bursted him bone and lyre,  
Feil of them dead feil flating in the fire,  
Hasty payment he made them on the floor,  
And Edward Little kepted well the door.  
Sir John the Graham full fain would have been in,  
Edward him bade at the castle begin,  
For of these folk we have but little dread.  
Sir John the Graham fast to the castle yeed.  
Wallace rudely such routs on them gave,  
That twenty men derfly to death he drave.  
Fifteen he strake, and fifteen hath he slain.  
Edward slew five which was of meikle main,  
To the castle Wallace had great desire :  
By that Sir John had set the house on fire :  
None was therein that great defence could mae,  
But women sore fast weeping into wae,  
Without the place a bold bulwark was made,  
Wallace went over withoutten longer bade.  
The women soon he saved from the dead.  
Weak folks he put, and children from that stead.  
Of purveyance he found little nor none,  
Before that time their victual was all gone :  
Yet in that place lodged they all that night,  
From the hostlary brought such good as they might.  
Upon the morn houses they spoiled fast,  
All things that dought, out of that place they cast,  
Tree-work they burnt, that was within the wanes,  
And walls brake down that stalwart were of stanes :  
Spoill'd what they might, then would no longer bide,  
Unto Dundaff the same night they did ride,  
And lodged there with all mirth and pleasure.  
Thanking great God that sent them so good chance.

The end of the fifth Book.

# The Sixth BOOK.

## CHAP. I.

Of the Spouſage of Wallace, and how Heſilrig ſlew  
Wallace's wife in the town of Aire, and how  
Wallace ſlew Heſilrig for the ſame cauſe, and put  
the Engliſhmen out of Lanerk.

**T**Hen paſſed were the Octaves of Februar,  
And part of March by right digeſtion,  
Appeared then the laſt month of Ver,  
The ſign on Summ̃er with his ſweet ſeaſon,  
By that Wallace to Dundaff made him bown :  
His leave he took, and to Kilbank can fare,  
The rumour roſe through Scotland up and down,  
With Engliſhmen that Wallace living were.

Into April when clothed is but ween,  
The able ground through working of nature,  
And woods have on their worthy weeds green  
When Nymphis is in building of her bour,  
With oil and balm fulfilled of ſweet odour :  
Caneittis in trace, as they were wont to gang,  
Walking their courſe in every caſual hour :  
To gled the hunters with her merry ſang :

In this ſame time to him approached new,  
His luſty pain of which I ſpoke of aire :  
By loves caſe he thought for to purſue  
In Lanerk, and hither can he fare ;  
At reſidence a while remained there,  
In her preſence, as I have ſaid before ?  
Though Engliſhmen grieved at his repaire,  
Yet he delighted the thing that ſet him fore,

The fire of love him ruled at ſuch wiſe,  
He liked well with that goodly to be :  
Whiles he would think of dangers for to riſe,  
And other whiles out of her preſence flee,  
To ceaſe of war it were the beſt for me,  
Thus win I nought but ſadneſs on like ſide,  
Shall never man this cowardice in me ſee :  
To war I will, for chance that may betide,

What is this Love ? It is but great miſchance,  
That

That we should bring from arms verily ;  
I will not chance my worship for pleasure,  
In war I think my time to occupy,  
Yet here to love I will not let for thy ;  
More I shall desire my worship to reserve,  
From this day forth than ever more did I,  
I fear of war, whether I live or sterue.

What shall I say, Wallace was plainly set  
To love her best in all the world so wide ;  
Thinking he should of his desire to get,  
And so beset by concord on a tide,  
That she was made at his command to bide ;  
And this began the flinting of the strife,  
The band began with graith witness beside.  
Mine author says she was his wedded wife :

Now live in peace, now live in good concord :  
Now live in play, now live in whole pleasure,  
For she by chance hath both her love and Lord  
He thinks love that bide him so advance,  
So evenly held by favour the balance :

Then he at will may lay her in his arms ;  
She thanked God of her high happy chance,  
For in his time he was the flower of arms ;

Fortune her shew his double figured face.  
Feil syfe ere then he had been set above ;  
In prison now delivered through grace,  
Now at unease, now at unrest and ruse ;  
Now well at will, willing in pleasant love,  
And thought himself out of adversity.  
Desiring ay his manhood for to prove,  
In courage set upon the stages hy.

The very truth I cannot graithly tell.  
Into this life how long that they had been ;  
Through natural course of generation sell,  
A child was cheved these two lovers between,  
Which goodly was a maiden bright and sheen ;  
So further forth became time to her age,  
A Squyer Shaw that then full well hath seen,  
This life fair man got her in marriage.

The other maid wedded a Squyer wight,  
Which was well known came in of Baliol's blood,



And their heirs by lyne succeed right  
 To Lammington, and other lands good ;  
 Of this matter the right who understood,  
 Hereof as now I will no more proceed,  
 Of my sentence shortly to conclude,  
 Of other thing my purpose is to reed.

Right goodly men came of this lady ying :  
 Further of them as now I speak na mair,  
 But Wallace forth into his war can reign ;  
 He might not cease, great courage so him bear,  
 Satheron to slay, for dread he would not spare,  
 And they of fyse feil causes to him wrought,  
 From that time forth which moved him so fair,  
 That never in world out of his mind was brought.

Now leave thy mirth, now leave thy whole pleasance  
 Now leave thy blisse, now leave thy childish age,  
 Now leave thy youth, now follow thy hard chance ;  
 Now leave thy lust, now leave thy marriage ;  
 Now leave thy love, or thou shalt tyne a gage,  
 Which never on earth shall be redeemed again.  
 Fellon Fortune, and all her fierce outrage,  
 Go leave in war, go live in cruel pain.

Fy on fortune, fy on thy frivole wheel ;  
 Fy on thy trust, for here it hath no lest.  
 That so transfigured Wallace out of his weel :  
 When he trusted for to have lived best,  
 His pleasance here to him is but a jest,  
 Through thy fers cours that hath none hap to hoe :  
 Him thou overthrew out of his liking rest,  
 From great pleasance, in war, travel and wo.

What is fortune, who draws the date so fast ;  
 We wot there is both well and wicked chance :  
 But this false world with many double cast,  
 In it is nought but very variance,  
 It is nothing to heavenly governance.  
 Then pray we all to the maker above,  
 Which has in hand of Justice the balance,  
 That he it grant us of his dear lasting love.

“ Hereof as now further I speak na mair,  
 “ But to my purpose shortly will I fare”

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**T**Welve hundred years, thereto ninty and seven,  
From Christ was born, the righteous king of  
William Wallace into good liking goes, (heaven.  
In Lanark town amongst his mortal foes.  
The Englishmen that ever stout have been,  
With Hefilrig that cruel was and keen,  
And Robert Thorn a fellon subtil knight,  
Hath found the way by what means best he might,  
How that they should make contrair to Wallace.  
By argument as he came upon case.  
On from the kirk that was without the town,  
While their power might be in arms bown :  
Sir John the Graham that worthy was and true,  
To Lanark town good Wallace could pursue.  
Of his welfare as he full oft hath seen,  
Of men he had in company fifteen :  
And Wallace nine, they had no feirs mo,  
Upon the morn unto the mals they go,  
They and their men graithed in goodly green,  
For the season such useful long hath been.  
When sadly they had said their devotion,  
One argued them as they went through the town ;  
The strongest man that Hefilrig then knew,  
And als he had of lightly words anew,  
He salust them as it were but in scorn,  
Dieu gaird, good day bone senzor, and good morn. 1  
Whom scorns thou ? quoth Wallace who lear'd thee ?  
Why, sir, quoth he, came ye not over the sea ;  
Pardon me then, for I wend you had been,  
An ambassage to bring an uncouth queen.  
Wallace answered, such pardon as we have  
In us to give : thy part thou shalt not crave ;  
Since ye are scots, yet saluted shall ye be :  
Good even daught lord Balloch Benochadie.  
More Sutheron men to them assembled near  
Wallace was loath as then to make a stear.  
One made a tit and script at his long sword,  
Hold still thine hand, quoth he, and speak the word,  
With thy long sword thou makest meikle boast.  
Thereof, quoth he, thy dame made little coast,  
What has thou to wear that goodly green :

My most cause is but for to make thee teen.  
 What should a Scot do with so fair a knife?  
 He said the Priest that jangled thy wife,  
 That woman long hath called him so fair,  
 While that his child worthied to be thine heir.  
 Methinks quoth he, thou drivest to be in scorn:  
 Thy dame was jaiped ere ever thou was born,  
 The power then assembled on him about,  
 Two hundred men that stalwart were and stout,  
 The Scottish saw their power was command,  
 Sir Robert Thorn and Heselrig at hand.  
 Great multitude with weapons birnisht been,  
 The worthy Scots that cruel were and keen,  
 Amongst the Sutherons such dints gave that tide,  
 While blood on breid bursted from wounds wide,  
 Wallace in stour was cruel fightand:  
 Off a Sutheron he smote of the right hand:  
 And when the carle of fighting might no mair,  
 With his left hand in yre held a buckler,  
 Then from the stump the blood sprang out full fast  
 In Wallace face abundantly can it cast.  
 Into great part it marred him of his sight:  
 Sir John the Graham a stroke hath tane him right  
 With his good sword upon the Sutheron fyre,  
 Dersly to death drave him in that great yre.  
 The peril was right awful hard and strong,  
 The stour endured marvellous and long:  
 The Englishmen yet gathered wonder fast,  
 The worthy Scots the gate left at the last.  
 When they had slain and wounded many one,  
 To Wallace inns the gainest way are gone:  
 Then passed soon defended them right well,  
 He and Sir John with swords of tempered steel.  
 Behind their men, while they the gate had tane,  
 The woman then which was full will of wane,  
 The peril saw with fellon noise and din,  
 Set up the gate, and let them enter in.  
 Through to a strength they passed off that stead,  
 Fifty Sutheron upon the gate ly dead,  
 This fair woman with business and might,  
 The Englishmen did tarry with a slight,

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While that Wallace into the wood was past :  
Then Cartlane craigs they pursued full fast.  
When Sutheron saw that chaiped was Wallace,  
Again they turned, the woman took on case,  
Put her to death, I cannot tell you how.  
Of such matters, I may not tarry now :  
Where great dule is but redeeming again,  
Renewing of it, is but ecking of pain,  
A true woman had served her full lang,  
Out of the town the gainest way can gang,  
To Wallace told how all the deed was done :  
The painful wo sought to his heart full soon ;  
Were not for shame he had shot to the ground,  
For bitter bail that in his breast was bound.  
Sir John the Graham both wise gentle and free,  
Great mourning made, that pity was to see :  
And als the lave that were assembled there,  
For poor sorrow with heart weeped full sair.  
When Wallace felt their courage was so small  
He frized him for to comfort them all.  
Cease men, he said, this is a bootless bane,  
For we cannot chevis her life again.  
Upcase a word he might bring out for teen,  
The bailful tears burst braithly from his een,  
Sighing he said ; shall never man me see  
Rest into ease while this deed wroken be.  
The sakeless slaughter of her both blyth and bright,  
That I avow to the maker of might,  
Of all that nation I shall never forbear,  
Young nor ald that able is to wear,  
Priests nor women I think not for to slay,  
In many default, but if they caulding may,  
Sir John, he said, let all this mourning be,  
And for her sake there shall ten thousand die.  
Where men may weep, their courage is the less  
It flakes the yre of wrang they should redress,  
Of their complaints as now I speak no mair,  
Of Auchentleck in Kilblank dwelling there,  
When he heard tell of Wallace vexation,  
To Cartland wood with ten men made him bown,  
Wallace he found some part within the night,



To Lanerk town in the haste they them dight.  
 The watch as then of them had little dread ;  
 Parted their men, then divers ways yeed ;  
 Sir John the Graham and his good company,  
 Unto Sir Robert Thorn full fast they hy,  
 Wallace and his to Hefilrig they past,  
 In an high house where he was sleeping fast ;  
 Strake at the door with his foot hardily,  
 While bar and brayes in the floor gart he ly.  
 The Sheriff cryed, who makes this great deray ?  
 Wallace he said, which thou hast sought this day,  
 The womans death, will God thou shalt dear by  
 Hefilrig thought it was no time to ly,  
 Out of the house full fain he would have been :  
 The night was mirk, yet Wallace hath him seen ;  
 Fiercely him strake, as he came in great yre,  
 Upon the head brist it through bone and lyre,  
 The shearing sword glied on the shoulder bone,  
 Out over the stair among them he is gone.  
 Good Auchenleck trowed not that he was dead,  
 Thrice with a knife he strake, him in that stead.  
 The cry about rose rudely in that street.  
 Feil of the lave were fulzied under feet.  
 Young Hefilrig and wight Wallace is met,  
 A sicker stroak Wallace hath on him set,  
 Derfly to death over the stair dang him down :  
 Many that night he slew in Lanerk town.  
 Some griefies lap, and some sticked within,  
 Effeired they were with hideous noise and din.  
 Sir John the Graham had set the house on fire,  
 Where Robert Thorn was burnt up bone and lyre.  
 Twelve score they slew that were of England born,  
 Women they lived and priests, on the morn,  
 To pass their way of blis, and goods bare.  
 And swore that they again should come nae mair,  
 When Scots heard these things fine tidings of new,  
 Out of all parts to Wallace fast they drew :  
 Plenisht the town which was there heritage,  
 Thus Wallace strave against that great bainage.  
 Ay he began with stiff and stalward hand,

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To chevers again some towns in Scotland :  
The worthy Scots that assembled to him there,  
Chooſed him for their captain and leader.  
Aymer Vallange a fellow tyrant Knight,  
In Bothwel dwelt, King Edward's man full right,  
Murray was out, tho he was righteous Lord,  
Of all that land, as true men will record,  
It to Arran he was dwelling that tide,  
And other men in this land durſt not bide.  
But this falſe knight in Bothwel winning was.  
A man he gart ſoon to King Edward paſs,  
And told him whole of Wallace ordinance,  
How he had put his people to miſchance,  
And plainly was riſing again to reign :  
Grieved therat right greatly was the king :  
Through all England he gart his doers cry,  
Power to get, and ſaid he ſhould plainly,  
In Scotland paſs, that realm to ſtatute new ;  
Feil men of war to him a right faſt they drew,  
The queen felt well how that his purpoſe was,  
To him ſhe went on knees then can ſhe paſs  
He would deſiſt, and not to Scotland gang,  
Ye ſhould have dread to work a fellow wrang ;  
Chriſtned they are, yon is their heritage :  
To reave their crown, it is a great outrage.  
For her counſel at home he would not bide,  
His lords him ſeit in Scotland for to ride.  
The Scotsman that dwelt with King Edward.  
When he heard tell that Wallace took ſuch part,  
He ſtole from them as privily as he may.  
In Scotland then he came upon a day,  
Seeking Wallace he made him ready bown.  
This Scot was born in Kyle at Richardtown,  
All England coaſt he knew it wonder well,  
From Hull about to Briſtow every dale ;  
From Carlile through Sandwick that royal ſtead :  
From Dover over unto Saint Bayes head.  
In Picardie and Flanders both had been,  
All Normandie and France hath he ſeen :  
A purſevant to King Edward in wear ;  
But he could never gar him arms bear,

Of great stature, and part gray was he,  
 The Englishmen called him but Grymisbie :-  
 To Wallace came, and into Kyle him fand,  
 He told him whole the tidings of England :  
 They turned his name from time they him knew,  
 And called him Jop, of engine he was true,  
 In all his time good service in him fand,  
 Gave him to bear the arms of Scotland.  
 Wallace again in Cliddisdale soon he rade,  
 And his power sembled withoutten bade.  
 He gart command, who would his peace take ;  
 A free remit he should gar to him make,  
 For all kin deed that they had done beforne,  
 The Persie's peace, and Sir Rannalds was worn,  
 Feil to him drew that boldly durst abide,  
 Of Wallace kin of many divers side,  
 Sir Rannald then sent him his power hail,  
 Himself durst not be known into battel  
 Again Sutherland, for he had made a band,  
 Long time before, to hold of them his land.  
 Adam Wallace past out of Richardtown,  
 And Robert Boyd with good men of renown,  
 Of Cuningham and Kyle came men of vail,  
 To Lanark fought on horse a thousand hail,  
 Sir John the Graham and his good chevalry,  
 Sir John of Tinto with men that he might hy ;  
 Good Auchenleck that Wallace Uncle was  
 Many true Scots with their Chiftain could pass ;  
 Three thousand whole of likely men of wear,  
 And feil on foot, which wanted horse and gear,  
 The time by this was upon hand.  
 The awful Host with Edward of England,

#### The Battel of Bigger

**T**O Bigger came with sixty thousand men,  
 In war weeds that cruel was to ken,  
 They planted their feil pavilions,  
 Where clarions blew with many mighty sounds,  
 Pleasht that place with victuals and wine ;  
 In carts brought their purveyance full fine,  
 This awful king gart two Heraulds be brought,  
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Gave them command in all the haste they mought  
To charge Wallace that he should come him till,  
Without promise and put him in his will ;

Because I wot he is a gentleman :

Come in my grace, and I shall save him than.

As for his life I will upon me take :

And after this, if he will service make.

Shall have wage that may him well suffice,

That rebel weens for he hath done surprise

To my people oft upon adventure

Against me that he may long endure.

To this proffer gainststanding if he be,

Here I avow he shall be hanged hie.

The young Squyer was brother to Fehew,

Though he would go disguised to pursue,

Wallace to see that took so high a part :

Born sister's son he was to kind Edward,

A coat of Arms he took on him but bade.

With the Herauld full privily forth rade,

To Tinto Hill withoutten residence,

Where Wallace lay with his folk at defence,

A likely host as oft so few they fand.

To him they sought and would no longer stand.

If ye be he that ruleth all this thing.

Credence we have brought forth our worthy king.

Then Wallace caus'd three knights unto him call,

Then read the writ in presence of them all.

To them he said, Answer ye shall not crave,

By word or writ which likes you best to have.

In writ they said, it were the likeliest.

Then Wallace thus began to dyte in haste.

Thou river King, thou chargest me through case,

That I should come and put me in thy grace ;

If I gainstand thou heghtest to hang me,

I vow to God, and ever I may take thee,

Thou shalt be hanged, an Example to give,

To king of reif as long as I may live.

Thou profferest me of thy wages to have ;

I thee defy, power and all the lave

That helps thee here of thy stout nation.

Would God thou shalt be put from this region,

Or



Or die therefore, contraire tho thou had sworn,  
 Thou shalt us see before nine hours at morn,  
 Battel to give, mauer of all thy kin;  
 For falsly thou seek'st our realm within.  
 This writ he gave to the herauld but mair,  
 A good reward he gart deliver him there:  
 But Jop knew well the squer young Fehew,  
 And told Wallace for he was very true,  
 He them commanded, that they should him take:  
 Himself began fore accusing to make.  
 Squyer, he said, since thou hast feigned arms,  
 On thee so shall fall some part of these harms,  
 Example to give to thy stout nation.  
 Upon the hill he gart then set him down.  
 Sroke off his head ere he would further go,  
 To the herauld said then withoutten ho;  
 Because to arms thou art false and mansworn.  
 Through thy cheek thy tongue shall be outshorn,  
 When that was done, then to the third said he;  
 Arms to judge thou shalt never graithly see,  
 He gart a smith with a turkes right there,  
 pull out his eyes, then gave him leave to fare,  
 To your false King, thy fellow shall thee lead.  
 With this answer turse him his Nevoy's head,  
 Thus fore I dread the king and all his boast.  
 His dumb fellow led him unto the host.  
 When King Edward his heraulds thus had seen,  
 In proper yre he grew near wood for teen,  
 That he wist not in what wise him to wrack,  
 For sorrow almost one word he would not speak,  
 A long while he stood writhing in a rage,  
 On loud he said, this is a feil outrage.  
 This deed to Scots full sore it shall be bought,  
 So dispiteful in world was never wrought,  
 From this region I think not for to gang,  
 Till time that I shall see this rebel hang.  
 I let him thus in syte and sorrow dwell,  
 Of the good Scot shortly I will you tell.  
**F**Orth from his men then Wallace raiked right,  
 To him he called Sir John Tinto the Knight.  
 And let him wot to vissy he would go

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The English host, and bade him tell no mo  
What ever spiered, till that he come again.  
Wallace disguised, thus bowned he over plain,  
Betwixt Gultar and Bigger as he past :  
He was ware where a work-man came fast  
Driving a mare, and pitchers for to sell.  
Good friend, he said, in truth wilt thou me tell  
With this chauffray where passed thou truly ?  
To any place, who likest for to buy ;  
It is my craft, and I would sell them fain,  
I will them buy, so God me help from pain.  
What price, let hear, I will have ilk ane ?  
But half a mark, for such price have I tane,  
Twenty shillings Wallace said, thou shalt have :  
I will have mare, pitchers and all the leave :  
Thy gown and hose, in haste put thou off syn,  
And make a change, for I shall give thee mine :  
And thine old hood, because it is threed bare,  
The man ween'd well he had scorned him there.  
Thou tarry nought, it is sooth that I say.  
The man cast off his feeble weed of Gray,  
And Wallace his, then payed silver in hand.  
Pass on he said, thou art a bad merchand.  
The gown and hose of clay that clagg'd was.  
The hood heckled, and then made him to pass.  
The whip he took, then forth the mare can call,  
Attour the brae the upmost part gart fall :  
Brake on the ground : the man leugh at his faire,  
But thou beware thou tines of thy chauffair,  
The sun by that was passed out of sight,  
The day was gone, and coming was the night :  
Among the Sutheron full busily he past,  
On either side his eyes he can well cast,  
How Lords lay, and had their lodging made,  
The pavilion where that the leopards bade,  
Spying full fast where his avail might be.  
He could well wink, and look up with one eye ;  
Some scorned him, some glyde carle call'd him there,  
Agrieved they were of their herauld's misfare,  
Some asked of him, how he sold off the best ?  
For four pennies, he said, while the may last.

Some

Some brake a part, some pricked at his eye,  
 Wallace flaid out privately and let them be :  
 Unto the host again he passed right,  
 His men by then had tane Tinto the Knight :  
 Sir John the Graham gart bind him wonder fast,  
 For he wist well he was with Wallace last.  
 Some bade burn him; some hang him in a cord :  
 They swore that he deceived had their lord.  
 Wallace by this was entered them among,  
 To him he yeed, and would not tarry long :  
 Then he gart loose him out of these bands so new,  
 And said, he was both sober, wise and true,  
 To supper soon bowned but more abade.  
 He told to them what market he had made,  
 And how that he the Sutheron saw full well,  
 Sir John the Graham displeased was some deal,  
 And said to him : not chistain like it was,  
 Through wilfulness in such peril to pass,  
 Wallace answered, ere we win Scotland free,  
 Both ye and I in peril more must be,  
 And many other, the which full worthy is,  
 Now of one thing, we do some part amiss,  
 A little sleep I would fain that we had  
 With yon men then look how we may us glad,  
 The worthy Scots took good rest while near day.  
 Then rose they up, tarry soon ordained they,  
 The hill is left, and to a plain are gane.  
 Wallace himself the vanguard first hath tane :  
 With him was Boyd and Auchinleck but dread,  
 With a thousand worthy men in weed.  
 As many then in the middle ward put he,  
 Sir John the Graham he gart their leader be.  
 With him young Adam the lord of Richardtown,  
 Which doughty was and als of great renown.  
 The third thousand in rere-ward he dight,  
 To Walter gave of Newbigging the knight,  
 With him Tinto that doughty was indeed,  
 And David, son to Sir Walter, to lead :  
 Behind them near the footmen gart he be,  
 And bad them bide while they their time might see,  
 Ye want weapons and harness in this tide,

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The first counter ye may not them abide,  
Wallace caused soon the Chiftain to him call.  
His charge he gave for chance that may befall.  
To take no heed to gear, nor yet pillage,  
For they will flee as wood men in a rage,  
Win first the men, the goods then ye may have,  
And take no tent of covetise to crave :  
Through covetise men loose both goods and life :  
I you command forbear such in our strife.  
Look ye save none, Lord, Captain, nor yet knight,  
For worship work, and for our elders right,  
God Bless us all that we in our voyage  
Put this stout folk out of our heritage.  
Then they inclined all with a good will,  
His plain command they height it to fulfil.  
On the great host the parties can forth draw,  
Coming to them out of the south, they saw  
Three hundred men into their armour clear,  
The gainest way to them approached near,  
Wallace said soon, these are no Englishmen,  
For by this Host the gates full well they ken.  
Thom Haliday those men he guideth right,  
From Annandale he had led them that night.  
His two good Sons Johnstoun and Rutherford:  
Wallace was blyth when that he heard that word,  
So was the lave of that good chevalry.  
Jordan came there into their company,  
And Kirkpatrick before in Eskdale was,  
A wing they were in Wallace host to pass.  
The English watch that night had been on steir,  
Drew to their horse, right as the day can pier.  
Wallace knew well, (for he before had seen,)  
The King's pavilion, where it had busked been :  
Then with rich horse the Scots upon them rade,  
At the first counter so great abasing made,  
That all the host astonished at the sight,  
Full many one derfly to death they dight,  
Feil of them then were out of their array,  
The more awful and hasty was the fray.  
The noise was hudge through straits that they dang,  
The rumore rose so rudely them among,

That



That all the host was then in point to flee,  
 The wise Lords fra thev that peril see,  
 The fellon fray als raised was about,  
 And how their king stood in so meikle doubt :  
 To his pavilion full many thousand fought,  
 Him to rescue by any way they mought.  
 The Earl of Kent that night walking had been,  
 With five thousand of men in armour keen :  
 About the King full suddenly they gang.  
 And trust him well the assail was right strang.  
 All Wallace folk in use of war was good,  
 Into the stour soon lighted where they stood :  
 Whomsoever they hit, no harness might them flint.  
 Fra they on foot assembled with swords dint.  
 Of manhood they in hearts full cruel was,  
 They thought to win or never hence to pass.  
 Feil Englishmen before the king they slew :  
 Sir John the Graham came with his power new.  
 Amongst the host, with the middle ward he rade :  
 Great martyrdom on Sutheron men he made :  
 The rere-ward they set on so hardily,  
 With newbigging and all their chevalry.  
 Pavilion-ropes they cutted all in sunder,  
 Born to the ground and many smored under.  
 The footmen came, of which I speak of air,  
 On frayed folks with stroaks sad and fair :  
 Though they before wanted both horse and gear,  
 Enough they got, what they would weal to wear.  
 The Scots power then altogether were,  
 The king's pavilion brimly down they bear,  
 The Earl of Kent with a good ax in hand,  
 Into the stour full stoutly he could stand,  
 Before the king making a great debate :  
 Who best did then, he had the highest state.  
 The fellon stour so stalwart was and strong.  
 Thereto continued marvellous and long.  
 Wallace himself full sadly could pursue,  
 And at a stroak the cheif captain he slew.  
 The Sutheron folk fled fast and durst not bide.  
 Horsed their king and of the field can ride.  
 Against his will, he was full loath to flee.  
 Yet in that time he had no will to die.

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Of his best men three thousand there were dead.  
Ere be could find to flee and leave that stead,  
Twenty thousand fled with him in a flail,  
The Scots got horse and followed the battel :  
Through Culter hope, before they wan the hight,  
Feil Sutheron folk were marred in that night,  
Slain by the gate, as their king fled away,  
But fair and bright, and right clear was the day,  
The sun was risen shining over hill and dale,  
Then Wallace cast what was his best avail.  
The fleeing folk that of the field first past,  
Unto the king again assembled fast :  
From either side so many assembled there,  
Then Wallace would not follow them no mair :  
Before he rade, gart his folk turn again :  
Of Englishmen seven thousand there were slain,  
Then Wallace host again to Bigger rade,  
Where Englishmen great purveyance had made :  
The jewaury as they were hither led,  
Pavilions and all they left when as they fled,  
The Scots got gold, good gear and other wage,  
Relieved they were that parted that pillage,  
To meat they went with mirth and great pleasure,  
They spared not king Edward's purveyance.  
With solace then a little sleep they took,  
A private watch he gart among them look.  
Two cooks their fell, their lives then for to save,  
With dead corpses which lay unput in grave.  
When they saw well the Scotsmen were at rest,  
Out of the field to steal they thought it best.  
Full low they crept till they were out of sight,  
After the host then ran in all their might.  
When that the Scots had slepted but a while,  
Then rose they up for Wallace dreaded guile ;  
He said to them, the Sutheron may pursue  
Again to us, for they are folk anew,  
Where Englishmen provision make in wear,  
It is full hard to do them meikle dear.  
On this plain field we will not them abide,  
To some good place my purpose is to ride,  
The purveyance that left was in that stead,

To Ropis bog he gart Servants it lead.  
 With ordinance that Sutheron brought on there.  
 He with his host to David Shaw can fare,  
 Where they remained a great part of the day,  
 Of Englishmen yet something will I say :  
 As King Edward through Culter-hope is sought,  
 When he perceived the Scots followed nought.  
 In Johns grave he gart his host bide still ;  
 Feil fleeing folks assembled soon him till.  
 When they were met, the King near waxed mad,  
 For his dear kin that he there losed had.  
 His two Emes into the field were slain.  
 His second Son that meikle was of main.  
 His brother Hew was killed there full cold.  
 The Earl of Kent that cruel was and bold  
 With great worship took dead before the King :  
 For him he mourned so long as he might reign.  
 At this sembly as they in sorrow stand,  
 The two cooks soon came in at his hand,  
 And told to him how they escaped were,  
 The Scots all as swine ly drunken there,  
 Of your wight wine you gart us hither lead,  
 Full well we may be venged of their deed.  
 Upon their lives, is sooth that we you tell ;  
 Return again, you shall find them your sell.  
 He blamed them, and said, No wit it was,  
 That he again for such a tale should pass.  
 Their Chiftain is right marvellous in wear,  
 From such peril he can them well forbear ;  
 For to seek more as now I will not ride,  
 Our meat is lost, therefore we may not bide,  
 The hardy duke of Longcastle and lord,  
 Sovereign, he said, to our counsel concord :  
 If this be true, we may the more avail,  
 We may them win, and make but light travail,  
 Were yon folk dead that now against us stand,  
 Then need we not for meat to leave the land.  
 The King answered, I will not ride again,  
 As at this time my purpose is in plain.  
 The duke said, Sir, if ye determined be,  
 To move you more effeires unto me :

Command your power again with me to vend.  
 And I of this shall see the final end :  
 Ten thousand whole charged for to ride,  
 Here is the strength, all night I shall you bide.  
 We may get meat of bestial in this land,  
 Good drink as now we may not bring in hand.  
 Of Westmoreland the lord hath met him there,  
 On with the Duke he graithed him to fare :  
 At the first stroak with them he had not been,  
 With him he led a thousand well beseen :  
 And Picard lord was with a thousand bown,  
 Of King Edward he kepted Calice town,  
 These twelve thousand into the town can fare,  
 The two Captains soon met them at Bigger,  
 With the whole stuff of Roxburgh and Berwicke.  
 Sir Rauf Gray saw that they were Sutheron like,  
 Out of the south approaching to their sight.  
 He knew full well with him it was not right,  
 Amer Vallange with his power came als,  
 King Edward's man a tyrant knight and false.  
 When they were met, they found not else there,  
 But dead corps, and they were spoiled bare,  
 Then marvelled they where the Scots should be,  
 Of them about appearance they could not see :  
 But spies them told that came with Sir Aymer,  
 In David Shaw they saw them make repair.  
 Then feil Sutheron passed to that place ;  
 The watch was ware, and told it to Wallace.  
 He warned the host out of the town to ride,  
 In Ropis bog he purposed to bide :  
 A little shaw upon the one side was  
 That men on foot out of the bog might pass.  
 The horse they left into that little hold,  
 On foot they thought the moss that they should hold,  
 The English host had well there passage seen,  
 And followed fast with cruel men and keen.  
 They trowed that bog might make them little vail,  
 Grown over with rispe, and all the sward was hail.  
 On them to ride they ordained with great yre,  
 Of the foremost a thousand in the mire.  
 Of horse with men are plunged in the deep.

The



The Scots of their coming took good keep,  
 Upon them set with straiks sad and fair,  
 Yeeld none away of all that enterd there.  
 Light men on foot upon them deifly dang,  
 Feil under horse was smored in that thrang,  
 Stamped in moss, and with rude horse overgane,  
 The worthy Scots the dry land then have tane,  
 Upon the lave fighting full wonder fast,  
 And many groom they made full sore agast.  
 The Englishmen that busy were in weir,  
 Assailed fore them from the moss to bear,  
 On either side, but then it was no boot,  
 The strength they held right awfully on foot,  
 To men and horse gave many grievous wound,  
 Feil to the death they sticked in that stound.  
 The Picard lord assailed sharply there,  
 Upon the Graham with straiks sad and fair,  
 Sir John the Graham with a stiff sword of steel  
 His bright birnis he pierced every deal  
 Through all the stuff and sticked him in that stead,  
 Thus of his dint the bold Picard was dead.  
 The English host took plain part for to flee,  
 In their returning the Scots gart many die.  
 Wallace would fain at the vallange have been.  
 Of Westmoreland the lord was then between.  
 Wallace on him he set an awful dint,  
 Through banfet and stuff that no steel might out stint  
 Derfly to death he left him in that place,  
 So that false knight escaped through this case,  
 Good Robert Boyd hath with a captain met  
 Of Berwick then a sad straik on him set,  
 Overthrot the craig, one carved the pesane.  
 Through all this weed in sunder straik the bane,  
 Feil horshmen fled fast and durst not abide,  
 Rebuted evil unto the king they ride.  
 The duke him told of all his journey hail.  
 His heart for yre boldned in bitter bail,  
 Highly he thought he should never London see,  
 Of Wallace deed till he revenged be,  
 Or lose his men again as he did Air,  
 This south he sought with great sorrow and care.

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Then at the Kirk a little tarry made,  
Then through the land over Salway fast they rade,  
The Scots host a night remained still,  
Upon the morn they spoiled with good will.  
The dead corps carried to Braidwood was with care,  
At a counsel three days they sojourned there;  
At the Forrest Kirk a meeting ordained he,  
They choosed Wallace, Scots warden for to be.  
Trusting he should their painful sorrow cease.  
He received all that would come in his peace,  
Sir William came that Lord of Douglas was,  
Forfook Edward, at Wallace peace can ask:  
In that thirlage he would no longer be,  
Tribute before to England payed he.  
In contrair Scots with them he never rade,  
Fare better chear Wallace therefore him made.  
Thus treated he and cherisht wonder fair,  
True Scottishmen that fewry made him there,  
And gave full greatly feil goods that he wan,  
He spared it nought to no good Scottishmen.  
Who would rebel, and go contrair the right,  
He punisht sore, were he Squyer or Knight.  
Thus marvellously good Wallace took in hand.  
Likely he was, right fair and well farrand,  
Manly and stout, and therewith liberal,  
Pleasant and wise, in all good General.  
To slay forsooth Sutheron he spared nought.  
To Scottishmen full great profit he wrought,  
Into the south forsooth then passed he,  
As him best thought he ruled that country.  
Sheriffs he made that cruel was and keen,  
And Captains of true wise Scots-men.  
From Gamylispath the Land obeyed him hail,  
To Ur water both strength forrest and dail,  
Against him in Galloway house was none,  
Except Wigtown bigged of lime and stone,  
That Captain heard the ruling of Wallace,  
Away by sea he stole out of that place:  
Leaved all wasse, and could to England wend:  
But Wallace soon a keeper to it send,  
A good Squyer, and to name was call'd

Adam Gordoun as the story me tald,

A strength there was at the water of Cree,  
 Within a rock right stalwart wrought of tree,  
 A gate before, no man might to it win,  
 But the consent of them that dwelt therein.  
 On the backside a rock and water was,  
 A strait entry forsooth there was to pass :  
 To visit it, Wallace himself soon went ;  
 Fra he it saw, he cast in his intent  
 To win the hold : he hath chosen a gate,  
 That they within should make little debate,  
 His power whole he gart bide out of sight,  
 But three with him while time that it was night,  
 Then took two when that the night was dim,  
 Steven of Ireland and Keirly that could clim,  
 Up soon they went against that rock so strong,  
 Thus entred they the Sutheron men among,  
 The watch before took no heed to that side,  
 These three in seir soon to the porter glide ;  
 Good VVallace then strake the porter himsel,  
 Dead over the rock into the dyke he fell,  
 Let down the bridge and blew the horn on height,  
 The bushment brake, and came in all their might ;  
 At their own will soon entred in that place ;  
 To Englishmen they did full little grace.  
 Sixty they slew, in that place was no mo  
 But an old priest and simple women two.  
 Great purveyance was in that rock to spend,  
 VVallace staid still while it was at an end,  
 Brake down the strength, both bridge and bulwark  
 Out over the rock they gart the timber fall. (all  
 Under the gate, and would no longer bide,  
 In Carrick then they bowned them to ride ;  
 Hasted them not, but soberly can fare  
 To Turnberry that captain was at Aire,  
 VVith lord Persie to take his counsel hail,  
 VVallace purpose that place for to assail ;  
 A woman told when the captain was gone,  
 Good men of sense into that place was none.  
 They filled the dyke with earth and timber hail,  
 Then fired the house, no succour might avail ;

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A Priest there was, and gentlewomen therein  
Which in their manner made hideous noise and din.  
Mercy, they cried, for him that died on tree,  
Wallace gart slak the fire and let them be,  
To make defence no mo was leaved there ;  
He them commanded out of the land to fare.  
Spoyled the place and spilt all that they mought,  
Upon the morn to Cumnock soon they sought,  
To Lanerk then, and set a time of Aire,  
Misdooers feil he gart be punisht there.  
To the good true men he gave a noble wage,  
His brother's Sons put to their heritage.  
To Black-craig of Cumnock past again,  
His household set with men of meikle main.  
Three months there he dwelt into good rest,  
The subtile Sutheron found well it was the best,  
Trews to take, for to eschew a chance,  
To further this, they sent for knight Wallace.  
Bothwel ye that traitor kepted still,  
And Aire all whole was at lord Persies will.  
Through great supply of the captain of Aire,  
The bishop Beik in Glasgow he dwelt there.  
Earl of Stanfurd was chancellour of England.  
With Sir Aymer this traiture took in hand,  
To procure peace by any manner of case :  
A safe conduct they purchast of Wallace :  
In Ruglan kirk thie tryit there have they set,  
And promise made to meet Wallace but let,  
The day of this approached wonder fast,  
The great chancellour and Aymer thither past  
Then Wallace came and his men well beseen,  
With him fifty arrayed all in green :  
Ilk one of them a bow and arrows bear,  
With long swords, the which full sharply share.  
Within the kirk so soon they entred had,  
Unto his prayer he past, but more abade :  
Then up he rose, and to his tryst he went,  
And his good men full cruel of intent,  
In yre he grew, that traiture when he saw,  
The Englishmen of his face stood great aw :  
Wit ruled him, that he did none outrage,



The Earl beheld fast to his hie courage.  
 For thought some part that he came to that place,  
 Greatly abased for the volt of his face.  
 Sir Aymer said, this speech ye must begin,  
 He will not bow to no prince of your kin.  
 All ordered ye are, I trust ye may speak well,  
 For all England he will not break a deal,  
 His safe conduct where he makes a band :  
 The chancellour then proffered him his hand :  
 Wallace stood still, and would no hands take,  
 Friendship to them no likeliness would make.  
 Sir Aymer said, Wallace, ye understand,  
 This is a lord and chancellour of England :  
 To salute him ye may by proper skill,  
 Without short advice he made answer him till,  
 Such saluting I use to Englishmen :  
 So shall they have, where ever I may them ken,  
 At my power, that make I God a vow,  
 Out of the conduct if that I had him now :  
 But for my life, and all my land so brade,  
 I will not break the promise that is made.  
 I had rather at mine own will have thee,  
 Without conduct, that I might wroken be  
 Of thy false dead thou doest in this Region.  
 Than of pure gold a king with his ransom.  
 But for my hand, I will as now let be.  
 Chancellour, say forth what ye desire of me.  
 The chancellour said, the most part of this thing,  
 To procure peace, I am sent from the king,  
 With the great seal, and voice of his Parliament,  
 What I bind here, our barnage shall consent,  
 Wallace answered, over little mends we have,  
 Then of our right ye may occupy the lave :  
 Quite clame our land, and we shall not deny,  
 The chancellour said, of no such charge have I.  
 We will give gold, ere our purpose should fail.  
 Then Wallace said, In waste is that travel :  
 We ask no gold by favour of your kin,  
 In war of you we take what we may win.  
 Abased he was to make answer again,  
 Wallace said, Sir, we jangle all in vain :  
 My counsel gives, I will no fable make,

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As for a final peace now to take.

Not for my self, that I bind your seal,  
 I cannot trow that ever you will be leal.  
 But poor folk that greatly have been surpris'd  
 I will take peace, while further ye be advis'd.  
 Then bound they thus there should be no debate,  
 Castles and towns should stand in their ilk state,  
 From that day forth, while a year was at end;  
 Sealed this peace, and took their leave to wend.  
 Wallace from them pass'd into the west,  
 Made plain repace where that him lik'd best,  
 Yet fore he dread that they should him deceive;  
 The indentour to Sir Rannald he gave,  
 His dear Uncle, where it might keep'd be,  
 In Cumnock then to his dwelling went he.

The end of the Sixth Book.

### The Seventh B O O K.

#### C H A P. I.

How Wallace burnt the Barns of Aire, and put Bish-  
 op Beik out of Glasgou, and slew lord Perrie.

**I**N Februar besel the famine case,  
 That Englishmen took trews with Wallace :  
 This pass'd over till March away was sought.  
 The Englishmen cast all the ways they mought,  
 With subtle and wicked conclusion,  
 The worthy Scots to put to confusion.  
 Into April the King of England came,  
 In Cumberland, to Pumfret from his hame,  
 Into Carlile to a counsel he yeed,  
 Whereof the Scots might have full meikle dread.  
 Many Captains that were of England born,  
 Thither they past, ssembled the King befor.  
 No Scotsmen to counsel was there call'd,  
 But Sir Aymer, that traitour was of ald :  
 At him they spiered : How they should take in hand,  
 The righteous blood to stroy out of Scotland :  
 Sir Aymer said, their Chiftain can well do,  
 Right wise in war, and hath great power too.  
 And now this trews gives them such hardement,

That to their faith they will not all consent :  
 But would ye do right; as I can you lear,  
 This peace to them it should be sold full dear.  
 Then deemed he the fierce Sutheron amang,  
 How they best might the Scots Barrons hang.  
 Four great barns at that time stood in Aire,  
 Wrought for the King, when his bigging was there.  
 Bigged about that no man enter might,  
 But one at once, nor have of other sight;  
 A justice made which was of meikle main,  
 There ordained they these lords should be slain :  
 The lord Perlie of this matter they laid,  
 With sad advice again to them he said :  
 These men with me have kepted truth so lang,  
 Deceitfully I may not see them hang;  
 I am their foe, and warn will I them nought :  
 So I be quite, I care not what be wrought,  
 From thence I will, and toward Glasgow draw,  
 With our Bishop, to hear of his new law.  
 Then choosed they a justice fierce and fell,  
 Which Arnulfe heght, as mine author will tell,  
 Of South Hampton he heght both heir and lord,  
 He undertook to pine them with a cord.  
 Another Aire in Glasgow ordained they,  
 For Cliddisdaile men to stand the self same day.  
 Then charged them in always earnestly,  
 By no kin mean Wallace should scape them by :  
 For well they wist, and these men were overthrown,  
 They might at will brook Scotland as their own.  
 This band they closed under their seals full fast,  
 They sought over mure again King Edward past,  
 The new justice received was at Aire,  
 The lord Persie can unto Glasgow fare.  
 This Aire was set in June the eighteen day,  
 And plainly cryed, no free men were away.  
 The Scots marvelled, and peace tane in the land,  
 Why Englishmen such mastery took in hand.  
 Sir Rannald set a day before this Aire,  
 At Monktown kirk, his friends to meet him there.  
 Willam Wallace unto the tryst can pass,  
 For he as then Warden of Scotland was.  
 Thus Mr. John a worthy Clark was there,

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His kin he charged to byde from that Aire.  
Right well he wist, fra Persie left that land,  
Great peril was to Scots appearand.  
Wallace from them into the kirk he yeed,  
Pater-noster he said, and als a Creed,  
Then to the grece then leaned him soberly,  
Upon a sleep he fell full suddenly.  
Cleland followed, and saw him fall on sleep,  
He made no noise, but wisely couth him keep :  
In that slumber coming he thought he saw,  
A stalwart man that toward him couth daw,  
Soon by the hand he hint him hastilie,  
I am, he said, in voyage charged to thee.  
A sword him gave of burely birnisht steel.  
Good son, he said, this sword thou shalt brook well.  
Of topasion he thought the plummet was,  
Both hilt and all, glittering as the glasse.  
Dear Son, he said, we tarry here too long.  
Thou shalt go see where wrought is meikle wrong :  
Then he him led to a mountain on high,  
The world he thought he might see at one sight :  
He left him there, and then from him he went,  
Thereof Wallace studied in his intent.  
To see him there he had full great desire,  
Therewith he saw begin a felloon fire,  
Which braithly burnt-broadly out through the land,  
Scotland all over, from Ross to Sulway land.  
Then soon to him descended there a Queen,  
Illuminate, bright, shining full bright and sheen :  
In her presence appearand so mikle light,  
That all the fire she put out of his sight :  
Gave him a wand of colour red and green,  
With a saphire synded his face and een :  
Welcome, she said, I choose thee to my love :  
Thou art granted, by the great God above,  
To help people that suffer meikle wrong :  
VVith thee as now I may not tarry long,  
Thou shalt return to thine own host again,  
Thy dearest kin are here in meikle pain.  
This right Region thou must redeem it all,  
Thy last reward on earth shall be but small,  
Let not therefore, take redress of this miss,



To thy reward thou shalt have heavens blifs.  
 Of her right hand she betaught him a book,  
 Humbly thus her leave then she took.  
 Unto the clouds ascended out of sight.  
 Wallace took up the book in all his might :  
 In three parts the book well written was,  
 The first letters were gros letters of brass,  
 The second gold, the third fine silver sheen :  
 Wallace marvelled what this writing should mean,  
 To read the book he busied him so fast,  
 His spirit again to waking minde it past,  
 And up he rose, then suddenly forth went,  
 His clerk he found, and told him his intent,  
 Of his vision, as I have said before,  
 Compleatly forth what needs words more ?  
 Dear son, he said, my wit unable is,  
 To ratifie such, for dread I say amiss :  
 Yet I will deem, though my cunning be small :  
 God grant that no charge after my words fall,  
 That Italwart man gave thee that sword in hand,  
 Fergus it was, first winner of Scotland :  
 That mountain is where he thee had on height,  
 Knowledge to have of wrong which thou must right,  
 That fire shall be feil tydings ere ye part,  
 Which will be told in many sundry airt.  
 I cannot wot what that Queen will be,  
 But it be fortune, a Lady whiles right free,  
 The pretty wand I true by mine intent,  
 Betokens rule and cruel chastisement.  
 The red colour who graithly understood,  
 Betokens all to great battle and blood,  
 The green, courage, that thou art now among,  
 In trouble and war thou shalt continue long.  
 The Sapphire stone she blessed thee withal,  
 Is happy chance, will God, shall to the fall,  
 The three fold book is but this broken land,  
 Thou must redeem by worthiness of hand.  
 The brass letters betoken but to this,  
 The great oppress of war, and meikle mis,  
 The which thou shalt bring to their right again :  
 But thou therefore must suffer meikle pain.  
 The gold betokens honour and worthiness,

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Victor in arms, manhood and nobleness.  
 The silver shows clean life, and heavens bliss  
 To thy reward, that mirth thou shalt not miss.  
 Dread not therefore, be out of all despair :  
 Further as now hercof I can no mair.  
 He thanked him, and thus his leave hath tane,  
 To Corbie then with his Uncle rade hame,  
 With mirths thus all night sojourned there.  
 Upon the morn they graithed them to Aire,  
 And forth they rade till they came to Kincace :  
 With dreadful heart thus speired good Wallace,  
 At Sir Rannald, for their charter of peace.  
 Nevoy, he said, these words are no lies,  
 It is leaved at Corbie in the kist,  
 Where thou it laid, thereof none other wist.  
 Wallace answered : Had we it here to shaw,  
 And they be false, we shall not enter aw.  
 Dear Son, he said, I pray thee pass again,  
 Though thou would send, thy travel were in vain,  
 But thou or I, none can it bring this tyde  
 Great grace it was made him again to ryde,  
 Wallace returned, took none with him but three,  
 None of them knew of this indentour but he.  
 Unhap him led, forbid him could he nought,  
 Of false deceit this good Knight had no thought.  
 Sir Rannald rade but resting to the town,  
 Witting nothing of all this false treasoun :  
 That wicked sign so-cruel that planet.  
 Saturn as then was in his highest state,  
 Above Juno in his melancholy,  
 Jupiter and Mars ay cruel of envy :  
 Saturn as then advanced his nature,  
 Of tyranny he power had and cure,  
 Rebels rules in many free nation,  
 Troublous weather makes many ships to drown.  
 His dreiching was with Pluto in the sea,  
 As of the land full of iniquitie.  
 It wakens war full of pestilence,  
 Filling of walls with cruel violence ;  
 Poyson is rise amongst these other things,  
 Sudden slaughter of Emperours and Kings,

When Sampson pulled to ground the pillar,  
 Saturn was then into his highest spear,  
 At Thebes als of his power they tell,  
 Amphiaras sank through the earth to hell.  
 Of the Trojan he had full meikle cure,  
 When Achilles at Troy slew good Hecture.  
 Burdcous shent, and many Cities mo,  
 His power yet hath no hap to ho.  
 In broad Britaine feil vengeance hath been seen,  
 Of this, and more, ye wot well what I mean.  
 But to this house that stalwart was and strong,  
 Sir Rannald came, and might not tarry long.  
 A balk was knit, all full of ropes keen,  
 Such a tol-booth since then was never seen.  
 Strong men were set the entry for to hald.  
 None might win in but one, as they were call'd.  
 Sir Rannald first, to make fewty for his land.  
 The Knight went in, and would no longer stand,  
 A runniog cord they slipped over his head,  
 Hard to the balk, and hanged him to the dead.  
 Sir Brice the Blaire right after in he past,  
 Unto the death they hasted him full fast;  
 By he was entred, his head was in the snare,  
 Knit to the balk, hanged to death right there.  
 The third entred, great pity was for thy  
 A gentle Knight, Sir Neill Montgomery;  
 And other feil of landed men about.  
 Many went in, but no Scottmen came out  
 Of Wallace part they put to that derf dead,  
 Many Crawfords so ended in that stead.  
 Of Garick men and Kennedis slew they als,  
 And kind Campbels that never had been false,  
 They rebelled not against their righteous crown,  
 Sutheron for they put them to confusion.  
 Barkleys, Boyds and Stewards of good kin:  
 No Scot escaped that time that entred in.  
 Upon the balk they hanged many a pair,  
 Beside them dead, in a nook cuist them there.  
 Since the first time that any war was wrought,  
 To such a death so many yeed their nought,  
 Upon one day through cursed Saxon seed:  
 Vengeance of this out through the kindred yeed;

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Granted it was from the great God of Heaven,  
So ordain'd that Law should be their freven  
So the false Saxons for their false judgement,  
Their wickedness over all the world is went,  
Ye noblmen that are of Scottish kind,  
Their piteous death ye keep it in your mind,  
And us revenge when we are set in throng  
Dolar it is here on to tarry long.  
Thus eighteen score derfly to death they dight,  
Of Barons bold, and many a worthy knight,  
When they had slain the worthiest was there,  
For weak people they would no longer spare.  
Into the graith cuist him out of that stead,  
As they were born, spoiled bare and dead,  
Good Robert Boyd into the tavern yeed,  
With twenty men that doughty were in deed,  
Of Wallace house, full cruel of intent,  
He governed them when Wallace was absent,  
Keirly returned with his master again,  
Cleland and Boyd that meikle was of main,  
Steven of Ireland went forth into the street,  
A true woman full soon with him could meet ;  
He spiered at her, what happened in Aire ?  
Sorrow she said, is nothing else there,  
Fearedly she said, alace where is Wallace ?  
From us again he passed at Kincace-  
Go warn his folk, and charge them of the town,  
To keep himself I shall be ready bown  
With her as then no more tarry he made,  
To his fellows he went withoutten bade,  
And to them told of all this great misfair,  
To Laglane wood they bowned withoutten mair,  
By this Wallace was coming wonder fast,  
For his friends he was full sore agast,  
Unto the barn sadly he could perue  
To enter in, for he no peril knew ;  
This true woman upon him loud can call ;  
O feirs, Wallace, feil tempest is besal,  
Our best men slain, great pity is to see,  
As bestial hounds hanged over a tree,  
Our true Barons by two and two past in



Wallace weeped for great loss of his kin,  
 That with unease upon his horse he bade,  
 More for to speir to this woman he rade ;  
 Dear Nice, he said, if thou the truth can tell,  
 Is mine Eme dead ; or how the case befel  
 Out of yon barn forsooth I saw him born,  
 Naked laid low, and cold earth him beforn :  
 His frosty mouth I kissed in that stead,  
 Right now man like, now bare and brought to dead  
 And with a cloth I covered his lichame ;  
 For in his life he did never woman shame,  
 His sisters son thou art worthy and wight.  
 Revenge his death for Gods sake, at thy might :  
 Alas I shall help, as I am woman true.  
 Dear wight, he said, great God if that thou knew  
 Good Robert Boyd wherever thou can him see,  
 William Crawford also, if he living be :  
 Adam Wallace would help me in this strife,  
 I pray to God to send them all on life.  
 For God's sake bid them soon come to me :  
 The Justice Inns thou spy for charity,  
 And in what fair that they their lodging make  
 Soon after that we shall our purpose take.  
 Into Laglane which hath their succour been,  
 A due market, and welcome woods green,  
 Hereof as then to her he spake no-mair.  
 His bridle turned, and from her he can fare ;  
 Such mourning made for his dear worthy kin,  
 He thought for vail his breast would burst in twain.  
 As he thus rade in great anger and teen,  
 Of Englishmen there followed him fifteen.  
 Wight wailed men that toward him could draw.  
 With a Macer to teach him to the Law ;  
 Wallace returned in grief and maltalent,  
 With his sword drawn, among them soon he went,  
 The middle of one he manked soon in twa,  
 The other three upon the head can ta.  
 The third he stak and through the coast him clave:  
 The fourth to ground right derfly down he drave :  
 The fifth he hit in great yre in that stead,  
 Without rescue dreadless he left them dead,

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Then his three men had slain the other five,  
From them the lave escaped with their life,  
Fled to their lord, and told them of this case.  
To Laglane wood then rode wight Wallace.  
The Sutheron said, What one he hit right,  
Without mercy dreadless to death was dight,  
Marvel they had such strength in one should be,  
One of their men at each stroke he gart die.  
Then deemed they it should be Wallace wight,  
To their language then answered an old Knight ;  
Forsooth he said, be he escaped this Aire  
All your new deed is eking of your care,  
The Justice said, when there such rumers rose ;  
Ye would be feared, and there came many foes,  
That for one man, me think ye like to flee,  
And wots not yet indeed if it be he :  
And tho' it were, I count it but full light  
Who bides here, each gentleman shall be knight.  
I think to deal their lands whole the morn,  
To you about that are of England born.  
The Sutheron drew to their lodging but mair,  
Four thousand whole that night was into Aire,  
In great barns bigged without the town,  
The Justice lay, with many bold Barron.  
Then he gart cry about these wains wide,  
No Scots bairn amongst them there should byde.  
To the castle he would not pass for ease,  
But sojourn'd there with things that might him please  
Great purveyance by sea was to them brought,  
With wine and ale, the best that could be bought :  
No watch was set, because they had no doubt  
Of Scotsmen that living was without.  
Labour'd in mind they had been all that day,  
Of ale and wine enough chosen had they,  
As beast like folk took of themselves no keep,  
In their veins soon staid the sloathful sleep ;  
Through foul gluttony in swair swapped like swine,  
Their chistan was great Bacchus god of wine.  
This wise woman long time among them was,  
Feil men she warned, and gart to Laglane pass,  
Herself foremost : when they with Wallace met,  
Some comfort then into his heart was set. When

When he saw them, he thanked God of might,  
 Tidings he askt, the woman told him right.  
 Sleeping as swine are all yon fierce menie,  
 No Scotsmen are in yon company.  
 Then Wallace said, if they all drunken be,  
 I call it best with fire them for to see.  
 Of good men three hundred unto him sought :  
 The woman told three true burgeslies that brought  
 Out of the town, both noble ale and bread  
 And other stuff, as meikle as they could lead.  
 They ate and drank, the Scotsmen that mought,  
 The nobles then Jop hath to Wallace brought :  
 Sadly he said, Dear friends, now you see.  
 Our Kin are slain, therefore is great pity,  
 Through so I murder, the great dispite is more :  
 Now some remead I wou'd we set therefore :  
 Suppose that I was made warden to be,  
 Part are away such charge is put to me.  
 And ye are here come in of als good blood,  
 And righteous born, by adventure als good,  
 Als forward fair, als likely in person  
 As ever I was : then for conclusion.  
 Let us chuse five of this good company,  
 Then cavils cast who shall our master be,  
 Wallace and Boyd and Crawford of renown,  
 And Adam als then the lord of Richardtown,  
 His father then was visited with sickness,  
 God hath him tane into his everlasting Grace.  
 The fifth Auchinleck in war a nobleman :  
 Cavels to cast about the five began,  
 It would on him for ought they would devise  
 Continually while they had costen thrife.  
 Then Wallace rose and out a sword can draw :  
 He said, I vow, to the Maker, of aw,  
 And to Mary his mother, Virgin clear,  
 Mine uncles death now shall be sold full dear,  
 With many moe of my dear worthy kin :  
 First ere I eat or drink I shall begin ;  
 For slouth or sleep shall never remain with me,  
 Of this tempest while I avenged be ;  
 Then all inclined right humble of one accord,

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And him received as their chiftain and lord.  
Wallace a lord he may be taken well  
Though rural folk therefore have little feel,  
They deem no lord, but lands be their part :  
Had he the world and be wretched in heart.  
He is no lord : but to the worthiness ;  
It cannot be but freedom, lordliness,  
At the rods they make full many one,  
Which worthy are, yet lands have they none,  
This discussing we leave heraulds to end,  
Unto my matter briefly I will wend,  
Wallace commanded a Burges for to get  
Fine chalk enough, that his dear nice might set  
At ilk gate where Suthieron ware on a raw.  
And twenty men he gart soon widdies thraw.  
Each man upon his arms a pair he threw,  
Unto the town full fast they can pursue.  
The woman past before him subtilly,  
Calked each gate they needed not go by,  
Then fastned they the doors with widdies fast.  
To stapil and helpe, with many sicket cast.  
Wallace gart Boyd near hand the castle ga,  
VVith fifty men of jeopardy to ma :  
If any escape the fire when that they saw,  
At fast the gate they ordained them to draw :  
The rest with him about the barns yeed :  
This true woman him served well indeed ;  
With lint and fire that hasty kendle would,  
In every nook they fastned bleases bold :  
Wallace commanded to all his men about,  
No Sutheron men that they should let break out,  
Whatever he be rescues or their kin,  
From the red fire himself shall fall therein,  
The Lemand low soon lanced upon hight,  
Forsooth, he said, this is a pleasant sight,  
To our heart it shall be some redress,  
VVhere these away the power were the less,  
Unto the iustice himself on loud can caw,  
Let us to brough our men for your false law :  
That living are and scaped from your Aire,  
Deal not their land, the unlaw is over fair ;

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Thou hadst no right, it shall on thee be seen :  
 The rumour rose with careful cry and keen.  
 The bail-fire burnt right brimly upon lost,  
 To sleeping men their waking was unsoft.  
 The light without was awful for to see,  
 In all the world no greater pain might be.  
 Then they within suffered for to dwell,  
 That ever was wrought, or purgatory, but hell.  
 A pain of hell well ne'r it may be call'd,  
 Made folk in fire hampered manifold.  
 Feil bigging burnt that worthy were and wight,  
 Got none away, knave, captain nor yet knight,  
 When brands fell of roof-trees them among.  
 Some rudely rose in bitter pains strong.  
 Some naked burnt with bletches all away,  
 Some never rose, but smored where they lay,  
 Some rushed fast to air, if they may win,  
 Blinded with fire, their deeds were full dim.  
 The rick filled with filth of carion,  
 Amongst the fire right foul of infection :  
 The people beired like wood beasts in that tide.  
 Within the wall ramping on either side.  
 Rumisht with rueth and many greisly groan,  
 Some grimly grat while their life days were gone :  
 Some door sought the entry for to get,  
 But Scotsmen so wisely them beset,  
 If any brake by adventure of that stead  
 With sword soon brimed they were to dead,  
 Or else again by force driven in the fire :  
 There scaped none but burnt bone and lyre.  
 The stink skailed of dead bodies so wide,  
 The Scots abhorred near hand them for to bide,  
 Yeed to the wind and let them ever alone.  
 While the red fire had not fierce blood overgone.  
 A Frier, Drumlaw was prior then of Aire.  
 Seven score with him that night took harbery there;  
 Into his Innes for he might not them let,  
 While near midnight a watch on them he set.  
 Himself worke while he the fire saw rise,  
 Some mends he thought to take of that surprise.  
 His brethren seven soon to harness they yeed.

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Himself Chistain the remnant to lead.

The best they wale of armour and good gear,

Then weapons took right awful in effeir,

These eight friers in three parts they go,

With swords drawn, in every house yeed two,

Soon entered in where Sutheron sleeping were,

Upon them set with straike sad and sair :

Feil freiks there the Friers dang to dead ;

Some naked fled and got out of that stead ;

The water sought, abased out of sleep :

In the Friers well that was both long and deep,

Feil of them fell that brake out of that place,

Drowned to ground and dead withouten grace,

Slain and drowned was all that harboured there,

Men calls it yet, the Friers blessing of Aire.

Few folk of vail was lived upon caise.

In the castle Lord Perie from that place,

Before the Aire from thence to Glasgow drew :

Of wine and stuff it was to purvey new

Yet they within saw the fire burning stout,

With short advice issued and made no doubt.

The bushment then as warriors wise and wight,

Let them alone, and to the house past right,

Boyd wan the port, entred with all his men,

Keepers in it were left but nine or ten,

The foremost soon himsel seized in hand,

Made quite of him then slew all that he fand :

Of purveyance in the castle was none,

Short time before from it was Perie gone,

The earl of Arnulf had perceived that hold,

Who in the town was burnt to powder cold.

Boyd gart remain of his men twenty still,

Himself past forth to wit of Wallace will.

Keeping the town while nought was leaved there.

But the wood fire, and biggings burnt full bare.

Of likely men that were born of England.

By sword and fire that night died five thousand

When Wallace men were well together met ;

Good Friends, he said, ye know that there was set,

Such law as this now into Glasgow town,

The Bishop, Beik and Perie of renown ;

Therefore I will in haste ye thither fare.

Of

Of our good kin some part is losed there.  
 He gart soon the burgesles to him call,  
 And gave command in general to them all,  
 In keeping they should take the town of Aire,  
 And hold it whole, while time that we hear mair,  
 To bide our king, Castles I wou'd we had,  
 Cast we down all, we may be deem'd too bad.  
 They gart meat come for he had fasted lang;  
 Little he took, then bouned him to gang.  
 Horse they chuse that Sutheron had brought there.  
 Anew at will, and off the town can fare.  
 Right wonder fast rode this good chevalry,  
 Three hundred whole was in that company;  
 To Glasgou bridge that bigged was of tree,  
 Soon passed over ere Sutheron might them see,  
 Lord Persie wight that busie was in wear,  
 Sembled his men right awful in effeir.  
 Then deemed they all that it was wight VVallace,  
 He had before escaped through many case.  
 The Bishop Beik and Persie that was wight,  
 A thousand led in men of arms bright.  
 VVallace saw well what number sembled there,  
 He made his men in two parts for to fare,  
 Graithed them well without the towns enn,  
 He called Auchinleck for he the passage kend.  
 Uncle he said, be busy in the wear,  
 VVhether will ye the bishop's tail up bare,  
 Or pass before and take his bennison.  
 He answered him with right good proviſion;  
 Unbishopsed yet forsooth I trow ye be,  
 Your self shall first his blessing take for me:  
 For sickerly ye served it best to night,  
 To bear his tail we shall with all out might.  
 VVallace answered since we must sundry gang,  
 Peril it is if ye bide from us lang;  
 For yon are men will not be soon agast.  
 From time we meet, for Gods sake hy your fast,  
 Our sundering I would no Sutheron saw,  
 Behind come in through the north east raw,  
 Good men of war are in Northumberland,  
 They parted thus, took other by the hand.  
 Auchinleck said, we shall do as we may:

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We would like evil to hide ought long away,  
A bousteous stale betwixt us soon must be ;  
But to the right almighty God have eye  
Adam Wallace and Auchinleck was bown,  
Seven score with him on backside of the town.  
Right fast they yeed ; and while they were out of sight  
The other part arrayed them full right.  
Wallace and Boyd the plain street up can go,  
The Sutheron marvell'd because they saw no mo :  
Their Ensenzie cryed on the Persie's side,  
With Bishop Beik that boldly could abide.  
A fore assembly was at their meeting seen,  
As fire from flint is fared them between.  
The hardy Scots right awfully them abade,  
Brought feil to ground through weed that was well  
Pierced plaits with points stiff of steel (made  
By force of hand gart many cruel kneel.  
The strong stour rose as smoke about them fast,  
Or mist through sun up to the cloues past,  
To keep himself each one had meikle need :  
The worthy Scots stood in a fellon dread,  
Yet forward fast they pressed for to be,  
And they on them great wonder was to see,  
The Persie's men in war were used well,  
Right fiercely fought, and sunzied not a deal,  
Adam Wallace and Auchinleck came in,  
A part of Sutheron right cruelly twin,  
Returned to them as noble men of wear,  
The Scots got rown, and many down they bare,  
The new counter assailed them so fast,  
Through Englishmen made stops at the last.  
Then Wallace self into the fellon throng,  
With his good sword, that heavy was and long,  
At Persies face with a good will he bare,  
Both bone and brain the frushed steel through share.  
Three hundred men when lord Persie was dead,  
Out of the gate the bishop Beik they lead.  
For then them thought it was no time to bide.  
By the Frier kirk, to a wood them beside :  
In the forrest foresooth they tarried nought,  
On fresh horse to Bothwel soon they sought.

Wallace



Wallace followed with worthy men and wight :  
 Forfoughten they were and travelled all the night,  
 Yet feil they flew into the chafe that day :  
 The Bishops self, and good men got away,  
 Aymer Vallange rescued him that place.  
 That knight full oft did great harm to Wallace,  
 Wallace began that night at ten hours in Aire,  
 One day by nine in Glasgow sembled there :  
 By one afternoon in Bothwel yet he was,  
 Reproved Vallange ere he would further pass :  
 Then turned again, as witness well the book,  
 To Dundaff rode, and then resting he took :  
 Told good Sir John of their tidings in Aire,  
 Great moan he made, he was not with him there,  
 Wallace sojourned in Dundaff at his will,  
 Five days out, till tidings came him till,  
 Out of the hight where goodmen were forlorn,  
 For Buchan rose, Athol, Monteith, and Lorn,  
 Upon Argyle a fellon war they make.  
 For Edward's sake, this they can undertake.  
 The knight Campbel in Argyle then was still,  
 With his good men against King Edward's will,  
 And kepted free Lochow his heritage,  
 But Mackfadyean did him great outrage.  
 This Mackfadyean to Englishmen had sworn,  
 Edward gave to him both Argyle and Lorn,  
 Falsē John of Lorn to that gift can accord,  
 In England then he was now made a lord.  
 Thus falsely he gave over his heritage,  
 And took at London of Edward a great wage,  
 Duncan of Lorn yet for the land strave,  
 While Mackfadyean overset him with the lave :  
 Put him on force to good Campbel the knight.  
 Which into war was wise, worthy and wight,  
 This Mackfadyean was entered into Scotland,  
 And marvellously that tyrant took on hand.  
 With his power the which I spake of Aire,  
 These three lordships assembled to him there,  
 Fifteen thousand of cursed folk indeed;  
 Of all gathering, the host he had to lead,  
 And many of them was out of Ireland brought,

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Bairns nor wives that people spared nought,  
V Vasted the land as far as they might ga :  
These beastly folk could nought but burn and sla :  
Into Lochow he entred suddenly,  
The good Knight Campbel saw good defence for they  
To Craighumyre with three hundred he yeed,  
That strength they held, for all their cruel seed,  
Then brake the bridge that they should over pass,  
But through a ford where narrow passage was,  
Abandonly Campbel against them bade.  
Fast upon Aulse, that was both deep and braid.  
Mackfadyean was upon the other side,  
And there on force behoved him to bide :  
For at the Ford he durst not enter out,  
For good Campbel might set him then in doubt.  
Mackfadyean sought, and a small passage fand.  
Had he leisure, he might Pass off the land,  
Betwixt a rock and a great water-side ;  
But four in front, there might not go nor ride,  
Into Lochow was bestial great plenty.  
V Where that he thought with all his host to be,  
And other stuff that they had with him brought ;  
But all his host availed him right nought,  
Duncan of Lorn hath seen this sudden case,  
From good Campbel he went to seek Wallace,  
Some help to get of their torment and teen.  
Together before in Dundee they had been,  
Learning at School. into their tender age ;  
He thought to slack Mackfadyeans high courage,  
Gilmichil then with Duncan forth then had dight,  
A guide he was a footman wonder wight.  
Soon got they wit where Wallace lodged was,  
With their complaint to his presence they pass.  
Earl Malcom als the Lennox held at peace,  
With his good men to Wallace can he please.  
To him there came good Richard of Lundie,  
Into Dundaff he would no longer lie.  
Sir John the Graham als bowned him to ride,  
Mackfadyeans war so grieved him that tide,

## C H A P. II.

How Wallace slew Mackfadyean.

**T**hen Wallace thought his great power to see,  
 In what array he ruled that country :  
 The Ruikby then kepted with great wrong  
 Stirviling castle that stalwart was and strong :  
 When Wallace came by South it in a vafe,  
 To Earl Malcom he said he would it fail :  
 In divers parts he gart dissever his men,  
 Of their power the Sutheron should not ken,  
 Earl Malcom bade in bushment out of sight,  
 Wallace with him took good Sir John the knight  
 And an hundred of wise war men about.  
 Through Stirviling rade if any would ish out.  
 Toward the bridge the gainest way they pass,  
 When Ruikby saw where that there power was.  
 He took seven score of archers that was there,  
 Upon Wallace he followed wonder fair,  
 The feil bicker did them meikle dear,  
 Wallace in hand gripped a noble spear.  
 Again returned, and hath the foremost slain.  
 Sir John the Graham that meikle was of main  
 Among them rade with a good spear in hand,  
 The first he slew that he before him fand  
 Upon another his spear in sunder yeed :  
 A sword he drew which helped him in need,  
 English Archers upon them can renew.  
 That his good horse with arrows soon they slew,  
 On foot he was, when Wallace hath it seen,  
 He lighted soon with men of arms full keen,  
 Amongst the rout fighting full wonder fast,  
 Then Englishmen returned at the last :  
 At the castle they would have been full fain,  
 But Earl Malcom with men of meikle main.  
 Betwixt the Sutheron and the gates yeed,  
 Many they slew that doughty were indeed :  
 In the great preasse Wallace and Ruikby met :  
 With his good sword a straik upon him set,  
 Derfly to death the old Ruikby he drave,  
 His two sons escaped amongst the lave,  
 In the castle, by adventure they yeed.

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With thirty Men more escaped that dread.  
The Lennox men with their good Lord that was,  
From the castle they said they would not pass:  
For well they wist it might not holden be  
For no long time, for this ordained he,  
Earl Malcom took the house to keep that tide,  
Wallace would not from his first purpose bide:  
Instance he made to this good Lord and wise,  
From them to pass he would in no kind wise.  
While that he had Stirviling the castle strong.  
True men him told, they might not hold it long,  
Then Wallace thought most on Mackafdyean,  
Of Scottishmen he had slain many ane,  
Wallace avowed that he should wroken be  
On, that Rebald, or else therefore to die,  
Of tyranny king Edward thought him good,  
Low born he was, and als of simple blood.  
Thus Wallace was sore grieved in his intent,  
To his journey right earnestly he went,  
At Stirviling bridge assembled to him right  
Two thousand men that worthy were and wight  
Toward Argyl he bowned him to ride?  
Duncan of Lorn was there true sicker guide,  
Of old Ruikby the which I spake of Aire,  
Two Sons on liye in Stirviling lived there.  
When those brethren conceived all at right:  
This house to hold, that they no longer might.  
For cause why they wanted men and meat,  
With Earl Malcom they made them for to treat,  
Grace of their lives, and they that with them was,  
Gave over the house then coud to England pass,  
On the third day that Wallace from them rade.  
With king Edward full many years they bade,  
In Bruce's wars again came in Scotland.  
Stirviling to keep one of them took in hand,  
Mention of Bruce is oft in Wallace Book,  
To send his right full meikle pain he took:  
Wherefore should I here tarry any ma,  
To Wallace forth now shortly will I ga,  
Duncan of Lorn Gilmichil from him send  
A spy to be, for he the country kent,  
By our party was past to Strathfillan,

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The small foot folk began to irk ilk ane,  
 And horse also on force behoved to fail,  
 Then Wallace thought that campany to wail.  
 Good men, he said, this is not meet for us  
 In broken array, if we come to them thus,  
 We may take skaith and harm our foes but small,  
 To them in like we may not semble all,  
 Tarry we long in plain field while they get.  
 Upon them soon so well we may not set.  
 Part we must leave, as following to be :  
 With me shall pass our power into three.  
 Five hundred first to himself hath he tane,  
 Of west-land men were worthy known ilk ane,  
 To Sir John the Graham as many ordained he,  
 And five hundred to Richard of Lundie.  
 In that part was Wallace of Richardtown,  
 In all good deed he was ay ready bown.  
 Five hundred left, and might not with him go,  
 Suppose that they to bide was wonder wo.  
 Thus Wallace host began to take hight  
 Over a mountain then passed out of sight :  
 In Glendocher their spy met them again  
 With Lord Campbel then was our folk right fain.  
 At their meeting great blythness might be seen,  
 Three hundred led that cruel were and keen :  
 He comfort them, and bade them have no dread,  
 You beastly folk they want weapons and weed,  
 Soon will they flee, and we shortly pursue,  
 To Loch Docher full suddenly they drew,  
 Then Wallace said, An life we shall all ta :  
 For here is none will from his fellow ga,  
 Upon the moss a scourriour soon found he,  
 The spy they sent the country for to see,  
 To scour the Land Mackfadyean had him send,  
 Out of Craigmure that day he thought to wend,  
 Gilmichil fast followed upon him there,  
 With a good sword that well and sharply share,  
 Made quite of him, that tidings told he nane,  
 The Out spy thus was loosed from Mackfadyean.  
 Then Wallace host upon their foot can light,  
 Their horse they left tho' they were never so wight  
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For moss and craig they might no longer dree,  
Then Wallace said, who goes best, let us see :  
Out through the moss deliveredly they yeed.  
Then took they hold whereof they had most dread,  
Endlong the shore, ay three in front they past,  
While all within were assembled at the last.  
Lord Campbel said, we have chosen this hold,  
I trow to God their wakening shall be cold :  
Here is no gate to flee, yon people can.  
But rocks high and waters deep and wan.  
Eighteen hundred of doughty men indeed,  
On the great host but more process they yeed,  
Fighting on front and meikle mastrey made :  
The frayed folk busked withoutten bade  
Rudely to ray they rushed them again :  
Great part of them were men of meikle main,  
Good Wallace men so stoutly can them steir.  
The battle on back, five acre braid they bare.  
Into the flour feil tyrants gart they kneel :  
Wallace in hand had a good sword of steel,  
Whomever he hit brimly down he bare,  
Rowmed him about a large rude and mair.  
Sir John the Graham indeed was well worthie,  
Good Campbel als and Richard of Lundie,  
Adam Wallace and Robert Boyd in fear.  
Amongst their foes where deeds was sold dear,  
The fellaon flour was awful for to see  
Mackfadyean then so great debate made he,  
With Ireland men hardy and courageous :  
The stalwart strife right hard and perilous.  
Abundance of blood, from wounds wide and wan,  
Sticked to dead on ground lay many a man :  
Two hours large into the flour they stand,  
The fiercest they enough of fighting fand :  
That Jop himself, well wist not who should win,  
But Wallace men would not in sunder twin :  
To help themselves they were of hardy will,  
Of Ireland blood full fellonly they spill :  
With feil fighting made slaps through the thrang.  
On the false part our wight men so dang.  
That they to bide might have no longer might :

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The Ireland folk then made them for the flight,  
 In craigs calm, and some in water flet,  
 Two thousand there drowned withoutten let.  
 Born Scotsman bade still into the field.  
 Cast weapons them from, and on their knees kneel'd,  
 With piteous voice they call'd on Wallace  
 Eor God's sake to take him in his grace.  
 Grieved he was, but rueth of them he had.  
 Received them fair with countenance full sad :  
 Of our own blood we should have great pity,  
 Look ye slay none of Scots will yelden be.  
 Of outland men let none escape with their life  
 Mackfadyean fled for all his fellon strife,  
 Unto a cave within a cleft of stone  
 Unto Craigmure with fifty hath he gone,  
 Duncan of Lorn his leave at Wallace askt,  
 On Mackfadyean with worthy men he past  
 He granted him to put them all to dead :  
 They left none then, but brought Wallace his head,  
 Upon a spear through the field it bare.  
 The Lord Campbell then hint it by the hair,  
 High on Craigmure he hight it for to stand,  
 Still on the stone for honour of Ireland,  
 The lyflykemen that were of Scotland born,  
 Soon at his faith he gart them all be sworn :  
 Restored them that would come to his fees.  
 He let none slay that would come to his peis,  
 After this deed in Lorn then coud he fare,  
 Ruled the Land had been in meikle care :  
 In Ardchatans a counsel he gart cry,  
 Where many men came to his senzoury.  
 All Lorn he gave to Duncan that was wight,  
 And bade him hold in Scotland with the right,  
 And thou shalt brook this land in heritage,  
 Thy brother's Son in London hath great wage :  
 Yet will he come he shall the lands have.  
 I woud tyne none that verity might save,  
 Many true Scots to Wallace coud persue,  
 At Ardchatane from feil strengths they drew ;  
 A good knight came and with him men sixty,  
 He had been oft in many jeapordy  
 With Englishmen and sonziet not a deal,

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Ay from their faith, he fended him full well :  
 Keaped him free, tho' king Edward had sworn ?  
 Sir John Ramsay that righteous was born,  
 Of Ochterhouse, and other lands lord,  
 And Shiriffs als, as my book will record,  
 Of noble blood, and old ancestry,  
 Continued well with worthy chevalry.  
 Into Strechane long time he had been.  
 At great debate amongst his enemies keen,  
 Right wightily wan his living into wear,  
 To him and his, Sutherland did meikle dear.  
 Well he eschewed and suffered great distress,  
 His son was called the flowr of courtlinesse,  
 As witnesses well into this short treaty,  
 After the Bruce, who reads that history,  
 He ruled well both into war and peace,  
 Alexander Ramsay to name he heght but lies.  
 When it was war to arms he him cast,  
 Under the crown he was one of the best.  
 In time of peace, to courtlinesse he yeed,  
 But to Gentrice he took no other heed.  
 What Gentlemen had not with Ramsay been.  
 Of courtlinesse they counted not a preen.  
 Freedom and truth he had as men would as,  
 Since he began, no better Squyer was.  
 Roxburgh hold he wan right manfully,  
 Then held it long, while traytours treasonably  
 Caused his death, I will not tell you how.  
 Of such things, I will go by as now,  
 I have had blame to say the soothfastness,  
 Therefore I will but lightly run that race.  
 But it be thing that plainly slander is,  
 For such, I trow, they should not deem no mis :  
 Of Alexander as now I speak no more,  
 His father came, as I you told before,  
 Wallace of him right great comfort hes,  
 For he well could do harming unto foes,  
 In war he was right meikle for to prise :  
 Bulie, and true, both sober, wight, and wise.  
 A good Prelate als to Ardchattan sought,  
 Of his lordship as then he brooked nought,



This worthy clerk came in of his linage,  
 Of Sinkler blood not forty years of age,  
 Chosen he was by the Pope's consent,  
 Of Dunkeld Lord was made with good intent,  
 But Englishmen that Scotland gripped hail.  
 Of Benefice they let him brook but small.  
 When he saw well therefore he might not mute,  
 To save his life, three years he dwelt in Bute:  
 Lived as he might, and kept ay good part,  
 Under safty of James their lord Stewart.  
 While good Wallace which Scotland wan with pain,  
 Restored this lord to his living again.  
 And many moe which long had been overthrown  
 Wallace them put righteously to their own.  
 The small host of which I spake of air,  
 Into the hight that Wallace leaved there,  
 Came to the field where Mackfadyean had been,  
 Took that was left both weeds and weapons sheen,  
 Through Lorn they past, as goodly as they can,  
 Of their number they had not lost one man,  
 On the fifth day they went to Ardchatan,  
 Where Wallace bade with good men, men many an  
 He welcomed them upon a goodly wise,  
 And said, they were right meikle for to prise.  
 All true Scots he honoured into wear,  
 Gave that he wan, himself kept no great.

## C H A P. III.

How Wallace wan St. Johnstoun.

**W**hen Wallace would no longer sojourn there  
 From Ardchatan out through the land they fare  
 Toward Dunkeld, with good men of renown,  
 His most thought was then of Saint Johnstoun,  
 He called Ramsay, that good knight great of vail,  
 Sadly advised, besought him of counsel:  
 Of Saint Johnstoun now have I remembrance,  
 There have I been, and losed men by chance:  
 But ay for one we gart ten of them die,  
 And yet methinks it is no mends for me.  
 I would assay from this land ere we gang,  
 And let them wit they occupy her wrang,

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Then Ramsay said, that town they may not keep,  
The Walls are low, suppose the ditch be deep :  
Ye have anew, that shall them cumber so.  
Fill up the dyke that we may plainly go  
In plain battel, a thousand over at anes,  
From this power they shall not hold yon waines,  
Wallace was glad, that he such comfort made.  
Forth talking thus, unto Duukeld they rade,  
Three days there they lodged with pleasance :  
While time they had foreseen their ordinance :  
Ramsay gart big great bastailies of tree.  
By good wrights the best of that country.  
When they were wrought, betought them men to lead  
The water down, while they came near that stead,  
Sir John Ramsay right goodly was their guide,  
Ruled them well, at his will for to byde :  
The great host then about the village past,  
With earth and stone they filled dykes fast.  
Flaiks they made of timber long and wight,  
A rown passage to the walls they dight.  
Feil Bastailies right strongly up they rose,  
With men of arms soon to assayly he goes.  
Sir John the Graham, and Ramsay that was wight,  
The turate bridge assiedg'd in all their might.  
And Wallace self at midside of the town :  
Good men of arms that was bargain bown,  
The Sutheron men made great defence that tide,  
With artallyie that fellon was to bide :  
With tablaster ganzie and stones fast.  
And hand guns right brimly out they cast :  
Funziet with spears as men of arms keen.  
The noble Scots that worthy ay have been.  
And hand straiks fra they together met,  
With Sutheron blood their weapons soon they wet  
Yet Englishmen that worthy were in wear,  
Into that flour right boldly can them bear :  
But all for nought availed them that deed.  
The Scots through force upon them in they yeed :  
A thousand men over walls rade hastily,  
Into the town rose hideous noise and cry.  
Ramsay and Graham the turone gate hath win,

And entred in, where great strife did begin.  
 A true squyer, which Ruthwen heght to name.  
 Came to the assault with good Sir John Graham,  
 Thirty with him, of men that proved well.  
 Amongst their foes, with weapons stiff of steel,  
 When that the Scots assembled on either side,  
 No Sutherland was that might their dints abide :  
 Two thousand soon were foyled under feet,  
 Of Sutherland blood they sticked in the street.  
 Sir John Pswart saw well the town was tint,  
 Took him to flight, and woud no longer stint,  
 In a light barge, and with him men fixty,  
 The water down, fought succour to Dundie.  
 Wallace bode still while the fourt day at morn,  
 And lest none there, that was of England born.  
 Riches they got, both gold and others good,  
 Plenisht the town again with Scots blood,  
 Ruthwen he left their captain for to be.  
 In Heretage gave him the office of see,  
 Of all Strathern, and Shiriff of the town.  
 In the north good Wallace made him bown.  
 In Aberdeen he gart a counsel cry.  
 True Scottishmen should assemble hastily,  
 To Cowper he rade, to visit that Abbay :  
 The English Abbot was fled from hence away.  
 Bishop Sinkler without longer abade,  
 Met them at Glams, syn forth with them he rade,  
 Into Brechin they lodged all that night.  
 Soon on the morn Wallace gart graith at right,  
 Displayed abroad the banner of Sotland,  
 In good array with noble men at hand.  
 Caus'd plainly cry, that saved should be none.  
 Of Sutherland blood, where they might be overgone,  
 In plain battel throughout the merns they rade,  
 The Englishmen that durst not them abide.  
 Before the host full fearedly they flee  
 To Dunnoter, a strength within the sea,  
 No further they might win out of the land,  
 They sembled there, while they were four thousand.  
 To the kirk they ran and thought girth to have tane.  
 The leave remained upon the rock of stane :  
 The bishop then began treaty to ma,

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Their lives to get, out of the land to ga :  
But they were red and durst not well assay :  
Wallace in fire caus'd set all hastily,  
Burnt up the Kirk, and all that was therein ;  
Attour the rock the lave ran with great din.  
Some hung on craigs right dolefully to die :  
Some lap, some fell, some fluttered in the sea :  
No Sutheron on life was leaved in that hold,  
And they within were burnt to powder cold.  
When this was done, they fell on knees down,  
At the Bishop askt absolution.  
Then Wallace leugh, and said, I forgive you all :  
Are ye war men that repents for so small ?  
They rewed us not within the town of Aire,  
Our true barons when that they hanged there.  
To Aberdeen then safely can they pass.  
Where Englishmen right busiy sitting was.  
An hundred ships that ruther bear and Aire,  
To turse their goods in haven were biding there  
But Wallace host came on them suddenly,  
There scaped none of all that great navy :  
But feil servants in them was lived none,  
At an ebb sea the Scots is on them gone,  
Took out the gear, then set the ships on fire,  
The men on land they burnt both bone and lyre.  
Yeed none away, but priests, wives and bairns,  
Made they debate, they escaped none but harms.  
Into Buchan Wallace made him to ryde  
When Lord Beaumont was ordained to abyde ;  
Earl he was but of short time before,  
He broked it not for all his bousteous shore,  
When he wist well that Wallace coming was.  
He left the land, and came to Slanis pass,  
And then by ship fled in England again,  
Wallace rode though the Northland into plain,  
At Cromarty feil Englishmen they slew,  
The worthy Scots unto them coud pursue.  
Returned again, and came to Aberdeen,  
With his blyth host, upon the Lammas even.  
Establisht the land as he thought best to be,  
Then with an host he passed to Dundie.



## C H A P. IV.

How Wallace laid a siege to Dundee, and gave bat-  
tel to Kirkingham, Treasurer to king Edward, and  
the Earl of Warran, at Stirling bridge.

**G**art set sige about the castle strang.  
I leave him there, and further will I gang.  
Sir Aymer Vallange hasted him full fast,  
Into England with his whole household past.  
Bothwel he left, with Murray's herita<sup>e</sup>.  
And took him then to go to Edward's wage.  
Thus his own land he left for ever mair;  
Of Wallace deed great tidings told he there.  
Als Englishmen sore mourned in their mood,  
That losed here both life, lands and good,  
Edward as then could not in Scotland fare,  
But Kirkingham that was his treasurer,  
With him a Lord that Earl was of Warran,  
He charged them with numbers many an.  
Right well beseen in Scotland for to ryde,  
At Stirling still ordained them to byde,  
While he might come with ordinance of England,  
Scotland again he thought to take in hand.  
This host past forth, and had but little dread,  
The Earl Patrick received them at Tweed,  
Malice he had at good Wallace before,  
Long time bypast, and that increased more:  
But through a case it happned of his wife,  
Dumbar from him she held it into a strife,  
Through the supply of Wallace into plain,  
But he by means got this castel again:  
Long time ere then, and yet he could not cease,  
Against Wallace he proved in many a preasse,  
With Englishmen supplied them at his might,  
Contran Scotland they wrought full great unright.  
Their muster then was awful for to see,  
Of fighting men thousands there were sixty:  
To Stirling bridge ere they liked to bide,  
To Earl Malcom a siege they laid that tyde,  
And thought to keep the command of their king:  
But good Wallace wrought for another thing.  
Dundee he left, and made a good chistain, With

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With two thousand to keep that house of stane,  
Of northland men and dwellers at Dundee,  
The same night to St. Johnstoun went he.  
Upon the morn to Sheriff-mure he rode,  
And there a while in good array he bode.  
Sir John the Graham said we have undertane,  
With less power, such thing that well is gane.  
Then Wallace said, where such things comes of need,  
We should thank God that makes us for to speed,  
But near the bridge my purpose is to be,  
And work for them some subtle jeopardie.  
Wallace answered, the bridge we may keepwell,  
Of way about, the Sutheron have little feil.  
Wallace sent Jop the battel for to set,  
To tuesday next to fight withoutten let ;  
On saturday unto the bridge they rade,  
Of good plain boords was well and jointly made,  
Gart watches wait, that none should to them pass,  
A wright he took, the subtilest that was,  
And ordained him to saw the boords in two,  
By the mid trest, that none might over it go :  
On cornal bands nailed it full soon,  
Then filled it with clay, as nothing had been done.  
The other end he ordained for to be,  
How it should stand upon rollers of tree,  
When one were out, that the rest down should fall,  
Himself under, he ordained there withal,  
Bound on the trest, in a cradle to sit,  
To lose the pin, when VWallace let him wit,  
But with an horn, when it was time to be,  
In all the host no man should blow but he,  
The day approached of the great battel,  
The Englishmen for power would not fail :  
Ay fix they were against one of VWallace,  
Fifty thousand made them to battel place,  
The remnant bade at the castle still,  
Both field and house they thought to keep at will ;  
The worthy Scots upon the other side,  
The plain field took, on foot made them to bide,  
How Kirkinham the vanguard then led he,  
VWith twenty thousand of likely men to see.

Thirty thousand the Earl of Warran had,  
 But he did then as the wise man him bade :  
 And the first host before him over was send,  
 Some Scotsmen that well the matter kend,  
 Bade Wallace blow, and said, they were anew.  
 He halted not, but sadly could pursue,  
 While Warran's host thick on the bridge he saw ;  
 From Jop the horn he hint, and could it blaw.  
 So asperly and warned good John Wright ;  
 The roller out he strake then with great flight  
 The rest yeed down when that the pin out goes.  
 An hideous cry amongst the people rose :  
 Both horse and men into the water fell,  
 The hardy Scots that would no longer dwell,  
 Set on the rest with straiks sad and fair,  
 Of them thereover as then severed they were,  
 At the fore breast they proved hardilie,  
 Wallace and Graham, Boyd, Ramsay and Lundie,  
 All in the stout fighting face to face,  
 The Sutherland back retired in that place,  
 At the first straike five acre broad and more.  
 Wallace on foot a great sharp sword he bore.  
 Among the thickest of the preass he gaes,  
 On Kirkingham a straik chosen he hes.  
 In the birnisht that polisht was full bright.  
 The prunzieing head the plates peirced right,  
 Through the body sticked him but rescue ;  
 Derfly to death that chiftain was adue.  
 Both man and horse at that straike he beat down,  
 The English host that were in battel bown.  
 Comfort they tint when their chiftain was slain,  
 And many one began to flee in plain :  
 Yet worthy men bade still into that stead,  
 While ten thousand were brought into the dead,  
 Then fled the lave, and might no longer bide,  
 Succour they sought in many divers side ;  
 Some east, some west, and some fled to the north  
 Seven thousand whole at once fluttered in Forth,  
 Plunged in deep, drowned without mercy,  
 None left on life of all that whole menzie,  
 Of Wallace host no man was slain of vail.  
 But Andrew Murray into that strong battel,

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The south part then that saw their men was tint,  
 All fiercely fled, as fire doth from the flint.  
 The place hath left, Strivling castle and town,  
 Toward Dumbar in great haste made them boun,  
 When Wallace hoast had won the field by might.  
 Took up the bridge, and loosed good John Wright,  
 On the flyers then followed wonder fast,  
 Earl of Malcom als out of the castle past,  
 With Lennox men, to stuff the chase good speed,  
 Ay by the way they gart feil Sutheron bleed,  
 In the Tor-wood they gart full many die.  
 The Earl of Warran then can full fiercely flee.  
 With Corspatrick that graithly can him guide,  
 Unchanging horse out through the land they ride,  
 Streight to Dumbar, but few with them they led,  
 Many were slain overslothfully that fled.  
 The Scottish horse had run full wonder lang,  
 Many give over, and might no further gang.  
 Wallace and Graham ever together bade.  
 At Haddingtown full great slaughter they made  
 Of Englishmen, when their horse tyred had.  
 When Ramsay came, good Wallace was still glad.  
 With him was Boyd, and Richart of Lundie,  
 Three hundred whole was of good Chevalrie.  
 And Adam Wallace als of Richardtown,  
 With Earl Malcom they found at Haddingtown,  
 The Scottishmen on slaughter tarried was,  
 While to Dumbar the two Chistains could pass :  
 Full spiteful were for their contrary case.  
 Wallace followed, while they got in that place,  
 Of their best men, and Kirkingham of renown,  
 Thirty thousand was dead but redemption,  
 Beside Beltown Wallace returned again  
 To follow more, then was it but in vain.  
**I**N Haddingtown lodging he bade all night.  
 Upon the morn to Strivling passed right ;  
 On the Assumption day besel this case,  
 Ay loved be the Lord of his good grace :  
 Convoyer oft he was to good Wallace,  
 And helped him in many sudden place,  
 Wallace in haste soon after this battel,



A great oath took of all the barrons hail,  
 That with good will would come to his presence,  
 He heght them als to byde at their defence :  
 Sir John Menteith was then of Arran lord,  
 To VVallace came, and made a plain concord :  
 VVith witness there with his oath he him band.  
 Lawty to keep to VVallace and Scotland :  
 VVho woud not with free will to right apply,  
 VVallace by force punisht them rigorously :  
 Part put to death, part put in prision strang,  
 Great word of him through both these realms rang :  
 Dundie they got soon by a short treaty.  
 But for their lives they fled away by sea,  
 English captains that houses had in hand,  
 Left castles free, and stole out of the land,  
 VVithin ten days after this time was gone,  
 English captains in Scotland then was none.  
 Except Berwick and Roxburgh castles wight.  
 Yet VVallace thought to bring them to the right.

**T**Hat time there was a worthy true baron,  
 To name he height Chrissel of Setoun.  
 In Jedburgh wood, for safety he had been,  
 Against Sutheron full well he could conteen.  
 Edward could not from Scots faith him get,  
 Though they a million, gave of gold well met.  
 Heabottel fled from Jedburgh castle wight,  
 Towards England, there Setoun met him right,  
 With forty men Chrissel in bargain bade,  
 Against seven score, and meikle mastery made :  
 Slew that captain, and many cruel man.  
 Full great riches in that journey he wan.  
 Household and gold, as they should pass away,  
 The which before they kepted many a day.  
 Jedburgh he took, and Ruthven leaved he,  
 At Wallace will there captain for to be.  
 Bold Setoun then to Lowthian made repair,  
 In this story ye may hear of him mair ;  
 And into Bruce, who liketh for to read,  
 He was with him in many cruel deed.  
 Good Wallace then full sadly can devise,  
 To rule the land, with worthy men and wise,

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Captains he made; and Sheriffs that were good,  
Part of his kin, and of other true blood,  
His dear cousin in Edinburgh ordained he,  
The true Crawford, that ay was full worthie,  
Keeper at it with noble men at wage,  
In Manwel then he had good heritage,  
Scotland was free, that long in bail had been,  
Wallace it wan from our false enemies keen;  
Great governour of Scotland he could reign,  
Waiting a time to get his righteous king  
From Englishmen that held him in a bandoun,  
Long wrongfully from his own righteous crown.

The end of the Seventh Book.

The Eighth B O O K.

C H A P. I.

How Wallace put Corspatrick out of Scotland.

**F**IVE moneths thus Scotland stood in good rest,  
A counsel cry'd, them thought it was the best,  
In Saint Johnstoun, where it should holden be,  
Assembled Clerks, Barons, and Burgeses free:  
But Corspatrick would not come at their call,  
Bade in Dumbar, and made scorn of them all.  
They spake of him seil lords of that Parliament.  
Then Wallace said, will ye hereto consent,  
Forgive him free all things that is by past,  
So he will come, and grant he hath trespass,  
From this time forth keep lawty to our Crown;  
They granted thereto, Clerks, Burgeses and Baron;  
With whole consent their writting to him send,  
Right lowly thus they them to him commend,  
Besought him fair as one then of the Land,  
To come and take some governance in hand,  
Lightly he leugh, in scorn as it had been,  
And said he had such message seldom seen,  
That Wallace now as governour should reign;  
Here is great fault of a good Prince or King.  
That King of Kyle I cannot understand,  
Of him I never held a fur of land;  
That Bauchler trows, for fortune knows her wheel,  
There.

Therewith to last, it shall not long be well:  
 But to you lords, and ye will understand:  
 I make you wise, I ought to make no band:  
 Als free I am in this Region to reign,  
 Lord of mine own, as ever was prince or king;  
 In England als great part of land I have,  
 Man-rent thereof will no man of me crave.  
 What will ye more; I warn you, I am free,  
 For your Summonds, ye get no more of me.  
 To Saint Johnstoun this writ he sent again,  
 Before the lords, was manifest in plain.  
 When Wallace heard the Earl such answer makes  
 A great heat through courage then he takes:  
 For he wist well there could be but one king  
 Of this Region at once for to reign.  
 A king of Kyle, for that he call'd Wallace:  
 Lords, he said, this is an uncouth case:  
 Be he suffered, we are worse than he was.  
 Thus rose he up, and made him for to pass:  
 God hath us tholed to do so for the lave,  
 On life or death: in faith we shall him have:  
 Or gar him grant whom he holds for his lord,  
 Or else were shame in story to record.  
 I vow to God, with ease he shall not be:  
 Into this realm, but one of us shall die.  
 Less than he come, and know his righteous king,  
 In this region well both we shall not reign:  
 His lightly scorn he shall repent full sore.  
 But power fail, or I shall end therefore.  
 Since in this earth is ordained me no rest,  
 Now God be judge, the right he knoweth best.  
 At that counsel he longer tarried nought,  
 With his two hundred from Saint Johnstoun he sought  
 To the counsel made instance e're he yeed,  
 They should contain, and of him have no dread.  
 I am but one, and for good cause I ga,  
 Toward Kinghorn the gainest way they ta:  
 Upon the morn over Forth south they past:  
 On his voyage, he halted wonder fast.  
 Robert Lawder at Musselburgh met Wallace:  
 From Englishmen he kepted well his place.

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Could none him treat, knight, Squyer, nor yet lord  
With king Edward for to be at concord.  
On Earl Patrick to pass he was full glad,  
Some said before, the Basse he would have had.  
Good men came als with Christel of Setoun,  
Then Wallace was four hundred of renown.  
A squyer Lyle that well the countrey knew,  
With twenty men to Wallace could pursue,  
Beside Lyntoun, and to them told he than,  
That Earl Patrick with many likely man,  
At Cockburns-path he had his gathering made,  
And to Dumbar would come withoutten bade.  
Then Lawder said, it were the best, thinks me,  
Easter to pass in Dumbar ere he be,  
Wallace answered, we may at leasure ryde,  
With yon power he thinks bargane to hyde.  
And of one thing ye shall well understand,  
An hardier lord is not within our land.  
Might he be made true stedfast to our king,  
By wit and force he can do meikle thing :  
But wilfully he likes to tyne himsel.  
Thus rode they forth, and would no longer dwell,  
By east Dumbar where men them told on case,  
How Earl Patrick was warned of Wallace :  
Near Innerwick choosed a field at wail,  
With nine hundred of likely men but fail,  
Four hundred was with Wallace on the right,  
And then anon approached in their sight :  
Great fault was there of good treaty between,  
To make concord, and that full soon was seen,  
Without rehearse of action in that tyde,  
On either part, together fast they ryde.  
The stour was strong, and wonder chevalrous,  
Continued long with deeds perilous.  
Many there died of cruel Scots blood.  
Of this treaty the matter is not good.  
Therefore I cease to tell the destruction :  
Pity it was, and all of one nation.  
But Earl Patrick the field left at the last,  
Right few with him to Cockburn path there past :  
Agrieved fore that his men thus were tint.  
Wallace returned, and would no longer stint, To



Toward Dumbar, where soothfast men him told,  
 No purveyance was left into that hold,  
 Nor men of fence, all had been with their Lord,  
 When Wallace heard the sicker true record,  
 Dumbar he took all whole at his bandoun,  
 Gave it to keep to Christel of Setoun,  
 Who stuffed it with men and good victual.  
 Upon the morn Wallace that would not fail,  
 With three hundred to Cockburns-path he sought,  
 Earl Patrick ished, forbid him would he nought,  
 Soon to the park Wallace a range hath set,  
 To Bonkal wood Corpatrick fled but let:  
 And out of it to Norham passed he,  
 Then Wallace saw it might no better be,  
 To Caldestreme rode, and lodged him on Tweed,  
 Earl Patrick then in all haste can him speed,  
 And passed by, e're Wallace power rose,  
 Without resting to Etrick forrest goes.  
 Wallace followed, but he would not assail,  
 A range to make, as then it might not vail:  
 Over few he had, the strength was thick and strong,  
 Twelve miles of breadth, and thereto twice as long,  
 Into Cockholm Earl Patrick bode at rest,  
 For more power Wallace past in the west,  
 Earl Patrick then him graithed hastily,  
 In England past to get him there supply:  
 Out through the land right earnestly could pass,  
 To Anthony Beik that lord of Durham was:  
 Wallace put him out of Glasgou before,  
 And slew Perse, their malice was the more.  
 And bishop Beik gart soon great power rile,  
 Northumberland upon an awful wise,  
 They ordained Bruce in Scotland for to pass,  
 To win his own, but evil deceived he was:  
 They gart him trow that Wallace was rebel,  
 And thought to take the Kingrick to himsel:  
 For false they were, and very yet hath been,  
 Lawty and truth was ever in Wallace seen.  
 To send their right was all he took in hand,  
 And thought to bring Bruce free to his land,  
 Of this matter as now I tarry nought.

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With strong power Sutheron together sought,  
From Oyses water assembled whole in Tweed,  
The land host was thirty thousand indeed :  
Of Thames mouth sent ships by the sea,  
To keep Dumbar, that none should them supply :  
Earl Patrick past but twenty thousand but let,  
Before Dumbar a stalwart siege he set.  
The bishop Beik and Robert Bruce bade still,  
With ten thousand in Norham at their will.  
Wallace by this that fast was labourand  
In Lowthian came with good men five thousand,  
Right well beseen into their armour bright,  
Thought to rescue the Setoun bold and wight.  
Under Yester that first night Lodged he,  
Hay came to him with a good chevalrie :  
In Down forrest all that time he had been.  
He had the coming of the Sutheron seen,  
Fifty he had of wise men into wear,  
They told Wallace of Patricks great effear,  
Hay said, Forsooth and ye might overset,  
Power again right soon he might not get.  
My counsel is, that ye give him battel.  
He thanked them of comfort and counsel,  
And said, friend Hay, in this cause that I wend,  
So that we win, I take not for to end :  
Right sooth it is that once we must die,  
Into the right, who should in terror be ;  
Earl Patrick there a messenger gart pass,  
Told Anthony that Wallace coming was.  
Of these tidings the bishop was full glad.  
Amends of him full fain he would have had :  
But more prolong through Lammer mure they rade.  
Near the Spot mure in bushment still he bade,  
Where Earl Patrick then ordained for to be.  
Wallace on Beik onwarned then was he,  
Yet he before was not hasty indeed :  
But then he put both him and his in dread.  
Upon swift horse scurriours rode between,  
The coming then of Earl Patrick hath seen :  
The house is left, and to the mure is gane,  
A plain field with his host hath he tane.

Good Setoun then issued with few menzie,  
 Part of his men into Dumbair left he,  
 To Wallace rode, was one the righteous side,  
 In good array to Spots-mure they ride.  
 The Scots dread the Earl so many was,  
 Twenty thousand against so few to pass,  
 But Jop perceived, he bade Wallace should aide,  
 Tyne not your men, but to some strength you ride.  
 And I shall pass to get your power mair :  
 These are overgood thus lightly for to wear.  
 Then Wallace said, In truth I shall not flee,  
 For four of his, ay one while I may be :  
 We are over near such purpose for to take.  
 A dangerous chase they might upon us make :  
 Here is twenty with this power this day,  
 Would him assay, suppose I were away :  
 Many they are, for God's sake be we strong,  
 Yon Sutheron folk in stour will not bide long.

## C H A P. II.

How Corfpatrik brought into Scotland Bishop Beik,  
 and Robert the Bruce : and how Wallace gave  
 them Battel, and put them out of Scotland.

**T**HE brim battel braithly on either side,  
 Greatierd there rose over all where that they ride  
 The fore sembly when they together met,  
 Feil straits there they sadly on other set :  
 Prunzeing spears through plates preassed fast,  
 Many off horse down to the ground they cast :  
 Sables they tine off horse, but masters there,  
 On the south side five thousand down they bare,  
 Good Wallace host the foremost cumbered so,  
 That the rest was in will away to go :  
 Earl Patrick bode so cruel of intent,  
 All his whole host of him took hardiment :  
 Against Wallace in many stour was he :  
 Wallace knew well that his men would not flee,  
 For no power that living was on live.  
 While they on hail might be one ay for five :  
 In that great strife many were handled hait,  
 The seu dints, the cruel hard debate :

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The feirs striking made many grievous wound,  
Upon the earth the blood made to abound.  
All Wallace hoast into a compass bade.  
VVhere they turned, full slaughter they made.  
VVallace and Graham with Ramsay, full worthie,  
The bold Setoun, and Richard of Lundie,  
And Adam als of Richardtown,  
Both Hay and Lyle, with good men of renown:  
Boyd, Barkley, Baird, and Lawder that was wight,  
Feil Englishmen derfly to death they dight.  
But Earl Patrick full fiercely fought again,  
Through his own hand many he put to pain:  
Our men on him throng forward into thro',  
Made through the hoast feil slops to and fro'.  
The Englishmen began plainly to flee,  
Then Bishop Beik full suddenly they see:  
And Robert Bruce contrair his native men:  
VVallace was wo, fra time he could him ken:  
Of Bruce's deeds he was agrieved mair,  
Than all the lave that day that sembled there.  
The great bushment at once then brake on breed  
Ten thousand whole that doughty were indeed:  
The fliers then with Earl Patrick relieved,  
They fought again where many were mischieved.  
When Wallace saw the bushment broken was,  
Out of the field on horse he thought to pass.  
But he saw well his host found in their weed:  
He thought to fray the foremost ere he yeed.  
The new come host about him sembled there,  
On either side with straits sad and sair.  
The worthy Scots so fiercely fought again,  
Of Anthonies men full many have they slain:  
But that tyrant so used was in wear,  
On Wallace host he did full meikle dear:  
And the bold Bruce, so cruelly wrought he,  
Through strength of hand feil Scots gart he die.  
To resist Bruce, Wallace he preassid fast,  
But Englishmen so thick between them past:  
And Earl Patrick in all haste he mought,  
Throughout the stour to Wallace soon they fought,  
On the peasant a fellon straik him gave.

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Carved the plate, with his sharp grounded glave,  
 Through all the stuff, and wounded him some deal;  
 But Wallace thought he should be venged well,  
 Followed on him, and a straik etled fast,  
 But one Maitland reckless between them past:  
 Upon the the head good Wallace hath him tane,  
 Through head and brain in sunder strake the bane.  
 Dead to the ground at that strake down he drave:  
 Thus Wallace was delivered from the lave.  
 Of his good men, amongst them him alone:  
 About him sought feil enemies many one.  
 Sticked his horse, to ground behoved to light.  
 To fend himself as wisely as he might.  
 The worthy Scots that might no longer byde,  
 With heavy hearts out of the field they ride,  
 With them in fear they weened Wallace had been:  
 On foot he was amongst his enemies keen:  
 Good rowm he made about him into breed,  
 With his good sword that helped him in need:  
 VVas none so strong that got of him a straik,  
 After again made never the Scots wraik:  
 Earl Patrick then that had great craft in wear,  
 VVith spears ordain'd good VVallace down to bear:  
 Anew they took were whole into the field,  
 To him they yeed, thought he should have no beild.  
 On either side fast prunzeing at his gear:  
 He hewed off heads, and wisely could him wear.  
 The worthy Scots of this then little wist,  
 Sought to good Graham. when they their chiftain mist  
 Lawder and Lyle and Hay, that were so wight  
 And bold Ramsay, which was a worthy knight:  
 Lundie and Boyd, and Christel of Setoun,  
 VVith five hundred that were in bargain bown.  
 Him to rescue, rudely in they rade,  
 About VVallace large rowm they made.  
 The bishop Beik was braithly born to eird.  
 At that rescue there was a fellow reird.  
 Ere he got up, feil Sutheron they slew.  
 Out of the preass VVallace they can rescue,  
 Soon horsed him upon a courser wight,  
 Toward a strength they rade in all their might,  
 Right wisely fled rescuing many man,

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The Earl Patrick to stuff the chase began,  
On the fliers there little harm they wrought.  
Good Wallace folk away together fought.  
The five hundred of which I spoke of airc.  
So awfully abandoned them and fair :  
No follower durst from his fellow ga,  
The good fleers such turning in they ma.  
Four thousand whole had tane the strength before,  
Of Wallace host, his comfort was the more,  
Of Gladaistane that forrest thought to hold.  
Earl Patrick turned, thought he were never so bold,  
Again to Beik, when escaped was Wallace,  
Cursing fortune of his mischanceful case.  
The field he wan, and seven thousand were lost,  
Dead on that day, for all the bishops boast.  
Of Wallace men five hundred slain I guess,  
But no chistain, his mourning was the less.  
Near even it was, but Beik would not abide,  
In Lammer mure they turned in that tide,  
There lodging where he thought to avail,  
For well they trowed the Scots would assail  
Upon the field, where they gave battel last,  
The country men to Wallace gathered fast.  
Of Edinburgh with Crawford that was wight,  
Four hundred came into their armour bright :  
To Wallace rode, by his lodging was tane  
Of Tividale came good men many ane.  
Out of Jedburgh with Ruthvin at that tide,  
Together fought from many divers side.  
Sir William then at lord was of Douglass,  
With him fourscore that night came to Wallace,  
Twenty hundred of new men met that night,  
Upon their foes to venge them at their might,  
At the first field these good men had not been,  
Wallace watches their adversaries hath seen,  
Into what ways they had their lodging made,  
Wallace bowed after supper, but bade,  
In Lammer mure they passed hastily.  
Soon to array yeed his good chevalry.  
Wallace them made in two parts to be,  
Sir John the Graham and Setoun ordained he

Lawder and Hay with three thousand to ride,  
 Himself the rest took wisely for to guide.  
 With him Lundie, both Rasnay and Douglass,  
 Barclay and Boyd, and good Adam Wallace,  
 By this the day approached wonder near :  
 And high Titan in presence can appear :  
 The Scottish host soon sembled into light  
 Of their enemies, they were not ready dight :  
 Out of array feil of the Sutheron was :  
 Right awfully Wallace can on them pass.  
 At his entry the Scots so well them bare,  
 Feil of their foes to death were brittened there.  
 Reckless they rose, and many fled away ;  
 Some on the ground were smored where they lay :  
 Great noise and cry was raised them among :  
 Good Graham came, that stalwart was and strong,  
 Fra Wallace men were well together met.  
 On the south part so awfully they fet.  
 In contrair them the fray'd folk might not stand,  
 At once there fled of Suthron ten thousand.  
 The worthy Scots wrought upon such a wise :  
 Jop said, that they were worthy for to prise.  
 Yet Bishop Beik that fellon tyrant strong,  
 Bode in the stour right awfully and long.  
 A knight Skeltoun that cruel was and keen,  
 Before him stood into his armour sheen.  
 To fend his lord, full worthily he wrought ;  
 Lundie him saw, and sadly to him sought ;  
 With his good sword an ackward straik him gave  
 Through pesan stuff his craig in sunder drave ;  
 Whereof the rest were stonight in that stead,  
 The bold Skeltoun of Lundies hand was dead.  
 Then fled they all, and might no longer bide,  
 Patrick and Beik away with Bruce they ride.  
 Five thousand held into a sloop away,  
 To Norham house in all the haste they may.  
 Our men followed that worthy were and wight,  
 Many fliers to death they derfly dight.  
 These three lords to the castle they fought,  
 Full feil they losed that were from England brought,  
 At this journey twenty thousand they tint,

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drowned and slain with spears and swords dint,  
The Scots at Tweed they hastened them so fast,  
Neil Sutherland men to wrong foords they past.  
Wallace returned, in Norham when they were,  
For worthy Bruce his heart was wonder fair.  
He had rather have had him at his large,  
Free of our crown, than of fine gold to charge  
More than in Troy was when the Greeks it wan.  
Wallace passed with many awful man  
Over Patrick's land, and wasted wonder fast:  
Took out great goods, and places down can cast.  
His steeds twelve, that Methamis were called,  
Wallace gart break those buirly buildings bald:  
Both in the Merse, and also in Lowthian,  
Except Dumbar who standing he leaved nane.  
To Edinburgh then upon the eight day  
Upon the morn Wallace without delay  
To Perth past, where a council was set,  
To the Barons he shewed withouten let,  
How his great vow right well eshewed was:  
To a Master he gart earl Patrick pass,  
Because he said of Scotland he held nought;  
To King Edward to get supply he sought.  
The lords were blyth, and welcomed Wallace,  
Thanking great God of his fair happy case.  
Wallace took state to govern all Scotland,  
The barnage whole made him an open hand:  
Then dealt the land to good men him about,  
For Scotland's right had set their lives in doubt,  
Scaintown he gave to Lawder in his wage,  
The knight Wallace ought it in heretage,  
Then Birgem-crook he gave Lyle that was wight,  
To Skrymeger als full good reward he dight:  
Then Wallange town, and other lands theretil,  
To worthy men he dealt with noble will.  
To his own kin no heritage gave he  
But offices, that every man might see  
For covetous there cou'd no man him blame.  
He bade reward, while the king should come hame:  
Of all he did, he thought to byde the law,  
Before his king and master when he saw

Scotland



Scotland was blyth, in dolour had been long,  
In every part to good labour they gang.

## C H A P. III.

How Wallace past into England, and remained there  
three Quarters of a Year, and came again without  
Battle.

**B**Y this the time of October was past,  
November near approached wonder fast:  
Tydings there came King Edward grieved was,  
With his power in Scotland thought to pass;  
For Earl Patrick had given such counsel.  
Wallace got wit, and sembled power hail;  
Forty thousand in Rosin-mure they met.  
Lords, he said, This is King Edward's set,  
In contrair right to seek us in our land:  
I heght to God, and to you by mine hand,  
I shall him meet, for all his great barnage,  
Within England, to fend our heritage.  
His false desire shall on himself be seen,  
He shall us find in contrair of his Een.  
Since he with wrong hath riden this region,  
We shall now pass in contrair of his crown.  
I will not bid great lords with us to fare,  
For mine intent plainly I will declare;  
Our purpose is either to win or die:  
Who yields to him, shall never ransomed be,  
The barons then him answered worthily,  
And said, they would pass with their chivalry,  
Himself and Jop provided that menzie,  
Twenty thousand of wailed men took he.  
Harness and horse he gart amang them wail,  
Weapons anew that might them best avail:  
Graithed these men that cruel were and keen.  
Better in war in world cou'd not be seen.  
He bade the rest in labour for to bide,  
In good array from Rosin-mure they rade:  
In their muster, good Wallace could them ask?  
What needeth more in one power to pass.  
All of one will, as I trow, set are we,  
In plain battle cannot discomfit be.

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Our realm is poor, wasted with Sutheron blood,  
Go and win on them gold and other good.

The host inclined all with humble will,  
And said, they should his bidding then fulfill.

Earl Malcom with his Lennox men is gone,  
But name of rule in him he would have none.

Wallace him knew a Lord that was worthy,  
At his counsel he wrought full stedfastly,

Stronger he was if he had battel seen.

For he before had in good journeys been,

A man of strength that hath good wit withal,

A whole region may comfort at his call.

As manly Hector wrought into his wear,

Against an hundred counted was his spear.

But that was not through his strength only ;

Such rule he left of noble chevalry.

These examples were worthy for to ken.

Hector I leave, and speak forth of our men.

The knight Cambel made him to that voyage,

Of Lochow chief that was his heritage.

And good Ramsay forth to that journey went.

Sir John the Graham forward in his intent.

Wallace cousin Adam full worthy was,

And Robert Boyd full blythly can they pass,

Both Auchenleck, and Richard of Lundie.

Lawder, and Hay, and Setoun full worthy.

**T** His royal host utresting forth they rode.

To Broxes field, and there a while they bode.

Then Wallace took with him forty but lies.

To Roxburgh gate rode soon ere they woud cease,

Sutheron marvelled it shoud be Wallace.

Without assurance came to pursue that place.

Of Sir Ralph Gray soon presence coud he ask,

And warned him thus, further ere he coud pass,

Our purpose is in England for to ride,

No time we have of sieging for to bide, 1

Take heed and hear of our coming again,

Give over this house, send me the keys in plain,

This I command, before this witness large,

If thou wilt not, remain with all thy charge ;

But this be done, of force and I take thee,

Over

Over the wall thou shalt be hanged hie.  
 With that he turned and all his host can wend :  
 This like command to Berwick soon he send,  
 With good Ramfay that was a worthy knight.  
 The host but more right awfully he dight.  
 Began at Tweed and spared nought they fand,  
 But burnt by force all whole Northumberland.  
 All Durham town they burnt up in a gleid  
 Abbays they spared, and kirks where they yeed,  
 To York they rode, but bode ere they wou'd blin,  
 To burn and sla of them, he thought no sin :  
 No sin they thought the same to let us feel.  
 But William Wallace quit our quarrel :  
 Forts they wan, and small castles cast down,  
 With asper weapons paid their ransom ;  
 Of prisoners they liked not to keep :  
 Whom they overtook, they made their friends to weep  
 No Sutheron saved for all their great riches,  
 All such treachery he called wretchedness.  
 Unto the gates and suburbs of the town,  
 Braithly they burnt, and brake their buildings down,  
 At the walls assayled fifteen days,  
 While King Edward sent to them in this wise  
 A knight, a clerk, and a squire of peace,  
 And prayed them from burning for to cease,  
 And high battel ere fifteen days should pass,  
 Soverance so long, if he liked to ask.  
 And als he spiered how Wallace took in hand,  
 The fellon strife in defence of Scotland,  
 And said, he marvelled in his wits for they  
 Against England was of so great party.  
 Since ye have made so meikle of Scotland free,  
 It were good time for to let malice be.  
 Wallace hath heard the message say their will,  
 With manly voice right that he said them till,  
 Ye may know well that right enough we have,  
 Of his soverance I covet not to crave ;  
 Because I am a native Scotsman,  
 It is my debt to do all that I can,  
 To fend a kingrick out of dangering,  
 To his desire we will grant him something :

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Our host shall cease for ought that may betyde.  
These fourty days bargain to abyde,  
And shall do nought lest then it move in you,  
In this respite my self can never trow,  
King Edwards writ under his seal they gave,  
In forty days that they should battel have.  
Wallace then gave credence to their king.  
Their leave they took, then passed but resting,  
And told him whole how Wallace let him feel,  
Of their soverance he cared not a deal.  
Such ruled men, so awful in effeir.  
Are not Christen, as he leads into wear,  
The King answered, and said, it should be kend.  
It comes of wit, enemies to commend :  
They are to dread right greatly in certain,  
Sadly they think of harms that they have tane.  
Leave I them thus at counsel with their king,  
And of the Scots again to speak something.  
**W**allace tranoynted upon the second day,  
From York they pass upon a good array  
North-west they went, in battle busked bown.  
Their lodging they took beside Northalertown,  
And cryed his peace, their markets for to stand,  
Those fourty days for people of England,  
Who that liked any victual to sell,  
Of all their store was meikle for to tell  
Sir Rauff Rymont captain of Miltoun was,  
With great power by night ordained to pass.  
On Wallace host to make some jeopardie.  
Feil Scottsmen that dwelt in that countrie,  
Wist of this thing, and gathered to Wallace :  
They made him wise of all this fellon case.  
Good Lundie then to him he called there,  
And Hew the Hay of Lochartquart was air,  
With three thousand that worthily was wrought  
Then privatly on from the host they fought ;  
The men he took, that came to him of new.  
Guides to be, for they the countrie knew :  
The host they made in good quiet to be,  
A space from them he busked privatelie :  
Sir Rauff Rymount with seven thousand came in,



Of Wallace host a jeopardie did begin :  
 The bushment brake, er'e they the host came near,  
 The Sutheron men the worthy Scots can stear,  
 Three thousand whole were braithlybrought to ground  
 Journey they fought, & lickierly have found.  
 Sir Rauff Rymount was sticked on a spear,  
 Three thousand slain that worthy was in wear.  
 No Sutheron wist when their chiftain was slain,  
 To Miltoun fast they fled in all their main :  
 Wallace followed fast with his chevalry,  
 Amongst Sutheron they entred suddenly,  
 Scots and English into the town at once,  
 Sutheron men shot, and braithly cast down stones :  
 Of their own men right feil then have they slain.  
 The Scots about that were of meikle main,  
 Up grieffes ran, and seised all the town,  
 Derly to death the Sutheron dang they down.  
 Wallace there hath founded great riches,  
 Jewels and gold, weapons and harness ;  
 Spoiled the town of wine and victual,  
 To his host sent with carriage of great vail  
 Three days still within the town he bade,  
 Then broke down work that worthily was made.  
 Wives and Bairns they put out of the town,  
 No man he saved that was of that nation.  
 When Scots had tane and turfed their desire.  
 Walls they brook, and set the rest on fire ;  
 The timber work they burnt up all in plain,  
 On the fourth day to the host rode again.  
 Gart cast a dyke that might some strengthening be,  
 To keep the host from sudden jeopardie,  
 Then Englishmen was right graithly agast,  
 From north and south unto the king they past ;  
 At Pumfret lay, and held a Parliament ;  
 To give battel the lords would not consent,  
 But Wallace were of Scotland crowned king.  
 Their counsel fand it was a perilous thing,  
 For though they wan, they wan but as they were,  
 And if they tint, lost England evermair,  
 In case it were put in the Scots hand :  
 And this decreit their wit amongst them fand,  
 If Wallace would upon him take the crown,

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To give battel they should be ready bown.  
The famine maulage to him they sent again.  
And their intent they told to him in plain.  
Wallace them charged from his presence absent,  
His counsel called, and shewed them his intent ;  
He and his men desired battel to have,  
By any ways of England over the lave :  
Himself said first : that were ane over high thing,  
Against my faith, to reave my righteous king,  
I am his own born native of Scotland,  
To wear the crown I will not take in hand,  
To fend my realm it is my debt by skill,  
Let God above reward me as he will.  
Some bade Wallace upon him take the crown :  
Wise men said, nay, it were derision,  
To crown him king but voice of parliament,  
For they wist not if Scotland would consent.  
Other some said, it was a wrongous place,  
Thus deemed they of many divers case ;  
The knight Campbell of wit a worthy man,  
As I said air, with them was present then.  
Heard, and answered, when many said their will,  
This were the best, and Wallace grant theretil  
To crown him king solemnly for a day,  
To get an end of all our long delay,  
The good Earl Malcom said, that Wallace might.  
As for one day, in fence of Scotlands right,  
Though he refused it lastingly to bear,  
Receive the crown as into fare of wear.  
The people all to him gave their consent :  
Malcom of old was lord of parliament.  
Yet Wallace tholed and let them say their will,  
When they had deemed by many divers skill.  
In his own mind he abhorred this thing.  
The Commons cryed, Make Wallace crowned King  
Then sembled he, and said it should not be,  
At terms short, ye get no more of me.  
Under colour our answer we must make,  
But such a thing I will not on me take ;  
I will you suffer to say that it was swa,  
It were a scorn on me the crown to ta,

They would not let the message of England  
 Come them amongst, or they should understand.  
 Two knights past to the message again,  
 Made them to trow Wallace was crowned in plain :  
 Gart them trust well that it was soothfast thing :  
 Delivered thus they passed to their king ;  
 To Pumsfret went, and told that they had seen,  
 Wallace crowned, whereof they lords were teen,  
 In barret wox in parliament where they stood.  
 Then said they all, these tidings are not good :  
 He did so well in all his time before,  
 And now their king he will do meikle more.  
 A fortunate man, nothing goes him again,  
 And we gave battel, we shall repent with pain.  
 Another said, and battel will he have,  
 Or stroy our land. no treason may us save,  
 In his first conquest since first he couth begin,  
 He selleth not, but takes that he may win :  
 For Englishmen he sets no doom but dead :  
 Pryce or pennies may make us no remead.  
 And Woodstock says, ye work not as the wise,  
 If that ye take not the aysure of supprise :  
 Fot though we win all that are in England,  
 The rest are strong against us for to stand.  
 Be Wallace safe, others they count but small,  
 For that, me think, it were the best of all,  
 To keep our strenghts, castles and walled Town,  
 So we shall fend the folk of this region :  
 Though north be burnt, better of soverance to be  
 Then set all England in a jeopardie.  
 They granted all as Woodstock can them say,  
 And thus they put the battel in delay.  
 And cast them whole for other governance,  
 Against Wallace to work some ordinance,  
 Thus Wallace hath in plain discomfit hail,  
 Against king Edward all his whole battel :  
 For through fashood and his subtilty,  
 They thought he should for great necessity,  
 And fault of food, to steal out of the land,  
 Then this deceit their wit amongst them fand.  
 They gart the king cry all their markets down,

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From Trent to Tweed, in through fair and free town,  
 That in the bowns no man should victual lead,  
 Such stuff and wine under the pain of dead.  
 The same decree it they gave in Parliament.  
 Of Scots forth to speak is mine intent.  
 Wallace lay still while fourty days were gone,  
 Abiding them, but appearance saw none,  
 Battel to have as their promise was made :  
 He gart again display hie banner brade :  
 Reproved Edward greatly of this thing,  
 Bauchled his seal, blew out on this false King.  
 As re-crying turned back, and yeed his gate.  
 Then Wallace made full many biggings hate,  
 They raised fire, burnt up Northallartoun,  
 Again through York-shire boldly made them boun.  
 Destroyed the land as far as ever they rade,  
 Seven miles about they burnt on every side,  
 And wrought the futheron many working wound :  
 Palaces spilt, great towers can confound.  
 Widows weeped with sorrow in their song,  
 Maidens mourned with great meaning among.  
 They spared none, but women and the kirk ;  
 The worthy Scots of labour would not irk,  
 Gave to abbays right largely of their good,  
 To all kirk-men they did nothing but good,  
 The temporal land they spoiled at their will,  
 Good gardens gay, and great orchards they spill,  
 To York they went these war-men of renown,  
 A siege set they right sadly to the town.  
 For great defence they garnisht them within,  
 A fell assault without they can begin.

C H A P. IV.  
The Seige of York.

**D**ivided the host in four parts about  
 With watches fell, that no man should ish out.  
 About the town, upon the south-port side,  
 Where Wallace and good Lundie did abide.  
 Earl Malcom then at the west gate abade,  
 With him the Boyd that good journeys had made.  
 The knight Campbell of Lechow that was lord,



At the north gate, and Ramsay made them ford,  
 Sir John the Graham that worthy was in wear,  
 Auchinleck Craford, with full manly effeir,  
 At the east port boldly they think to bide.  
 A thousand archers upon the Scots side,  
 Dislevered them amongst the four party.  
 Five thousand bowmen in the town for they,  
 Within the walls arrayed them full right,  
 Twelve thousand mo, that seemly was to fight,  
 Then Wallace said, and yond were on a plain,  
 In field to fight, methinks we should be fain.  
 Then salzeit they right fast on every side,  
 The worthy Scots that boldly durst abide.  
 With spear and sheild, for Guns they had none  
 Within the dykes they gart feil Sutheron grone,  
 Arrows they shot right fierce as any fire,  
 Out over the walls, that flamed in great yre :  
 Through birnisht bright, with heads of fine steel.  
 The Sutheron blood of Friendship none they feel,  
 Over shining harness fought the blood so sheen.  
 The Englishmen that cruel were and keen,  
 Keaped their town, and fended them full fast,  
 Faggals of fire amongst the host they cast :  
 With pick and tar, of feil shows they sent :  
 Many were hurt ere they from the wals went,  
 Stones of spring-holds they did cast down so fast,  
 And gads of iron, made many groom agast ;  
 But nevertheless the Scots that were without,  
 The town full oft they set into great doubt.  
 Their bulwark burnt right brimly of the town.  
 Their barmkin wan, and great garrets cast down  
 Thus failed they on each side with great might.  
 The day was gone, and coming was the night.  
 The weary host them drew them from the town,  
 Set out watches, for resting made them bown,  
 Washt wounds with wine, of them that were unsound,  
 For none was dead, of great mirth they abound.  
 Feil men were hurt, but no mourning they made,  
 Confirmed the siege, and stedfastly abade,  
 When that the sun on morrow rose up bright.  
 Before the chiftains assembled they full right,

And

And said, amends of the town they should take,  
For all the fence that the Sutheron might make,  
Arrayed again as they began before,  
About the town they assailed wonder sore,  
With fellaun shot out over the walls full sheen,  
Feil Englishmen that cruel were and keen  
With shot were slain, for all that targets strang:  
Burstid helms, many to ground they dang.  
Brim burning fire they cast at every gate,  
The entrie thus in peril oft they set.  
The defenders were of full great defence,  
Keeped the town through strength and violence;  
All thus the day they drave unto the night,  
To pavilions bowned many weary wight:  
All irk of war, the town was strong to win,  
Of artalzie, and noble men within,  
When that they trowed the Scots were at rest,  
For jeopardie the Englishmen them cast.  
Sir John Morton was known, worthy and wight,  
Sir William Lies then graithed them that night;  
With five thousand well garnisht and savage,  
Upon the Scots they thought to make skirmage,  
And at the gate ished out hastilie,  
On earl Malcom, and his good chevalry.  
To check the watch, Wallace and ten hath been  
Riding about, and hath their coming seen;  
He gart one blow was in his company,  
The ready man arrayed them hastily:  
Feel of the Scots ilk night in harness bade,  
By ordinance, for they such rule had made:  
With short advice together then they went  
Upon their foes, where feil Sutheron were shent,  
Wallace knew well the earl too hasty was,  
For that he speed him in the preas to pals,  
A sword of war, into his hand he bare,  
The first he hit, the craig in sunder share.  
Another ackward upon the face took he,  
Both nose and front on the field gart he flee.  
The hardy earl before his men outpast  
Into the field, where feil were fighting fast.  
A sharing sword he bare drawn to his hand,

The first was fey that he before him fand,  
 When Wallace was and he together set,  
 There lasted none against them that they met,  
 But either dead or fled away them fra :  
 By this the host was in good array :  
 With the great scry assembled them about,  
 Then stood the Sutheron in a fellon doubt.  
 Wallace knew well the Englishmen would flee,  
 For ay he thrust in the thickest to be,  
 Hewing full fast on whomsoever he sought,  
 Against his dint fine steel availed nought,  
 Wallace of hand, since Arthur, had no maik,  
 Whom he hit right, was ay dead at one straik,  
 That was well known in many places where,  
 Whom Wallace hit, they deired Scots no mair :  
 Als all his men did cruelly and well,  
 That came to straiks, that might the Sutheron feel,  
 The Englishmen fled, and left the field plainly,  
 The worthy Scots wrought their so hardily,  
 Sir John Morton in that place he was dead,  
 And twelve hundred, but any more remead.  
 Thus many were left into the field and slain,  
 The rest returned into the town again :  
 And rewed full fore that ever they forth could found,  
 Amongst them was full many working wound.  
 The host again each one to their ward rade,  
 Commanded watch, and no more noise made,  
 But rested still, while that the bright day dew,  
 Again began the town to sailzie new.  
 All this day wrought with full great worthiness,  
 Assailed fore by wit and hardiness,  
 The host's victual waxed scant, and failed fast,  
 Thus lay they there while divers days were past.  
 The land wasted and meat none was to win,  
 But that wist not the folk that was therein :  
 They dread full fore for their own venision.  
 For soverance prayed the power of the town,  
 To speak with Wallace then they desired fast,  
 And he appeared, and spiered, what they askt ?  
 The Mayor answered, we would pay your ransom,  
 To pass away, and dear no more the town.

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Great shame it were that we should yelden be,  
And towns holden of less power than we ;  
Ye may not win us, long though that ye abide,  
We shall give gold, and ye will from us ride,  
We may give battel, durst we for our king,  
Since he hath left it, were over high a thing  
To us to do, without his ordinance,  
This town of him we hold in governance,  
Wallace answered, Of your good reck we nought,  
It is for battel that we hither sought ;  
We had rather have battel of England,  
Than all the gold that good king Arthur fand  
On mount Michel when he the gyant slew.  
Gold may be gone, but worship ay is new ;  
The king promis'd that we should battel have,  
His writ thereto under his seal they gave,  
Letter nor band ye see may not avail  
Us for this time, of him to get battel :  
Methink we should on his men wroken be ;  
Upon our kin many great wrongs wrought he.  
His devil-like deed he wrought into Scotland.  
The Mayor said, Sir, right ye thus understand ;  
We have no charge but what our king gars us do,  
But in this kind we shall be bound you to ;  
Some part of gold to give you with good will,  
And nought after to wait you with none ill.  
By no kin mean the power of this town,  
But if our king make him to battel bown.  
Into the host was many worthy man,  
With Wallace mo, nor now reckon I can.  
Better it was, for at his will they wrought,  
Though he was best, yet other lake we nought,  
All served thanks to Scotland ever mair,  
For man-like wit the which they shewed there,  
The whole counsel thus deemed them among,  
The town to siege they thought it was too strong.  
And not a way to win it by no slight ;  
The counsel found it was the best they might,  
Some gold to take, since that we get no mair  
Then forth away into their voyage fare.  
Then Wallace said, Myself shall not consent,



But if this town make us this plain consent,  
 Take our banner, and set it on the wall,  
 For our power this realm hath ridden all,  
 Yelden to be, when we think them to take,  
 In England long residence if we make,  
 This answer soon they sent to the mayör,  
 And they consented; the remnant that was there;  
 The banner took and set it on the town,  
 To Scotland was heght honour and renown,  
 The banner there from eight hours unto noon.  
 Their finance made, delivered gold full soon,  
 Five thousand pound of good gold of England,  
 The host received with victual adoundand,  
 Both bread and wine, right gladly forth they gave,  
 And other stuff that they liked to have.  
 Twenty days out the host remained there,  
 But want of victual gart them from it to fare,  
 Yet still at peace the host had lodged that night,  
 While on the morn the sun was risen bright,  
 Into April amongst these shaws sheen,  
 When that the ground was clad with tender green,  
 Pleasant it was to any creature,  
 In lusty love this time for to endure  
 The good women had freedom largely,  
 But food was scant, they could get none to buy;  
 Turled up tents, and to the country rade,  
 On Englishmen full great heirship they made.  
 Burnt and brake down, buildings they spared nought,  
 Right worthy Wallace low to ground them brought,  
 All Mydlame they burnt up in a fire,  
 Brake parks down destroyed all the shire.  
 Wild deer they slew, for other beasts were nane.  
 These war men took of venison good wane.  
 Toward the south they turned at the last,  
 Made buildings bare, as far as ever they past.  
 The commons all to London then they went,  
 Before the king, and told him their intent.  
 And said, they would, but he gart Wallace cease,  
 Forsake their faith, and take them to his peace,  
 No herauld there then durst to Wallace pass,  
 Whereof the king greatly agrieved was,  
 Thus Edward left his people into bail,

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Contrair Wallace he would not give battel,  
Nor bide in field, for ought that they could say,  
Gave over the cause, to London past his way,  
At men of wit this question here I ask,  
Amongst nobles, if ever any was  
So long in England, through force, or through case,  
Since Brutus death, but battel, but Wallace ?  
Great Julius the empire had in hand,  
Yet twice on force was put out of England.  
With Arthur als, first of war when he prievd,  
Twice did they fight, suppose they were mischieved,  
Awful Edward durst not for Wallace bide  
In a plain battel, for all England so wide,  
In London lay, and took him to his rest,  
And brake his vow : which hold you for the best ?  
Deem as ye list, good men of discretion.  
Right clear it is to resolve this question.  
To my sentence now briefly will I pass.  
When Wallace thus through York shire journeying  
Victuals as then was none left in the land, (was,  
But in house, where it might be warrand :  
The host thereof abased was to bide,  
Fra food scantd, no pleasure was that tide.  
Some bade turn home, and some would further mair,  
Wallace calld Jop, and said to him right fair,  
Thou knowest the land where most abundance is,  
Be thou our guide, and then we shall not miss ;  
Victual to find, that wot I wonder well,  
Thou hast I trust in England meikle feil.  
The king and his strong strenghts are gone.  
But jeopardie, now peril have we none.  
Then Jop said, sir be ye guided by me,  
The plentiest part of England ye shall see ;  
Of wine and wheat there is in Richmont shire,  
And other stuff for food as ye desire.  
Whereof, I trow, ye shall be well content.  
The host was glad, and thitherward they went,  
Many true Scots was sembled in that land,  
To Wallace came well mo than nine thousand,  
Of presoun part, some had in labour wrought,  
From either part full fast to him they sought.

Wallace

Wallace was blyth of our own native kin,  
 That came to him of bail that they were in.  
 And all the host, of comfort was blyther,  
 Fra their own folk was multiplying there :  
 In Richmont shire they found abundance  
 Of bread and ale, with other purveyance ;  
 Brake parks down, and slew beast many one,  
 Of wild and tame forsooth they spared none.  
 Throughout the land they past in good array,  
 A seemly place so found they in their way,  
 Which Ramswatch heght, as Jop himself then told,  
 Febew was lord and captain in that hold.  
 Five hundred men were sembled in that place,  
 To save their selves and their goods from Wallace.  
 A royal stead was by the forrest side,  
 With turats fair, and garrats of great pride,  
 Buildd about, right likely to be wight,  
 With five great towers well buildd to the hight.  
 Feil men about on walls busked been,  
 In good armour that burnisht was full sheen.  
 The host past by, and visited but that place  
 Yet they within on loud desired VWallace :  
 And trumpets blew with many warlike sound.  
 Then VWallace said, had we yon gallants down,  
 On the plain ground, they would more seber be.  
 Then Jop said, Sir, ye gart his brother die,  
 In Heraulds weed, ye wot, on Tinto hill.  
 VWallace answered, So would I with good will,  
 Had I himself, but we may not him dear,  
 Good men may thole of Harlots scorn in wear.  
 Sir John the Graham would at the bicker been :  
 But VWallace soon the peril hath forseen,  
 Commanded him to let his fierceness be,  
 VVe have no men to waste in such degree.  
 VWould we them harm, I have another gate,  
 How we with fire within shall make them heat :  
 For fire hath ay been fellon into wear,  
 On such a place it may do meikle dear :  
 Their bulwark old I see of withered oak,  
 VVere it on fire, it would not bide a stroak :  
 Houses and woods here is enough plentie,  
 VWho bews best of this forrest let see.

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Pull houses down, we shall not wein a deal,  
The old timber will gar the green burn well.  
At his command right busily they wrought,  
Great wood in haste about the place they brought,  
The bulwark wan these men of arms bright,  
To the barmkin laid timber upon hight,  
Then bow-men shot, to keep from that cast,  
But they about had fastned fire full fast:  
VVomen and bairns on VWallace loud can cry!  
On knees they fell, and asked him mercy.  
At one quarter where fire had not yet tane.  
They took them out of that castle of stane,  
Syn bet the fire with brands brim and bold,  
The red flame rose full high about that hold.  
Barrels of pick for fence were hanged there,  
All strake in fire, their mischief was the mair,  
VVhen the brim fire out over the place was past,  
Then they within might neither shoot nor cast;  
Also bestail of neat and horse within,  
Amongst the fire they made an hideous din.  
The armed men in harnels were so heat,  
Some down to ground dushed but more debate.  
Some lay, some fell into the fellon fire,  
Smored to dead, and burnt up bone and lyre.  
The fire brake in at all opens about,  
None bade aloft, so fellon was the doubt;  
Febew himself lap rudely from the hight,  
Through all the fire, can on the barmkin light:  
With a good sword Wallace strake off his head,  
Jop hint it up, and thrust it from that stead.  
Five hundred men that were into that place,  
Got none away, but dead withoutten grace.  
Wallace bade still with his power that night:  
Upon the morn, the fire had failed might,  
Before the gate where it had burnt on breed,  
A path they made, and to the castle yeed,  
Strake down the gate, and took what they might win,  
Jewels and gold, great riches was therein.  
Spoiled the place and left nought else there,  
But beasts, burnt bodies, and als walls bare.  
Then took they her that wife was to Febew,



Gave her command, as she was woman true,  
 To turse that head to London to king Edward,  
 She it received with great sorrow in heart.  
 Wallace himself these charges to her gave,  
 Say to your king, but if I battel have.  
 At London gates ye shall assaily fair,  
 In this month we think for to be there.  
 Trust in the truth, will God we shall not fail.  
 Unless I cease through charge of our counsel,  
 The south-west part of England we shall see,  
 But he seek peace, or else bargain with me;  
 Upon a time he charged me on this wise,  
 Right boustefully to make to him service,  
 Such shall he have, as he us cause hath made.  
 Then moved they withoutten more abade,  
 Delivered she was from this chevalrie.  
 Toward London she dight her earnestlie:  
 Unto the town but more process she went,  
 Where Edward lay, fore moved in his intent:  
 His nevoys head, when he saw it was brought,  
 So great sorrow sadly upon him fought,  
 With great unease upon his feet he stood,  
 Weeping in wo for his dear tender blood.  
 The counsel rose, and prayed him to cease,  
 We lose England, but if we purchase peace:  
 Then Woodstock said, this is my best counsel,  
 Take peace in time, as for your own avail:  
 Ere ye tyme more, we flake of our courage,  
 After ye may get help of our barnage.  
 The king granted, and bade them message send,  
 No man was there that durst to Wallace wend.  
 The queen appeared, and saw this great distance:  
 Well born she was of the right blood of France.  
 She trowed well therefore to speed the mair,  
 Herself purposed in that message to fare.  
 Als she forthought that the king took on hand,  
 Against the right so oft to reave Scotland,  
 And feil men said, the vengeance hapned fair,  
 Of great murther his men made into Aire,  
 Thus deemed they in counsel them amang,  
 To this effect the queen bowned to gang,

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When she had seen each man forsake this thing,  
On knees she fell, and asked at the king :  
Sovereign, she said, If it your wills be,  
That I desire yon chistain for to see :  
For he is known, both worthy, wise and true ;  
Perchance he would rather on women rue,  
Than on your men, they have done him such dear ;  
When he them sees it moves him ay to wear.  
It may not skaith, although I do not vail,  
To help this land, I would make my travel.  
The Lords all of her desire was fain,  
Unto the king made instance into plain,  
That she might pass. The king with ackward will,  
Half into yre he gave consent theretil.  
Some of them said, the queen loved Wallace,  
For the great voice of his high nobleness,  
An hardy man that is seemly withal,  
Great favour will of fortune to him fall,  
Anent women is seen in many place.  
So happned now in this time of Wallace.  
In his rising he was a lover true,  
And choosed one, but Englishmen her slew.  
Yet said they nought, the queen woud on her take,  
As for his love such travel for to make.  
Now love or leave, or for help of their land,  
I make rehearse, as I in old writ fand.  
She graithed her upon a goodly wise,  
With gold and gear, and gold at her devise.  
Ladies with her, none other would they send,  
And old priests, that well the country kend.  
Leave I the queen to message ready dight,  
And speak further of Wallace travels right.  
The worthy Scots amongst their enemies rade,  
Destruction great upon them have they made,  
Wasted the land about on either side :  
No war-men then durit in their ways abide.  
They ransomed none, but to the death them dight,  
In many stead many fire broad and bright.  
The host was glad, and in a good estate,  
No power was that would make them debate.  
Great riches wan of gold and gear theretil,  
Leaving enough to take at their own will.

### The Eighth Book

In awful fear they travelled through the land,  
 Made biggings bare that they before them fand,  
 Great barmkins brake of steads stark and strong,  
 These wight war men of travel thought not long,  
 South in the land right earnestly they fought,  
 To St. Albans, but harm there did they nought.  
 The Prior sent them wine and venison,  
 Refresh'd the host, with great food and fusion.  
 The night appear'd when they were at that place,  
 Then harboured they from thence a little space,  
 Chused a stead where they should bide all night,  
 Tents on ground, and pavilions proudly pight,  
 Into a vale beside a river fair,  
 On either side where wild beasts made repair.  
 Set watches out, that wisely could them keep,  
 To supper went, and timeously could sleep,  
 Of meat and drink they have sufficiency.  
 The night was short, overdrave the dreadful chance.

#### C H A P. V.

How the queen of England came and spake with  
 VVallace.

**T**He merry day sprang up from the Orient,  
 VVith beams bright illuminate the occident,  
 After Titan Phoebus upraised fair,  
 High in his sphere the signs made declare.  
 Zephyrus began his mighty morrow course,  
 The sweet vapour did from the ground resource,  
 The dork dew from the heaven down did vail,  
 In every meid, both firth, forrest and dail,  
 The fresh river amongst the rocks rang,  
 Through green branches where birds blythly sang  
 VVith joyous voice in heavenly harmony :  
 Then VVallace thought it was no time to ly ;  
 He blessed him, then suddenly up he rose  
 To take the air, out of his tent he goes.  
 Mr. John Blair was ready hastily,  
 To God's service bowed right reverently.  
 VVhen that was done, VVallace coud him array  
 In his armour, which was both good and gay.  
 His shining shield that birnisht was full been,  
 His leg harness that clasped was full clean ;

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Pullanes gries he clasped on full fast :  
A clofs birney with many sicker fast :  
Breast plate, braiffes, that worthy were in wear,  
Beside him forth Jop could his basnet bear :  
His glittering gloves graven on either side,  
He seemed well in battel for to bide.  
A good girdle, and then a burely brand,  
A staff of steel he gripped in his hand,  
The host him blessed, and prayed God of his grace,  
Him to convoy from all mistempered case.  
Adam Wallace and Boyd forth with him yeed,  
End-long a river, out through a forrest meid :  
And as they walked out over the fields green,  
Out of the south they saw where that the queen,  
Towards the host came riding soberly,  
Fifty Ladies were in her company,  
Wailed of wit, and deemed of renown,  
Some widows were, and some of religion.  
And seven priests that were entred in age :  
Wallace to such did never great outrage,  
But if to him they made a great offence :  
Thus they approached on toward their presence  
At the pavilion where they the lion saw,  
To ground they light, and then on knees they faw,  
Praying for peace, they cry with piteous chear.  
Earl Malcom said, our chiftain is not here.  
He bade her rise, and said, it was not right,  
A queen on knees to bow to lower wight.  
Up by the hand the earl bath her tane,  
Out over they went, to Wallace have they gane,  
When she him saw, she would have kneeled down,  
In arms soon he caught this queen with crown,  
And kissed her withoutten words more,  
So did he never to no Sutherland before.  
Madam, he said, right welcom met ye be :  
How pleased you our hoasting for to see ?  
Right well, she said, of friendship have we need;  
God grant ye will our errand for to speed.  
Suffer we must, suppose it like us ill,  
But trust us well, it is contrair our will,  
Ye shall remain, with this Lord I must gang,

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From your presence we shall not tarry lang.  
 The earl and he into the pavilion yeed,  
 With good advice to deem more of this deed.  
 The counsel soon Wallace gart call them to :  
 Lords, he said, ye wot not what is ado.  
 Of their coming myself hath no pleasance,  
 And therefore must we work with ordinance  
 Women may become tempting into wear,  
 Amongst fools that cannot them forbear :  
 I say not this by these, or by the queen.  
 I trow it be not good that she should mean.  
 Example take of long time passed by,  
 At Runsevail the treason was plainly,  
 By women made that Canzeton with him brought,  
 And Turkie wins forbear then could they nought,  
 Long use in war gart them desire their will,  
 Which brought king Charles to fellon loss and ill,  
 The flower of France without redemption.  
 Through that foul deed was brought to confuson.  
 Command your men therefore in private wise,  
 On pain of life they work not on such guise.  
 None speak with them but wise men of great vail,  
 That lords are, and sworn to this counsel,  
 His charge they did as goodly as they mought,  
 This ordinance through all the host was wrought,  
 He and the earl both to the queen they went,  
 Received her fair, and brought her to the tent.  
 To dinner bowned as goodly as they can,  
 And served was with many likely man.  
 Good purveyance the queen had with her brought,  
 An assay she took of all that good her thought.  
 Wallace perceived, and said, we have no dread.  
 I cannot trow that ladies will do that deed,  
 To poyson men, all England for to win.  
 The queen answered, if poyson be therein.  
 Of any thing that is brought here with me,  
 Upon myself first sorrow ye shall see.  
 Soon after meat a marshel gart all absent,  
 But lords, and they to the counsel that went :  
 Ladies appeared in presence with the queen.  
 Wallace asked, what her coming might mean ?  
 For peace, she said, that we have to you sought : This

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This burning war in bail hath many brought.  
Ye grant us grace, for him that died on tree.  
Wallace answered, madam, that may not be,  
England hath done great harms unto us,  
We may not pass, and lightly leave it thus.  
Yea, said the queen for christian folk we are.  
For Gods sake, since we do desire no mair,  
We ought have peace. He said, that we deny,  
The perfect cause then shall I say for why:  
You seek no peace, but for your own avail,  
When that your king, Scotland had gripped hail,  
For no kin thing that he before him fand,  
He would not thole the right blood in the land,  
But rest their tent, then put themselves to dead:  
Ransom of gold might make us no remead:  
His feil false war shall on himself be seen.  
Then soberly to him answered the queen,  
Of these wrongs amends were most fair.  
Madam, he said, of him we ask no mair.  
But that he would bide us into battel,  
And God be judge, he knows the matter hail.  
Such thing, she said, it were not good, think me:  
Peace now were best, if it might purchast be,  
Would ye grant peace, and trews with us to take,  
Through all England we shall gar prayers make,  
For you and them, that in the war were lost:  
Then Wallace said, where such cometh thro' boast,  
Prayer of force where so that it be wrought,  
To us helps either little, or else nought.  
Warely she said, thus wise men hath us kend,  
Ay after wars, peace is the final end,  
Wherefore ye should of your great malice cease:  
The end of wars, is charity and peace.  
Peace is in heaven with blis and stedfastness.  
We shall beseech the Lord of his hie grace,  
To command peace, then may we do no mair:  
Madam, he said, ere your prayers come there,  
Mends of England we think then for to have,  
What set ye thus on wars for to save,  
From violent wars that ye think not to dwell:  
Madam, he said, the truth I shall you tell:

After

After the death of Alexander's reign,  
 Our land three years stood desolate, but king  
 Keaped full well at concord in good state,  
 Through two that claimed, there happned great de-  
 So earnestly accord them not they can, (bate,  
 Your king they asked to be their overs man,  
 Sliely he stay'd in strengths of Scotland,  
 The kingrick then he took at his own hand :  
 He made a king against the righteous law,  
 For he of him should hold the region aw ;  
 Contrair his band were all the whole barnage,  
 For Scotland yet was never in thrilage,  
 Great Julius that tribute took of all,  
 His winning was of Scotland but right small ;  
 Then your false king under colour but mair,  
 Through band he made to Bruce that is our heir.  
 Undid that king which he before had made,  
 Through all Scotland with great power they rade,  
 To Bruce since-syne they kepted no cunnand  
 He said, he would not go to conquish land  
 To other men, and thus the case besel :  
 Then Scotland through he demanded himsel :  
 Slew our elders, great pity is to see :  
 In prision then long time they kepted me :  
 While I at last was casten out for dead.  
 Thanked be God, he sent me some remead,  
 Venged to be, I proved all my might.  
 Feil of that kin to death since I have dight.  
 The rage of youth gart me desire a wife.  
 That rewed I fore, and will do all my life,  
 A traitour knight but mercy gart her die,  
 One Hefilrig, but for despise of me :  
 Then range I forth in travail, wars and pain,  
 While we redeemed part of our land again,  
 Then our counsel desired of us a trew,  
 Which made Scotland full graithful for to rew,  
 Into that peace they set a subtile Aire,  
 Then eighteen score to death they hanged there,  
 That nobles were, and worthy of renown,  
 Of coat armour the eldest iu that region.  
 The woman als that dolefully was dight,  
 That death me think to venge in all our might :

Out

Out of my mind that death will never slide,  
Will God me take from this false world so wide,  
On Sutheron then I can no pity have,  
Your men in wars I never think to save.  
The bright tears, was pity to behold,  
Burst from his eyes, when he his tale had told.  
The Queen weeped for pity of Wallace.  
Alace, she said, wo worth the wicked case :  
In cursed time that Hefilrig was born,  
Many worthy through his dead are forlorn.  
He should have pain that causseles such one sleugh,  
England since then hath bought it dear enough,  
Though she had been a queen, or a princess,  
Madam, he said, as God gave me good grace,  
Princess or queen, of what state so they be,  
Into her time she was as dear to me.  
Wallace, she said, of this talk we will cease,  
The mends thereof is good prayer and peace.  
I grant, he said, of me is now no mair,  
This is right nought, but eeking of my care,  
The queen found well, language her nothing hate,  
She trowed with gold that he might be overset.  
Three thousand pound of finest gold so red,  
She gart be brought to Wallace in that stead.  
Madam, he said, no such tribute we crave,  
An other mends we would of England have,  
Ere we return from this region again,  
Of your fierce blood that hath our elders slain.  
For all the gold and riches of your reign,  
Ye get no peace, but desire of your king.  
When she saw well gold might her not relieve,  
Some part in sport she thought him for to prieve :  
Wallace, she said, ye are cleeped my love :  
More abundantly I made me for to prove,  
Trusting therefore your rancour for to slake,  
Methink ye should do something for my sake.  
Right wisely he made answer to the queen,  
Madam, he said, if verity were seen,  
That ye me loved, I ought love you again :  
These words are all for nothing but in vain :  
In speech of love, subtile ye Sutheron are :



Ye can us mock, suppose we get no mair :  
 To take a liking, and then get no pleasance,  
 Such love as that, is nothing to advance.  
 In London, she said, for you I suffered blame,  
 Our counsel als will laugh when I come hame ;  
 So may they say, women are fierce of thought,  
 To seeek friendship, and then can get right nought.  
 Madam, ye wot, how ye were hither send,  
 Ye trow we have but little for to spend,  
 First with your gold, for ye are rich, I wish,  
 Ye would us blind, since Scots are so nice.  
 Then pleasant words of you and ladies fair,  
 As who would drive the bird into a snare,  
 With a whiffel-pipe, for it will freshest call ;  
 Madam, as yet, ye may not tempt us all.  
 Great part of good is left amongst our kin,  
 In England als we find enough to win.  
 Abased she was to make answer him till ;  
 Dear sir, she said, since that it is your will,  
 Wars, or peace, what that you liketh best,  
 Let your hie wit and good counsel digest,  
 Madam, he said, now shall ye understand  
 The reason why, that I will make no band :  
 With your ladies I cannot trews bind ;  
 For your false king will soon hereafter find,  
 When he saw time, to break it at his will,  
 And plainly say, he granted not theretil.  
 Then had we none but ladies to reprove.  
 That shall not be by God that sits above.  
 Upon woman I will no wars begin.  
 Of you in field no worship is to win.  
 All the whole peace on himself he shall take,  
 Of peace, or wars, what we happen to make.  
 The queen granted this answer sufficient.  
 So did the rest in plain that were present.  
 His deliverance they held of great avail,  
 And strong enough to shew to their counsel.  
 Wo was the queen her travel helped nought,  
 The gold she took that they had with her brought,  
 Unto the host right freely she it gave,  
 To every man that liked for to have,  
 Minstrels and heraulds she gave abundantly,

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Befeeching them, her friends that they would be.  
When Wallace saw the freedom of the queen,  
Sadly he said, the sooth well hath been seen,  
Women may tempt the wisest hath been wrought,  
Your great gentrice it shall not be for nought :  
We you assure, our host shall do nothing,  
While time you may send message from the king :  
If it be so that he accord, and we  
Then for your sake, it shall the better be.  
Your heraulds als, shall safely come and go,  
For your freedom we shall trouble no mo,  
She thanked him of his grant many syle,  
And all her ladies on a goodly wise,  
Gladly they drank, the queen and good Wallace,  
Her ladies als, and good lords in that place.  
Her leave she took for out-longer abade.  
Five miles that night south to a nunry rade,  
Upon the morn to London passed they,  
In Westminster where that the counsel lay.  
It needs not here now more rehearse this thing.  
Wallace answer she gart show to the king.  
The great commend she then to Wallace gave  
Before the king in presence of the lave,  
The true Scots it should greatly applease,  
Though Englishmen thereof had little ease.  
Of worship, wit, manhood and governance,  
Of freedom, truth key of remembrance,  
She called him thereinto their presence,  
Through contrare them he stood at his defence :  
So chistain-like, she says as he is seen,  
Into England, I trow, hath never been.  
Would ye of gold give him this realms rent,  
Fra honour he will not turn his intent.  
Assured ye are, while ye may message make,  
Of wise lords some part I reed you take,  
To purchase peace withoutten words more,  
For all England may rue this raid full fore.  
Your heraulds als to pass to him hath leave,  
In all the host there shall no man them grieve.  
Then thanked they the queen for her travel,  
The king and lords that were of his counsel,  
Of her answer the king appeased was. Then

Then three great lords they ordained to pass.  
 Their counsel whole hath found it for the best,  
 Trews to take, or else they got no rest.  
 An Herald went in all the haste he may,  
 To Avene well where that the Scots lay,  
 Conduct to have, till they had said their will,  
 The counsel soon a conduct sent them till,  
 Again he past with soverance to the king.  
 Then choosed they three lords for this same thing.  
 Then keen Clifford, that then was warden hail,  
 Bewmont and Woodstock all men of meikle vail.  
 What these three wrought the rest should stand there-  
 The kings self hath given them at their will. (till  
 Soon they were brought to speaking with Wallace,  
 Woodstock then shewed forth many subtil case.  
 Wallace hath heard their sophisms every deal :  
 As yet, he said, me think we mean but well.  
 In wrong ye hold, and doth us great utrage,  
 Of houses part which are our heritage.  
 Out of this piece in plain I make them known,  
 Them for to win, since that they are our own,  
 Roxburgh, Berwick, that ours long time hath been,  
 Into the hands of king Edward I ween.  
 We ask here als by virtue of his band,  
 Our own young king by wrong led from Scotland  
 We shall have them withoutten words mair.  
 To his desire the lords they granted there,  
 Right at his will they have consented hail :  
 For no kin thing the peace they would not fail,  
 The young Randal that then in London was.  
 The lord of Lorn in this band he can ask.  
 The earl of Buchan, but then in tender age.  
 After he grew a man of great vessalage.  
 Cumming and Souls he gart deliver als,  
 Which after was to king Robert full false.  
 Vallange fled over, and durst not bide that mute,  
 In Picardie to ask him was no bute.  
 But he would rather have had that false knight,  
 Than a thousand of finest gold so bright.  
 The Bruce he asked, but he was had away,  
 Before that time to Calice many a day,

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King Edward proved that they might not him get,  
Of Gloucester his uncle had him set,  
That Calice had whole into his keeping.  
Wallace that time got not his righteous king.  
The earl Patrick als from London they send,  
With Wallace to go, as well before is kend.  
Of this matter, and final governance,  
To king Edward he gave up his ledgeance,  
And took to hold of Scotland evernair :  
With full glad heart Wallace received him there.  
They honoured him right reverently as lord,  
The Scots were all rejoiced at that concord.  
An hundred horse with young lords of renown,  
To Wallace came, all freed of that prison.  
Under his seal king Edward then gart send,  
For to give over, and make a final end,  
Roxburgh, Berwick, which were of meikle vail,  
To Scottishmen, and all the bounds hail.  
For five years trews they promised by their band,  
Then Wallace said, we will pass near Scotland,  
Ere ought be sealed, and therefore make us boun,  
Again we will beside Northallartoun,  
Where king Edward first battel heght to me :  
As we began, there shall it ended be.  
Greet well the queen, he charged the message,  
It is for her that we left our voyage.  
A day he set when he should meet him there,  
And seal the peace, withoutten process mair,  
Upon the morn the host but more advise,  
Tranosted north upon a goodly wise.  
To set the tryst that Wallace had them made.  
The English message came but more abade,  
They sealed the peace, without longer delay :  
The message then upon the second day  
To London went in all the haste they can.  
The worthy Scots with many likly man,  
To Bamburgh came, with all their power hail,  
Sixty thousand, all Scots of great avail.  
Ten days before all hollow even they sure,  
On lambmas day they lighted on Carham mure.  
There lodged they with pleasure as they mought.



While on the morn their priest to them then brought  
 In Carham kirk, and seized in his hand  
 Roxburgh keys as they had made cunnand,  
 And Berwick als, which Englishmen had lang,  
 They freed the folk in England for to gang;  
 For their lives ished of either place,  
 They durst not well bide reckoning with Wallace.  
 Captain he made in Berwick of renown,  
 That worthy was, good Cristel of Setoun.  
 Keeper he made to Roxburgh castle wight,  
 Sir John Ramley, a wife and worthy knight,  
 Then Wallace self with earl Patrick in plain.  
 To Dunbar rode, and restored him again  
 In his castle, and als his heritage,  
 With the consent of all the whole barnage,  
 When Wallace was agreed with his lord,  
 To rule the realm, he made him goodly ford,  
 Scotland out over from Ross to Sulway sand,  
 He rode it thrice, and stated all the land.  
 In the Lennox a while he made repair,  
 Sir John Monteith a while was captain there,  
 Als twice before he had his gossip been,  
 But no friendship betwixt them then was seen.  
 Two month still he dwelt in Dumbartane,  
 An house he founded upon a rock of stane,  
 Men left he there to build it to the hight,  
 Then to the March again he rode right.  
 Into Roxburgh they chused him a place,  
 A good tower there he gart build in short space,  
 The kingdom stood in good worship and ease,  
 Was none so great durst his neighbour displease.  
 The able ground gart labour thriftily,  
 Victual and fruit there grew abundantly.  
 Was never before since this was called Scotland,  
 Such wealth and peace both at once in the land.  
 He sent Jop twice to Bruce of Huntingtown  
 Beseeching him to come and take the crown,  
 Counsel he took at false Saxons, alace,  
 He had never hap in life to get Wallace.  
 Three years as thus the realm stood in good peace,  
 Of this saying me worth is for to cease,

And

And further forth of Wallace will I tell,  
Into his life what adventure yet besel.

Here endeth the first conquest of Scotland.

### The Ninth B O O K.

#### C H A P. I.

How Wallace past into France.

**A** Royal king then reigned into France,  
Great brute he heard of Wallace governance,  
The prowess, pryses, and of his worthy deed,  
Als forward fair commaped of manhood.  
Both humble, truth, and proved well of prife,  
Of honour, truth, and void of covetice,  
That noble king reigned in royalty,  
Had great desire this Wallace for to see,  
And knew right well shortly to understand,  
The great surprise and overset of England,  
He marvelled als of Wallace small power,  
That but a king took such a realm to steir.  
Against England, and gart their malice cease,  
Till they desired with good to take peace.  
And right anon an herauld he gart call,  
In short terms he hath rehearsed all,  
Of his intent compleated to an end,  
Then in Scotland he bade him he should wend :  
And he wrot right with very great honour,  
To William Wallace as a conqueror.

O loved Leed, with worship wife and wight,  
Through very help in holding of thy right :  
Through right rescuing of thy native land,  
With God's grace against thy foes to stand,  
In defence, helper of thy righteous blood.  
O worthy birth, and blessed be thy food,  
As it is red and prophesie beforn ;  
An happy time for Scotland thou wast born ;  
I thee beseech with all humilitie,  
My close Letter thou would conceive and see,  
As your brother, a Christen King of France,  
To the bearer ye hear and give credence.  
The Herauld him bowned, and to the ship is gone,  
In Scotland soon he comes unto one.

In every stead where he presumed there,  
So on a day he found him into Aire,  
In good effear, and manlike company.  
The herauld then with honour reverently,  
Hath salust him upon a goodly manner ;  
And he again with humble homely chear,  
Received him into right goodly wise.  
The herauld then with worship to devise,  
Betook to him the kings writting of France.  
Wallace on knee with lowly obeysance,  
Right reverently for the worship of Scotland,  
When he it read, and had it understand,  
At this herauld he asked his credence,  
With asper speech and manly countenance ;  
And he him told, as I have said before,  
The kings desire, what needs words more,  
The hie honour, and the great nobleness,  
Of your manhood, well known to many place,  
He likes als well your worship to advance,  
As ye were born a leige man of France.  
Since his region is flour of realms seen,  
Als the great band of kindness you between ;  
And since the realm stands in such safety,  
It were worship his presence for to see.  
Wallace conceived withoutten tarrying,  
The great desire of this most noble king ;  
Then to him said, so God of heaven me save,  
Hereafter soon an answer ye shall have,  
Of your desire that you have shewn me till ;  
Welcome ye are with a free hearty will.  
The herauld bode unto the twenty day,  
With Wallace still, in good welfare and play,  
Consumed the time with worship and pleasance,  
By good advice made his deliverance.  
With his own hand he wrote unto the king,  
All his intent as touching to this thing.  
Right rich reward he gave the herauld to,  
And him convoyed when he had leave to go,  
Out of the town with goodly company,  
His leave he took, and went into the sea ;  
His purpose was to see the king of France,

Good

Good Wallace then hath made his purveyance,  
Nearest but wear to St. Johnstoun could fare,  
A counsell then he bad gart ordain there ;  
Into his stead choosed a governour,  
To keep the land, a man of great honour,  
James good lord the Steward of Scotland,  
Which father was, as stories bears on hand,  
To good Walter, which was of high parage,  
Majory Bruce then got in marriage.  
Thereof as now, to speak I have no space,  
It is well known, thanked be God's grace,  
And to the herauld withoutten residence,  
How he appeared unto the kings presence ;  
From the Rochel the land soon hath he tane,  
Out over the land he graithed him to gaine.  
Seeking the king as goodly as he may :  
So to the court he passed on a day,  
To Paris went, as peerless of renown,  
This king that time held Wallace in that town,  
When he him saw, hath graithly understand,  
He spiered tidings; the welfare of Scotland.  
The herauld said unto these terms short,  
That all was good, he had the more comfort,  
Saw thou Wallace, the chiftain of that land ?  
And he said, yea that dare I take on hand,  
A worthier wight this day is living none,  
In way of war als far as I have gone.  
The hie worship, and the great nobleness,  
The good welfare, pleasance and worthiness ;  
The rich reward was worthy for to see,  
That for your sake he kythed upon me.  
And his answer in write he hath you sent,  
The king received it with a good intent.  
O royal Roy, and righteous crowned king,  
Renowned of nobleness and virtuous most condign,  
Ye know this well by other mo than me,  
How that our realm stands in perplexitie,  
The fierce nation that we are neighbours to,  
When it pleaseth them, they make us ay ado ;  
No band may be made of such sufficiency,  
But ay in it they find a variance.



To wait a time will God that I may be,  
 Within a year I will your presence see,  
 Of this answer well pleased was the King,  
 Leave I them thus in royalty to reign,  
 And glad comfort, right as I have you told,  
 Of Wallace forth I will my purpose hold.

## C H A P. II.

How Wallace past into France, and fought with the  
 Red-river, and vanquished him.

**I**Nto April the one and twenty day,  
 The Kalends changed. as we use to say,  
 The lusty time of Mays fresh coming,  
 Celestial great blythness in to bring.  
 Principal moneth forsooth it may be seen,  
 The heavenly hue's upon the tender green :  
 When old Saturn his cloudy course hath gone,  
 The which hath been both birds and beasts bone,  
 Zephirus also with his sweet vapour,  
 He comfort hath by working of dam Natyre,  
 All fructuous thing into the earth aboun,  
 That ruled is under the hie region.  
 Sober Luna in following of the sea,  
 When bright Phebus into his chemies hie,  
 The Bulls course so taken hath his place,  
 And Jupiter was into Crabes face :  
 When Aries the hot sign cholerik,  
 Into the Ram which hath his rowms rike :  
 Thetis had his place and his mansion,  
 In Capricornus the sign of the Lion,  
 Gentle Jupiter with his mild ordinance,  
 Both herb and tree converts into pleasance :  
 And fresh Flora her flowry mantle spred  
 In every vale, both houp hill and meid :  
 In this same time, for this mine Author says,  
 Wallace to pass of Scotland took his ways,  
 By short advice he shop him to the sea,  
 And fifty men took in his company.  
 He let no word then walk of his passage,  
 Or Englishmen had stopped his voyage,  
 Nor took no leave at Lords of Parliament  
 He wist full well they would not all consent, .To

To suffer him out of the Land to go,  
For they anone without witting of nro,  
He gart forsee, and ordain well the ship,  
And these were they past in his fellowship,  
Two Wallaces was his kinsmen full hear,  
Crawfurd, Cleland, to him were holden dear,  
At Kirkcudbright he ordained his passage,  
Seamen he set, and gave them goodly wage :  
A good new barge right worthily wrought for wear  
They wanted not of wine. victual, nor gear.  
Wot ye they were a goodly company  
Of wailed men had wrought full hardily :  
Bon-allies drank right gladly on the morrow,  
Then leave they took, and with great God to borrow  
Boats were shot forth, and from the Land they sent,  
With glad hearts at once in they went,  
Unto the ship they rowed hastily,  
The sea-men then working full earnestly.  
Ankers wand in wisely on either side,  
Their leads cast out, and waited well the tide ;  
Let sails fall, and took their course anone,  
A goodly wind out of the right airth came :  
Freiks on forresten ruled well their gear :  
Leads on leiburd, with a lordly fear.  
Lines laid out, to look their passage found.  
VVith full sail from Scotland forth they found,  
Sailed whole over the day and als the night :  
Upon the morn when that the Sun shined bright  
Their ship-master unto the top he went,  
South-east he saw that troubled his intent,  
Sixteen sails all arrayed on a raw,  
In colour red, that toward them could draw,  
The glittering Sun upon them shewed bright,  
The sea about illuminate with the light.  
The man's spirit was in an extasie,  
Down he went soon, and said right sorrowfullie :  
Alas, alas, that ever I was born,  
VVithout remead our lives are all forlorn.  
In cursed time I took this cure on hand,  
The best Chiftain, and rescue of Scotland,  
Over recklessly I have tane upon me,

With weak power to bring him through the sea,  
 It forced nought, would God I were torment.  
 So Wallace might with worship scape unshent,  
 When Wallace saw, and heard this mans moan,  
 To comfort him with good will is he gone.  
 Master, he said, what hath annoyed thee;  
 Not for my self, this man said piteouslie:  
 But of one thing I dare well undertain,  
 Though all were here the ships of broad Britain,  
 Part should we lose, except fortune had sworn,  
 The best war-men in sea is us befor,  
 Living this day, and king is of the sea.  
 Wallace soon spiered, wots thou what he may be;  
 The Red-reaver they call him in his stile:  
 That I him saw, O cursed be the while:  
 For mine own life I would no mourning make:  
 Is no man born that yon tyrant will take.  
 He saveth none for gold, nor other good,  
 But slays and drowns all derfly in the flood.  
 He gets no grace though he were king or knight  
 This sixteen years he hath done great unright.  
 The Power is so strong he hath to steir,  
 May none escape that comes in his danger.  
 Would ye him bood, no boot is to begin,  
 The lowest ship that is his flot within:  
 My self is done unto the doleful dead.  
 Then Wallace said, since thou cannot remead:  
 Tell me his feir, and how I shall him know,  
 What is his use, and then go lodge thee low.  
 The ship-man said, full well ye may him ken,  
 By graith tokens, full clearly by his men.  
 His coat armour is seen in many stead,  
 All battel bown, and raiment all of red.  
 This foremast ship that pursues us so fast,  
 Himself is in, and will not be agast:  
 He will you hail, when that they come you near,  
 Without tarry then make you strike and stier:  
 Himself will enter first full hardily.  
 These are the signs that you shall ken him by,  
 A bar of blew into his shining shield,  
 A bend of white desiring ay the field:  
 The red betokens blood and hardiment,

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The white courage, increaseth his intent :  
The blew he bears, for he is a christen man,  
Sadly him answered William Wallace then :  
Though he be christian, this is no christen deed  
Go under lost, the Lord God met us speed.  
Both ship-master, and the steirs-man also,  
Into the how but bade he gart them go :  
His fifty men withoutten longer rest,  
Wallace gart ray into their armour prest,  
Eight and forty on lost boord laid they low :  
William Crawford then to him can he caw,  
And said, thou canst some part of ship man fare,  
Thou hast been used in the town of Aire :  
I pray thee take this doctrine well of me,  
Look that thou stand straitly by the tree :  
When they bid streik, to service be thou bain :  
When I thee warn, draw up the sail again.  
Cleland cousin, come take the steir in hand,  
Here on the waill near by thee shall I stand,  
God guide our ship, as now I say no mair :  
The barge began with a full warlike fare,  
Himself on lost was with a drawn sword,  
And bade the steirs-man lay end-long the boord.  
On loud he cryed, strike dogs or ye shall die  
Crawford let down the sail a little wic.  
The captain soon lap in, and would not stint.  
Wallace hath him then by the garget hint.  
On the over lost, kest him where that he stood;  
While nose and mouth all rushed out of blood,  
A forged knife braithly he braided out,  
The war ships were lapped them about :  
The barge clipped, but they not fastned fast.  
Crawford drew sail, shot by, and off them past.  
The Reaver cryed with piteous voice so clear,  
Grace of his life, for him that bought us dear.  
Mercy, he cryed, for him that died on rood,  
Leisure to mend, I have spilt meikle blood,  
For my trespass I would make some remead.  
Many sakeless I have gart put to dead.  
Wallace wilt well though he to death was brought.  
From them to scape no ways might he nought,  
And of his life some rescue might he make :



A better purpose right soon then can he take,  
 And als he rewed, for his life had been ill.  
 In Latin tongue right thus he said him till :  
 I never took man that enemy was to me,  
 For God's sake, my live yet grant to me.  
 Both knife and sword he took from him anane,  
 Up by the hand as prisoner hath him tane,  
 Upon his sword sharply he gart him swear.  
 From that day forth he should him never dear.  
 Command thy men, said VVallace to our peace :  
 Their shot of guns that was not eith to ceas.  
 Their casting were awful on either side,  
 The Red-reaver commanded them to bide :  
 Held up a glove in token of the trew,  
 His men beheld, and well the senzie knew,  
 Left off their shot the sign when that they saw :  
 His greatest barge toward him can he caw.  
 Let be your war, these are friends at one :  
 I trow to God our warft hours are gone.  
 He asked VVallace, to do what was his will.  
 VVith short advice, right thus he said him till :  
 To the Rochel I would ye gart them sail,  
 For Englishmen we wot not what may ail.  
 He them commanded, withoutten words mair,  
 Turn sail and wind, toward the Rochel fare :  
 For there, will God, our purpose is to be :  
 Look well about for scurriours in the sea.  
 His charge they wrought in all the haste they can,  
 And Wallace desired to talk more with this man :  
 Wisely he spiered : in what land art thou born ?  
 In France, he said, and mine elders beforn :  
 And there we had some part of heritage,  
 Though fierce fortune hath brought me in a rage.  
 Wallace yet spiered: how came thou in this life ?  
 Forsooth, he said, but through a sudden strife,  
 So happned I into the Kings presence,  
 Over-restlessly to do a great offence ?  
 A worthy man of good kin and renown,  
 That through my deed was put to confusion,  
 Dead of one straike, what needs words more ;  
 All mends it nought, though I repent it fore.  
 Through friends of court I scaped of that place,

And never since could get the King's grace.  
Feil of our kin they gart for my sake die,  
From time I saw it might no better be  
But leave the Land, that me behoved no need :  
Upon a day to Burdeous I yeed,  
An English ship so got me on a night,  
For sea labour full earnestly us dight.  
To me assembled misdoers other mo,  
Within short time we multiplied so.  
Were few that might against our power gang,  
In tyranny thus have we reigned lang.  
These sixteen years I have been on the sea,  
And done great harm, therefore full wo is me :  
I saved none for gold nor great ransom,  
But slew and drowned in the sea all down,  
Favour I did to folk of sundry land,  
But Frenchmen no favour of me fand :  
They got no grace, so far as I might reign,  
Als on the sea I cleiped was a king.  
Now see I well that my fortune is went,  
Vanquish't with one that gart me fore repent.  
Who would have said this samine day at morn,  
I should with one this lightly down be born :  
In great haithing my men would it have tane,  
My self height als to have match'd any twane:  
But I have found the very plain contraire,  
Here I give over robbery for ever mair :  
In such misrule I shall never arrys bear,  
But if it be in honest use of wear.  
Now I have told part of my bliss and pain.  
For God's sake now some kindness shew again.  
Mine heart will break but I wot what ye be,  
Outragiously that hath rebuted me :  
For well I trow'd that living had been nane,  
By strength of force might me a prisoner tane :  
Except Wallace that hath redeemed Scotland,  
The best is called this day living of hand :  
Into his wars were worship for to wake,  
Into this world I trow he hath no make.  
Wallace smiled, and said, Friend it may be,  
Scotland had need of many such as thee.  
What is thy name ? tell me so have thou feil, For

Forsooth, he said, Thomas of Longoviel,  
 Well broke thou it, so endeth all our strife,  
 Shape to please God, in mending of thy life :  
 Thy faithful friend, myself thinks for to be,  
 And als my name I shall soon tell to thee ;  
 For chance of war thou shouldst no mourning make,  
 As weired will work thy fortune must thou take :  
 I am that man that thou advancest hie,  
 And but short time since I came to the sea,  
 Of Scotland born, my right name is Wallace.  
 On knee he fell, and thanked God of grace ?  
 I dare avow that yelden is mine hand,  
 To the best man this day that is livand,  
 Forsooth, he said, this pleaseth me meikle more,  
 Then of florins ye gave me sixty score.  
 Then Wallace said, thou art now here thro' chance,  
 My purpose is to pass now into France.  
 Unto the king, since I am boun to pass :  
 To my reward thy peace I think to ask.  
 Peace I would have fain of my native king.  
 And no longer then in this realm to reign,  
 Than thou take leave to come from it again,  
 Into thy service I think for to remain.  
 Service he said, Thomas it may not be,  
 But good friendship, as I shall keep to thee,  
 Gart draw the wine, and each one merry made,  
 The ships by then were in the Rochel rade.

The red blasons, as they had born in wear,  
 The town was soon into a sudden fear :  
 The Red-reaver they said was at their hand.  
 Contare whose strength might none against him stand  
 Some ships fled, and some the land hath tane,  
 Clarions blew, and trumpets many ane,  
 When Wallace saw the people was on steir,  
 He gave command no ships should nearer pier,  
 But his own barge in their haven gart he draw,  
 The folk was glad when they the banner saw :  
 Full well they knew in gold the red lion,  
 Let up the port, received them in the town.  
 They scoverd him for all they had there brought  
 The red dave into the haven sought.

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On land then went where that them liked to pass,  
Right few wist there what Scottisshman Wallace was:  
But well they thought he was a goodly man,  
And honoured him with all the craft they can,  
Those four days Wallace remained there,  
These men he called when he was boun to fare,  
He them commanded upon that coast to bide,  
While he them fred, for chance that might betide.  
Bear you evenly, what good that ever ye spend,  
Live on your own while I you tidings send.  
Gar sell your ships, and make you men of peace,  
It were good time of wickedness to cease.  
Your captain shall pass to the king with me,  
Through help of God, I shall his warrant be.  
He gart graith him in sute with his own men,  
Was no man there that might well Thomas ken:  
Likely he was, manly of governance.  
Like to the Scots, by manly countenance,  
Save of his tongue, that Scots had he none.  
In latin well, it might have sufficed one.  
Thus past they on in all the haste they may,  
To Paris town they went upon a day:  
Tidings was brought of Wallace to the king,  
So great desire he had of no kin thing,  
As in that time while he had seen Wallace,  
To meet himself he waited upon case:  
In a garden where he gart them be brought  
To his presence, with manlike feir they fought.  
Two and fifty at once all kneeling down,  
And salust him as Roy of most renown,  
With ruled speech in so goodly advise,  
All France could no more nurture them devise,  
The queen had leave, and came in her effeir,  
For meikle she heard of Wallace deed in wear.  
What needs more of courtesie to tell?  
They kepted well that to the Scots besel,  
Of kings fare I dare make no rehearse,  
My feeble mind, my troubled sprite transverle,  
Of the rich service what needs words mair?  
Might none be found, but it was present there.  
Soon after meat the king to parlour went,

With



With goodly Lords, there Wallace was present,  
 Then communed they of many sundry thing,  
 To speak with him great desire had the king.  
 At him he spiered of wars the governance.  
 He answered him with manly countenance,  
 To every point, so far as he had feel,  
 In Latine tongue, right naturally and well.  
 The king conceived soon by his hie courage.  
 What war-men used by reis in their passage;  
 Into what mind the Red-reaver then was,  
 Marvel he had how he let Wallace pass.  
 To him he said, Ye are something to blame,  
 Ye might have sent with your Herauld from hame,  
 After power to bring you through the sea.  
 God thank you, Sir enough thereof had we:  
 Few men pass where they find no peril:  
 Right when may keep where none is to assail.  
 Wallace, he said, therefore marvel have I.  
 A tyrant reigns in yre full cruelly,  
 Upon the sea that great sorrow hath wrought:  
 Might we him get, it should not be for nought:  
 Born of this Land. a native man to me,  
 Therefore on us the greatest harm doth he.  
 Then Thomas quok, and changed countenance,  
 He heard the King his ill deeds disadvantage,  
 Wallace beheld, and senziet in a part,  
 Forsooth, he said, we found none in that airt.  
 That profered us any such unkindness,  
 By your leave, Sir, I speak in homliness:  
 Trow ye by sight ye could the Squyer know.  
 Full long it is since time that I him saw.  
 But these words of him are but in vain,  
 Ere he come here right good men will be slain,  
 Then Wallace said, here have I brought with me,  
 Of likely men that dwelt in our countne:  
 Which all of these would ye call him most like?  
 Amongst them blent this royal Roy most rike,  
 Vizied them well both stature and courage,  
 Manner makedoome, their fashion and visage.  
 Sadly he said, advised soberly,  
 That largest man which stands next you by.  
 Would I call him by makedoome to devise. These

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These are nothing but words of office.  
Before the king on knees fell good Wallace :  
O Royal Roy, of hie honour and grace,  
With waste words I will you not trouble,  
Now I will speak something for mine avail :  
Our barren Land hath been overset with war,  
By Saxons seed that doth us meikle dear.  
Slain our Elders, destroyed our righteous blood,  
Wasted our Land of gold and other good.  
And ye are here with might and royalty,  
Ear ye should have to our adversity,  
And us suport for kindness of the band  
Which is confirmed betwixt you and Scotland :  
Als I am here for your charge and pleasance,  
My life-lait is but honest chevissance,  
Flower of realms, forsooth is this Region,  
To my reward I would have great geurdon.  
Wallace, he said, ask what so ye would have,  
Good gold or land shall not be long to crave,  
Wallace answered, So ye grant it to me,  
What I would have, it shall soon chosen be.  
What ever ye ask that is in this Region,  
Ye shall it have, except my wife and crown,  
He thanked him of his great kindliness,  
All my reward shall be asked of grace,  
Peace to this man I brought with me through chance  
Here I quite claim all other gifts in France.  
This same is he, if that ye know him well,  
That ye of spake Thomas of Longoveil :  
By rigour ye desired he should be slain,  
I him restore unto your peace again :  
Receive him fair as sledge man of your land,  
The King marrvelled, and could in study stand,  
Perfectly he knew that it was Longoveil :  
He him forgave his trespass every deal.  
But for his sake that had him hither brought,  
For gold nor good, nor else he did it nought.  
Wallace, he said I had lever of good land,  
Ten thousand pound had seised in thine hand.  
That I have said, shall holden be in plain,  
Here I receive Thomas to peace again,  
Dearer to me than ever he was before,

All

All for your sakes; though it were meikle more,  
 But I would wit how this matter besel.  
 Wallace answered, the truth I shall you tell,  
 Then he rehearled what hapned on that day,  
 As ye before mine author hath heard say.  
 When the good king hath heard the sudden case,  
 Upon the sea before sight of Wallace :  
 The king him held right worthy to advance,  
 He saw in him manhood and governance,  
 So did the queen, and all the other lords.  
 Each wight of him great honour then records,  
 He purchast peace for all the power hail,  
 Fourteen hundred was left at the Rochel,  
 Gart cry them free true servants to the king,  
 And never again for fault into such thing,  
 When Thomas was restored to his right,  
 Of his own hand the king had made him knight.  
 After he gave state to his nearest heir,  
 And made himself with Wallace for to fare.  
 Thus he hath brought these men from reis thro' case  
 By sudden chance of him and wight Wallace,  
 Thus leave we them in worship and pleasance,  
 At liking still with the good king of France.

## C H A P. III.

How Wallace past into Guyen.

**T**Hese twenty days he lodged into rest,  
 So to remain, he thought it not the best  
 Still into peace he could not long endure?  
 For why? contrareous it was to his nature,  
 Right well he wist Englishmen occupyed  
 Guyen that time, therefore hath he espyed  
 Some jeopardie upon them for to make :  
 A goodly leave he at the king can take.  
 Of Frenchmen he none would with him call,  
 At that first time, for adventure might fall,  
 But sir Thomas that service could pursue,  
 He wist not well, if all the lave was true.  
 Of Scottishmen then sembled hastily,  
 Nine hundred soon of worthy chevalry,  
 In Guyen land full hastily can ride :  
 Raised fell fire, and watted winnings wide,

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Forts they brake, and stalwart biggings wan.  
Derfly to death brought many a Sutheron man.  
A warlike town so fand they in that land,  
With Schemen hight the Englishmen had in hand,  
Toward that stead still sadly Wallace fought,  
By any way assail it if he mought,  
Bargain to have, if he mought get them out.  
Great strength of wood their was that town about,  
The town stood als upon a water-side,  
Into a park that was both long and wide,  
They busked them well while passed was the night,  
When the sun rose four hundred men he dight:  
The lave he gart Crawford in bushment take,  
If they mistred a rescue for to make,  
Then Longoveil that ay was full of savage,  
With Wallace past as one to that skirmage,  
These four hundred that was full well arrayed,  
Before the town in plain battel displayed.  
It was not well then known in that countrie,  
The lion in gold that awful was to see;  
A forrey coast, and ceased meikle good:  
War-men within that wisely understood,  
Soon ished out the prey for to rescue,  
The worthy Scots feil Englishmen they slew:  
The lave for dead fled to the town again:  
The fourty took the prey, and passed in plain,  
Toward the park, but power of the town  
Ished out again in awful battel bown:  
A thousand whole of men in arms strang,  
Few bode within that might to arms gang.  
Then Wallace gart the forrayers leave the prey,  
Assembled soon into a good array,  
A cruel counter was at that meeting seen,  
Of the wight war-men into their armour sheen.  
Feil left their life upon the Sutheron side,  
But not for thy full boldly they abide,  
Of the Scots part then worthy men they slew:  
William Crawford that well the peril knew,  
Out of the park he gart the bushment pass,  
Into the field where feil men fighting was.  
At their entry they gart full many die,  
The Englishmen was wonder loath to fle

The



Full worthily they wrought into that place.  
 Bode never so few so long against Wallace,  
 With such power that day as he was there,  
 On either side, assailed wonder fair,  
 Into the stour so fellonly he wrought,  
 That worthy man derfly to death was brought :  
 With points pierced through plaits birnisht bright.  
 Wallace himself, and Sir Thomas the Knight,  
 Whom so they hit made never more debate,  
 The Sutheron part was handled there so hate,  
 Into that place they might no longer bide.  
 Out of the field with sore hearts they ride.  
 Unto the town they fled full hastily.  
 Wallace followed with his good chevalry  
 Fighting so fast into the thickest throng,  
 While in the town they entred them among.  
 With him Crawford and Longoveil the Knight,  
 And Richard a's Wallace his cusin right :  
 Fifteen they were of Scots company,  
 Thus hapned they amongst that great party.  
 A cruel porter got upon the wall,  
 Pulled out the pin, let the port-cuilzies fall,  
 The Englifhmen saw entred was no mo,  
 Upon the Scots fall hardily they go.  
 But to a wall they have their back set,  
 Sad straiks and sore boldly about them let :  
 Richard Wallace the turngreece well hath seen,  
 He followed fast upon the porter keen,  
 Upon the wall dead in a dyke him drave,  
 Got up the port, and let in all the lave,  
 When Wallace men had thus the entry wan.  
 Full great slaughter again they have begun :  
 They saved none upon the Sutheron side,  
 That weapons bare, and harness in that tide.  
 Women and bairns, the good they took them fra.  
 Then gave them leave in the rowm land to ga :  
 The Priests als that was not in the field.  
 Of aged men that might not weapons weild,  
 They slew none such, for Wallace charge it was,  
 But made them free in larges to pass.  
 Riches of gold they got in great plenty,

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Harnes and horse that might them well supply :  
With French folk plenisht the town again,  
On the tenth day the field they took in plain,  
The river down into the land they sought,  
On Sutheron men full great mastery they wrought,  
Then when true men to the King told this tale,  
Of French men he sembled a battel,  
Twenty thousand of true liedges of France,  
His brother them led was duke of Orleance :  
Through Guyen land in rayed battel rode,  
To follow Wallace, who made but little bode.  
For French supply to help them in their right,  
Near Burdeous ere they overtake him might.  
Good Wallace was there, and chosen hath a plain,  
For some men told that Burdeous with great main.  
Within short time thought battel for to give :  
But from they wist that French folk would relieve  
With great power for helping of Wallace,  
Other purpose they took into short space :  
In Picardie some message could they send,  
Of Wallace coming they have told to an end.  
Of Glocester captain of Calais was,  
The hardy Earl he made him for to pass  
In England soon, and then to London went,  
Of Wallace deeds he told in Parliament.  
Some plainly said, that Wallace brake the peace.  
Wise men said nay, and prayed them for to cease.  
Lord Beaumont said, He took but for Scotland,  
And not for France, that shall ye understand :  
If your Indentures speak of any mair,  
He hath done wrong, in sooth ye may declare.  
Woodstock answered, and said, Ye have spoken well,  
But contrare right that tale is every deal,  
If you be he that band for him and his,  
May no man say, but he hath done amiss :  
For principally he band with us the trew,  
And now again begins he malice new.  
Sir King, he said, if ever ye think to make  
On Scotland war on hand, now shall ye take.  
While he is out, or else it helps nought.  
As Woodstock said, the whole counsel hath wrought,  
Power

Power they raised in Scotland for to ride,  
 By land and sea, they would no longer bide.  
 Their land Host they rayed soon indeed,  
 Their vanguard took the hardy earl to lead,  
 Of Gloucester, that of war had great feil:  
 Of Longcastel the Earl governed well  
 The middle-ward, and to the sea they fend  
 Sir John Pfewart, that well the northland kend:  
 The knight Vallange before the host in rade,  
 And such a way with evil Scotsmen made  
 Many castles he gart soon yeelden be  
 To Englishmen withoutten more mellie,  
 Ere the best wist that it was war in plain,  
 Entred he was into Bothwel again.  
 Sir John Pfewart that came in by the sea,  
 Saint Johnstoun soon got through a jeopardie.  
 Dundie they took, and put Scotsmen to dead,  
 In Fyfe from them was not kepted a stead,  
 And all the south from Cheviot to the sea,  
 Into the west there might no succour be,  
 The worthy Lord that should have governed this,  
 God hath him tane to everlasting bliss.  
 True men him took, and could to Arran pass,  
 His son Walter that but a child yet was.  
 Adam Wallace that wist of no supplie,  
 To Rauchly went, and Linsay of Craigie,  
 Good Robert Boyd in Bute made residence,  
 For hasty deceit, they took them to defence,  
 Sir John the Graham in Dundaff might not byde,  
 Succour he sought to the forrest of Clyde.  
 The Knight Pfewart a Sheriff made in Fyfe,  
 Sir Aymer's brother, and gave for term of life.  
 These lands all that vallange had before,  
 Richard Lundie had grear dread through their shore.  
 He liked not for to come to their peace,  
 Therefore in Fyfe they would not let him cease.  
 To pass over Tay as then it might not be,  
 For Englishmen sore ruled that countrie.  
 Out of the land he stole away by night,  
 Eighteen with him that worthy were and wight:  
 And als his son that was of tender cild,  
 But after soon he could well weapons weild.

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At Stirviling bridge ere that the watch was set,  
There passed he the way withoutten let.  
To Dundaff mure Sir John the Graham he fought,  
A woman him told as then before was wrought.  
Unto a strength he went upon the morn,  
Lannark was tane with young Thomas of Thorn:  
Hay and Lundie they might no longer remain,  
By south Tinto to lodge they made in plain.  
Sir John the Graham got wit that they were there,  
To them he past withoutten process mair.  
Vallange gart bring from Carlyls carriage,  
To stuff Bothwel, both wine and good vernage.  
Lundie and Graham got wit of that vittail,  
Right suddenly they made them to assail.  
Fifty they were of noble chevalry,  
Against fourscore of English company,  
A Squyer then keepest the carriage,  
All Brankistnabaeit whole then was his Heritage,  
Lundie and Graham met with a Squyer wight.  
Feil Englishmen derfly to death he dight:  
Sixty were slain upon the Sutheron side,  
And five Scots, so boldly they abide:  
Great good they wan, both gold and other gear,  
Victual and horse, thus hapned in this wear,  
Since they have seen well long they might not lest  
Into the land, therefore they thought it best  
To seek some place in strength that they might bide  
The Sutheron folk had plenisht on each side:  
Lundies lodge they lest upon a night,  
Into the Lennox they past the way full right  
To Earl Malcom that keepest that country  
From Englishmen, through help of their supply.  
Seton and Lyle into the Base abade,  
For Englishmen so great mastery had made,  
That all the south they had into their hand.  
And Hew the Hay they sent into England.  
And other heirs to prison at their will.  
The Northland Lords saw none help came them till  
A squyer Guthrie amongst them ordained they,  
To warn Wallace in all the haste he may.  
Out of Aberbrothock he passed to the sea,

And



And at the Sluce landed full soon hath he.  
 In Flanders land no residence he made,  
 In France he past : but Wallace well abade  
 On his purpose at Guyen at the wear,  
 On Englishmen he had done meikle dear.  
 While good Guthrie had gotten his presence,  
 He hasted him fast, and made no residence.  
 He hath told him with Scotland how it stood.  
 Then Wallace said, These tydings are not good:  
 I had examples of time that is by worn.  
 Trews to bind with them that are mansworn :  
 But I as then could not think on such thing.  
 Because that we took peace with their false King.  
 By their Chancellor the other peace was bounden.  
 And that full sore our fore elders hath founden.  
 Under that trew they gart eighteen score die,  
 That noble were, the best in our country.  
 To the great God, my vow now here I make,  
 Peace with that King I think never to take.  
 He shall repent that he this wear began.  
 Thus moved he with many noble man  
 Unto the King, and told him his intent,  
 To let him pass, the King would not consent.  
 While Wallace there made promise by his hand,  
 If ever again he thought to leave Scotland,  
 To come to him, his great seal to him gave,  
 Of what lordship that he liked to have.  
 Thus at the King an heasty leave took he,  
 No man with him he brought from that countrie  
 But his own men, and Sir Thomas the knight,  
 In Flanders land they past with all their might,  
 Guthries barge at the Sluce could ly still :  
 To sea they went with a full eager will.  
 Both Forth and Tay they left, and passed by,  
 On the north coast good Guthrie was their guy,  
 In Montross haven they brought him to the land,  
 To true Scots it was a blyth tydand.  
 Sir John Ramsay, that worthy was and wight,  
 From Ouchter-house the way he choosed right,  
 To meet Wallace with men of arms strong :  
 For his coming they had thought wonder long,  
 The true Ruthven came als withoutten bade,

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In Birnane wood he had his lodging made.  
Barkly, Bisset, to Wallace sembled fast,  
With three hundred to Ochter-house he past.  
The end of the Ninth Book.

## The Tenth B O O K.

## C H A P. I.

How Wallace wan Saint Johnstoun.

**T**HE latter day of August tell this case,  
For the rescue thus ordained good Wallace:  
Of Saint Johnstoun the Sutherland occupied  
Fast toward Tay they passed and espyed  
Ere it was day under Kinnowle them laid  
Out of the town, as Scottishmen to him said,  
Their servants issued with carts, hay to lead:  
So it was sooth, and happned in that stead.  
Then six there came, and brought but carts three.  
When they of hay were leading busilie,  
Guthrie with ten in hands then hath them tane,  
Put all to death, of them he saved nane.  
Wallace in haste gart take their upmost weed,  
And such like men they wailed with good speed:  
Four were right good, Wallace himself took ane,  
A russet cloak, and with him good Ruthwen,  
Guthrie, Bisset, and als good yeomen two,  
In that each suite he graithed them to go.  
Fifteen they took of men of arms wight,  
In each cart five they ordained out of sight.  
Full subtilly they covered them with hay,  
Then to the town they went the gainest way,  
These carters had short swords of fine steel  
Under their weed, then drove the carts forth well.  
Sir John Ramsay bode in the bushment still,  
VVhen misser were, to help them with good will.  
Theise true carters past out withoutten let,  
Out over the bridge, and entred at the gate,  
VVhen they were in, their clocks they cast them fra,  
Good VWallace then, the chief porter could ta  
Upon the head, while dead he hath him left,  
Then other two the life from them he rest.

Guthrie

Guthrie and Bisset did right well in the town,  
 And Ruthven als dang of their fey men down.  
 The armed men that in the carts were brought  
 Rose up, and well their devour duly wrought :  
 Upon the gate they gart feil Sutheron die.  
 Then Ramsays spy hath seen them get entrie,  
 The bushment broke, both bridge and port hath won,  
 Into the town great strife there was begun,  
 Twenty and one ere Ramsay came in plain,  
 Within the town had forty Sutheron slain.  
 The Englishmen to array them were not gone,  
 The Scots as then leisure let them have none,  
 Fra good Ramsay with his men entered in,  
 They saved none were known of Sutheron kin.  
 And Longoveil the worthy knight sir Thomas,  
 Proved well there, and many other place :  
 Against his dint few Englishmen might stand.  
 Wallace in him great faith and kindness fand.  
 The Sutheron part saw well the town was tint.  
 Fiercely they fled as fire doth from the flint.  
 Some fled, some fell into draw-dykes full deep,  
 Some to the kirk, their lives if they might keep.  
 Some fled to Tay, and in small vessels yeed :  
 Some derfly died, and drowned in that stead,  
 Sir John Psewart at the west-gate out past,  
 To Methven wood he speed him wonder fast.  
 An hundred men the kirk took for succour :  
 But Wallace would no grace grant them that hour.  
 He bade slay all of cruel Sutheron kin,  
 Them for to slay he thought it was no sin,  
 Four hundred men without the town were dead,  
 Seven score on life scaped out of that stead.  
 Wives and bairns they made them for to go,  
 With Wallace will, he would slay none of tho :  
 Riches they found that Englishmen brought new,  
 Plenisht the town with worthy Scots and true.  
 Sir John Psewart left Methven forrest strong,  
 Went to the Gask full feil Sutheron among.  
 And then in Fyfe where Vallange sheriff was,  
 Made scurriours soon out through the land to pass,  
 And gathered men a stalwart company,  
 To Achterardor he drew them privily :

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Ordained them in ready bargain boun,  
 Again he thought to assail Saint Johnstoun,  
 Where Wallace lay, and would no longer rest :  
 Ruled the town as then him liked best.  
 Sir John Ramsay great captain ordained he,  
 Ruthwen Sheriff at one accord to be.  
 This charge he gave if men them warning made,  
 To come to him withoutten more abade :  
 And so they did when tydings was them brought,  
 With an hundred Wallace forth from them sought,

## C H A P. II.

## The Battel of Black-Iron-side.

**I**N Fife he past to visit that country,  
 But wrong warned of Englishmen was he.  
 Sir John Psewart when they were passed by,  
 From the Ochel he sped him hastily,  
 Upon Wallace followed with all his might :  
 In Abernethy took lodging the first night :  
 Upon the morn with fifteen hundred men,  
 To Black Iron-side, as his guides could him ken :  
 There Wallace was, and might no message send  
 To Saint Johnstoun, to make his journey kend :  
 For Englishmen that full subtil hath been,  
 Great watches warn'd that none should pass between,  
 Then Wallace said, this matter likes not me.  
 He called to him the Squyer good Guthrie.  
 And Bisset als, that knew full well the land,  
 And asked of them, what deed was best on hand.  
 Message to make, our power for to get,  
 With feil Sutheron we will be unbeset :  
 And wicked Scots that knows the forrest best :  
 They are the cause that we may get no rest.  
 I dread far more Vallange that is the guide,  
 Than all the rest that comes upon that side.  
 Then Guthrie said, might we get once over Tay,  
 To Saint Johnstoun it were the gainest way.  
 To warn Ramsay, we would get succour soon :  
 Over sooth it is, that cannot well be done,  
 Right well I wot, vessel is leaved nane,  
 From the Wood-haven to the ferry called Arran,



Then Wallace said, the water awful is,  
 Myself can swim, I trow, and I'll not mis :  
 But curier use accordeth not for me,  
 And leave you here, yet I had rather die.  
 Through God's grace, we shall better eschew,  
 The strength is strong, and we were men anew,  
 In Elchock park but forty men were we,  
 For seven hundred, and gart feil Sutherland die,  
 Escaped well in many unlikely place.  
 So shall we here through the help of God's grace.  
 While we may last, we may this wood hold still ;  
 Therefore each man be true of hardy will,  
 And that we do so nobly into deed,  
 Of us be found after no lake to reed.  
 The right is ours, we should more ardent be,  
 I think to free this land, or else to die,  
 His veiled speech, with wit and hardiment.  
 Made all the rest so cruel of intent :  
 Some bade take field, and give battel in plain,  
 Wallace said, no, these words are all in vain :  
 We will not leave that may be our vantage,  
 This wood to us is worth a whole years wage.  
 Of hewn timber, in haste he gart them take,  
 Syles of oak, and a great barriers make,  
 At a fore front into the forrest side,  
 Made a great strength where they purposed to bide :  
 Settled them fast to trees that growing was,  
 That they might well in from the barriers pass.  
 And see their avail on either side about,  
 Then come again, when they saw there was doubt.  
 By that this strength arrayed was at right,  
 The English host approached to their sight.  
 Then Plewart came, that way for to have wend,  
 That they were wont ; his guides so him kend :  
 At their entry they thought to have passage  
 But soon they found that made them great stoppage.  
 A thousand he led of men in armonr strang,  
 With five hundred he gart John Vallange gang,  
 Without the wood that none should scape them fro  
 Wallace with him had forty archers thro',  
 The rest were spears, full noble in a deed,  
 On their enemies they bickert with good speed,

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A crue counter was at the barriers seen,  
The Scots defence so sicker was and keen,  
Sutheron stood aw to enter them among,  
Feil to the ground they overthrew in that throng :  
A rowm was left where part in front might fare,  
Who entred in, again yeed never-mair.  
Forty they slew that gonward would have past,  
All disarrayed, the host was all agast.  
One part of horse through shot to death was brought,  
Brake to a plain, the Sutheron to them sought.  
Then Psewart said, alace, how may this be ?  
And do no harm, over great rebute have we,  
He called Vallange and asked his council :  
Sheriff thou art, what may us best avail ?  
But few they are, that make this great debate.  
John Vallange said, this is the best, I wate ;  
To cease thereof, and remain here beside,  
For they may not long in the forrest bide,  
For fault of food, they must in the countrey,  
Then were more time to make on them melley :  
Ere they be won, on force into this strife,  
Feil that ye lead shall ever lose their life.  
Then Psewart said, this reed I will not take,  
And Scots be warned, rescue soon will they make ;  
Of this despite, a mends I think to have,  
Or die therefore in number with the lave.  
Into a range myself on foot will fare :  
Eight hundred he took, the lightest that was there.  
Then bade the rest at the barriers bide still,  
With John Vallange to rule them at his will :  
Vallange he said, be forward in this case,  
In such a snare we could not get Wallace,  
Take, or slay him, I promise by my life,  
That King Edward shall make thee earl of Fyfe,  
At yon east part we think to enter in,  
I bade no more, might ye this barteris win :  
From they be closed graithly amongst us so,  
But marvel be, they shall no further go.  
Assaily sore when ye wot we come near,  
On either side we shall hold them on stear,  
Thus Psewart charged upon an awful wise,

Wallace hath seen what hath been their devise.  
 Good men he said, Ye understand this deed :  
 Forsooth, he said, they are meikle to dread.  
 Yon Psewart is a worthy noble knight,  
 Forward in wars, right hardy, wise and wight :  
 His assaily he ordains wonder fore,  
 Us for to harm, man's wit can do no more.  
 Pleasant it is a wise Chistain to ga :  
 So Chistain-like it should great comfort mae,  
 To his own men, and they of worship be,  
 Than for to see ten thousand cowards flee.  
 Since we are set with enemies on each side,  
 And here on force must in this forrest bide :  
 That all the rest of us abased be,  
 Assay the first, for God's sake, cruellie.  
 Crawford he left, and Longoveil the knight,  
 Fourty with them, to keep the barriers wight,  
 With him sixty all worthy men in weed,  
 To meet Psewart with hardy will they yeed :  
 A manner of dyke into the wood was made,  
 Of thorture trees, boldly he there abade,  
 A down with wall the Sutheron to them had,  
 Soon sembled they with straiks fore and sad,  
 Sharp spears then dushed on either side,  
 Through birnisht bright made wounds deep & wide.  
 The vantage was, the Scots then danted so,  
 That no English durst from his fellow go,  
 To break array, or foremost enter in,  
 Of Christen blood to see it was great sin,  
 For wrongous cause, and hath been many a day.  
 Feil Englishmen in the dyke dead they lay :  
 Spears full soon all into spenders sprong,  
 With sharp swords they hewed on in the throng.  
 Blood bursted out through fine harness of mail.  
 John Vallange als full sharply can assail.  
 Upon Crawford, and the knight Longoveil,  
 With their power kepted the barriers well :  
 Made good defence, by wit, manhood and might :  
 At the entry feil men to death they dight,  
 Thus all at once they failed either place :  
 None that was there durst turn to the barriers :  
 To help Wallace, no man of his durst pass,

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To rescue them, so fell the fighting was:  
At either hand they handled were so hot,  
But do or die, no succour else they wot.  
Wallace was sad into that stalwart stour,  
Guthrie, Bisset with men of great valour,  
Richard Wallace that worthy was of hand,  
Plewart marvelled the contrair them might stand,  
That ever so few might bide in battel place,  
Against them, and matched face for face.  
He thought himself to end that matter well,  
Fast preassed in with a good sword of steel:  
Into the dyke a Scottisshman he gart die.  
Wallace therefore in heart had great pitie,  
Amends to have he followed on him fast,  
But Englishmen so thick betwixt them past,  
That upon him a straik get could he nought,  
Other worthy derfly to death he brought.  
Slops he made through all the chevalry.  
The hardy Scots that wrought so worthily,  
When Sutheron saw these good men were so drest,  
Longer to bid they thought it not the best,  
Fourscore were slain ere they would leave that dead,  
And fifty als was in the barriers dead.  
A trumpet blew, and from the wood can draw.  
Vallange left off that sight when that he saw.  
To sallie more they thought it was no speed,  
Without the wood to counsel fast they yeed.  
The worthy Scots to rest them was right fain,  
Feil hurts they had, but few of them were slain.  
Wallace bade all of good comfort to be,  
Thanked be God, the fairer part have we,  
Yon knight Plewart hath at great journeys been  
So fore assay I have but seldom seen.  
I had lever on Vallange wroken be,  
Than any man that is in yon menzie,  
The Scots all into the barreris yeed,  
Stanchd wounds that could full braithly bleed,  
Some Scottisshmen had bled full meikle blood,  
For fault of drink, and als wanting of food.  
Some sembled fast that had feil hurts there:  
Wallace therefore sighd with heartfull fair:  
An hat he hint, to get water is gone,



Other refuge as then he wist of none,  
 A little strand as then he found him by,  
 Of clear water he brought them bundantly,  
 And drank himself: then said with sober mood,  
 The wine in France me thought not half so good.  
 Then of the day three quarters was over went,  
 Sir John Psewart hath casten in his intent,  
 To sailie more as then he could not priue,  
 While on the morn that new men could relieve,  
 And keep them in, while they for hunger sore,  
 Come in his will, or else to die therefore.  
 Vallange he said, I charge thee for to bide,  
 And keep them in, while I to Cowper ride:  
 Remain thou with five hundred at thy will,  
 And I the morn with power shall come thee till.  
 John Vallange said, this charge I here forsake,  
 After this day-all night I may not wake,  
 But trust ye well they will ish to the plain,  
 Though ye bide als, or else die in the pain,  
 Psewart bade bide, or underly the blame,  
 I thee command in good king Edwards name,  
 Or here to God a vow I make befor,  
 And they brake out, to hang thee on the morn.  
 Of this command John Vallange had great dread,  
 Psewart from them with nine score into deed.  
 Next hand the wood, and his good men of Fyfe,  
 The Scots were blyth when that they heard such strife  
 Wallace drew near, his time when that he saw,  
 To the wood side, and could on Vallange caw.  
 The knight hath heght the morn to hang thee hie,  
 Come in to us, I shall thy warrant be,  
 In contrair him, and all king Edwards might:  
 Take we him quick, we shall him hang on hight  
 A good lordship I shall thee give here cast,  
 In this each land that thy brother hath left.  
 Vallange was wise, full soon could understand,  
 By likeliness Wallace should win the land:  
 And better him were upon the right to bide,  
 Than be in war upon the other side:  
 With short advisement to Wallace soon they sought,  
 Then Psewart cryed, and said, that bees for nought.  
 And als of kind thou art of heritage:

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Coward, on thee is evil wared great wage :  
 Here I shall bide, my purpose to fulfil,  
 Either to die, or have thee at my will.  
 For all his speech to pass they would not spare,  
 With full glad heart Wallace received him there.  
 By that Ruthwen and Ramsay of renown,  
 By a true Scot that past to Saint Johnstoun,  
 Them warning made that Psewart followed fast  
 Upon Wallace, then were they sore agast :  
 Out of the town ished in all their might,  
 With three hundred that worthy were and wight,  
 To Black Iron-side assembled in that place,  
 As Vallange was gone in to good Wallace.  
 The knight Psewart hath well their coming seen,  
 A fair plain field he choosed them between :  
 Eleven hundred and fourscore then had he,  
 The Scottishmen were five hundred and sixtie :  
 These were but few in plain field for to take :  
 Out of the wood good Wallace can him make :  
 He got no wit of them that coming was,  
 More hardiment was from the strength to pass.  
 But when he heard Ruthwen and Ramsay cry,  
 Of Ochter-house blyth was his chevalry.  
 Might they of gold have bought a kings rent,  
 The good Wallace might not so well content.  
 Then to array they yeed on either side,  
 In cruel yre in battel bown to bide :  
 Worthier men than Psewart sembled there,  
 In all his time Edward had never mair :  
 But Psewart saw his number was far ma,  
 His power soon he gart divide in twa :  
 To fight in that cause knightly he them kend,  
 In that journey either to win or end.  
 The worthy Scots that first among them bade,  
 Full great slaughter on Englishmen they made :  
 Into the wood before had proved so well,  
 That on the plain they sonziet not a deal,  
 In courage grew as they were new begun.  
 Short rest they had from rising of the sun.  
 By that Ramsay and good worthy Ruthwen,  
 Throughout the thickest the preafs is gone,  
 Slops they made amongst the Englishmen,

Dislevered them by twenty and by ten.  
 When spears were gone, with swords of mettall clear  
 To Englishmen their coming sold full dear.  
 Wallace and his by worthiness of hand,  
 Feil Sutherland blood gart light upon the land.  
 The two fields together reild then,  
 Sir John Psewart with many noble men,  
 To help their lord, three hundred in a place,  
 About him stood, and did their business,  
 Defending him with many awful dint,  
 While all the outward of the field was tint.  
 Of commons, part into the forrest fled  
 Suecour to seek, their men so had them led.  
 Then Scots hath seen so many in a rout  
 With Psewart stand, that guarded him about,  
 Upon the sides assailed wonder fair,  
 The polisht plates with points pierced bair.  
 The Sutherland made defence full cruelly,  
 All occuppyed was this noble chevalry.  
 Sir John Ramsay would they had yelden been.  
 Wallace said, Nay, it is a wrong ye mean,  
 Ransom to take, we cannot now begin,  
 On such a wise this land we may not win:  
 Yon knight of old our enemy hath been,  
 So fell to us of them I have not seen:  
 Now he shall die through help of God's grace,  
 He came to pay his ransom in this place.  
 The Sutherland saw and wist plainly to die,  
 Rescue was none, suppose that they would flee,  
 Freshly they fought as they had entred new,  
 Upon our side part worthy men they flew.  
 Then Psewart said, Alace, in wrong doing,  
 Our lives we lose for pleasure of our King.  
 That fellow knight doubted his life right nought,  
 Amongst the Scots full hardily he wrought,  
 Whil he strake to death withoutten mair:  
 At Psewart preassed, with his sword birnisht bare,  
 Through pelaw he etled with great yre,  
 Dead to the ground he rushed for all his might,  
 By Wallace hand thus ended that good knight.  
 The remnant withoutten mercy they slay:

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For good Bisset the Scots was wonder wae.  
In hands some they slicked but remead,  
No Sutheron past with life out of that stead,  
Then to the wood for them that left the field,  
A range they set, thus might they have no beild,  
Yeed none away was contrare our opinion.  
Good Ruthven past again to Saint Johnstoun.  
Sir John Ramsay to Cowper castle rade,  
That house he took, for defence none was made.  
Wallace, Crawford, and with them good Guthrie  
Richard Wallace had long been in mellie,  
And Longoveil unto Lundores bode still,  
Fasted they had too long against their will.  
Vallange they made their steward for to be,  
Of meat and drink they found abundantly.  
The power fled, and durst no longer bide,  
That was before upon the Sutheron side,  
Upon the morn to Saint Andrews they past,  
Out of the town that Bishop bowned fast.  
The king of England had him thither send.  
That rent at will he gave him in commend.  
His Kings charge as then he durst not hald,  
A wrongous Pope that tyrant might be call'd,  
Few fled with him, and got away by sea.  
For all Scotland, Wallace he would not see.  
Of him as then he made but light record,  
Gart restore him that was their righteous lord,  
The worthy knight that into Cowper lay,  
Gart spoilzie them upon the second day.  
Then ordained men, at command of Wallace,  
But more process, for to cast down the place.  
Mynders they gart soon pierce out through the wall,  
Soon punions fired, unto the ground cast all.  
Sir John Ramsay then to Carrail can fare,  
Sutheron were fled, and left but walls bare;  
After Psewart they durst not tarry lang.  
The Scots at large out through all Fyfe rang.  
No Englishmen were left in that countrey,  
But in Lochlevin there bode one company:  
Upon that Inch in small houses they light,  
Castle was none but walled with water wight.  
Beside Carrail sembled Wallace beforne,



His purpose was for to assay Kinghorn :  
 A knight Musgrave then captain in it was,  
 By short advise he purpos'd for to pass :  
 Rather he would bide challenge of the king,  
 Than with Wallace to reckon for such thing.  
 That house he took, and little tarry made.  
 Upon the morn withoutten more abade,  
 Out over the mure where they the tryft had set,  
 Near Scotland well their lodging took but let.  
 After supper Wallace bade them go rest,  
 My self will wake, me think it may be best.

## C H A P. III.

## The winning of Lochlevin.

**A**S he commanded, but graithing they have done  
 Unto their sleep, Wallace then graithed him soon  
 Past to Lochlevin, as it was near mid-night,  
 Eighteen with him that he had warned right :  
 These men weined well he came to visie it.  
 Follows, he said, I do you well to wit,  
 Consider well this place, and understand,  
 That it may do full great skaith to Scotland ;  
 Out of the south, and power come them till,  
 They may take in, to keep at their own will ;  
 Upon yon inch right many men may be,  
 And ished out their time when that they see.  
 To bide long here, we may not well for chance,  
 Yon folk hath food, trust well at suffisance ;  
 Water from them forsooth cannot be let,  
 Some other wile behoved us to get.  
 Ye shall remain here at this part all still,  
 And I myself shall bring the boat you till.  
 Therewith his weed in haste of casteth he,  
 Upon yon side no watch-man can he see ;  
 Held up his shirt, and took his sword so good,  
 Bound on his neck, then lap into the flood,  
 And over he swam, for letting had he nought.  
 The boat he took, and to his men it brought,  
 Arrayed them well, and would no longer byde,  
 But passed in, and row'd to the other side ;  
 The inch they took, with drawn sword in hand,

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They spared none that they before them fand,  
Strake doors up, and sticket men where they lay,  
Upon the Sutheron thus sadly sembled they,  
Thirty they slew that were into that place.  
To make defence the English had no space.  
Their women five were sent out of that stead,  
Women nor bairns he never put to dead.  
The goods they took, as it had been their own.  
Then Wallace said, Fellows, I make you known,  
The purveyance that was within these wanes,  
We will not tine, gar semble us all at anes,  
Let warn Ramsay, and our good men each one,  
I will remain till all the stuff be gone,  
Sest forth a man their horses for to keep,  
Drew up the boat, and then took beds to sleep.  
Wallace power near Scotland well which lay,  
Before the sun they missed him away;  
Some mourning made, and marvelled at that case.  
Ramsay bade cease, and mourn not for Wallace,  
It is for good that he is from us went,  
That ye shall see, and trust for veriment:  
Mine head to wed, Lochlevin he past to see,  
Except that place, no Englishmen found he,  
Into this land betwixt these waters lest,  
Tydings of him full soon ye shall hear oft.  
As they about were talking on this wise,  
Message soon came and charged them to rise.  
My Lord, he said, to dinner hath you call'd  
Into Lochlevin which is a likely hald.  
Ye shall fare well, therefore put off all sorrow.  
They graithed them right early on the morrow,  
And thither past of Wallace well to wit:  
Then sembled in a full blyth fellowship.  
They lodged there till eight days were at end,  
Of meat and drink they had enough to spend.  
Turfed forth gear that Sutheron had brought there:  
Gart burn the boat, to Saint Johnstoun they fare.  
Bishop Sinkler that worthy was and wise,  
To Wallace came and told him his advise:  
Thus he desired Wallace with him to ride,  
And in Dunkeld sojourn'd that winter tide.  
But he said, No, that hold I not the best,

And Scotland thus, in peace I cannot rest.  
 The Bishop said plainly, We may not wend,  
 Into the north for men I rede you send.  
 I grant quoth he, and choosed a messenger,  
 The worthy Jop was with the Bishop there.  
 And master Blair, while Wallace came they bade  
 With the good lord, that noble chear them made,  
 Wallace sent Blair into his priests weed,  
 To warn the west where friends had great dread,  
 How they should pass, or to good Wallace win.  
 The Englishmen that held them long in twin.  
 Adam Wallace and Lindsay that was wight,  
 Rauchly they left, and went away by night,  
 Throughout the land, to the Lennox they fare,  
 To Earl Malcom, that welcomed them full yair.  
 Master John Blair was glad of that semblie,  
 Good Graham was there, and Richard of Lundie :  
 Als Robert Boyd out of Bute to them sought  
 Got they Wallace, of nothing then they rought.  
 But Englishmen betwixt them was so strang  
 That they in plain might not well to him gang.  
 Jop passed on, for nothing could he set,  
 Great power then as there he might not get.  
 The lord Cumine that earl of Buchan was,  
 For old envy he would let no man pass :  
 That he might let, in good Wallace supplie.  
 The Earl Patrick at plain field kepted he :  
 Yet poor men came, and proved all their might,  
 To help Wallace, in fence of Scotland's right,  
 The good Randal in tender age was kend,  
 Part of good men out of Murray he send.  
 Jop past again, and came in presence soon,  
 Before Wallace, and told how he had done :  
 But master Blair so good tydings him brought,  
 That of Cumine, Wallace but little rought :  
 Als Englishmen they had full meikle dread,  
 Fra Fyfe was tint, the worse they thought to speed.  
 The Duke and Earl that time in Scotland led,  
 Captains they made, in England then they sped :  
 Wallace him bowed, when he thought time should be  
 From Saint Johnstoun, and took with him sistie :  
 Steven of Ireland, & Keirly that was wight, From

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From Englishmen they had holden the right.  
In watch-mens weed, and fended them right well,  
To good Wallace they were as true as steel  
To follow him, those two thought never lang.  
Through the Ochel they made them for to gang.  
Upon more power he tarried not that tide,  
To keep the land the rest he gart abide:  
To Straviling bridge as then he would not pass,  
For strong power of Englishmen there was.

## C H A P. IV

## The winning of Airth.

**T**He Airth ferry they passed privately,  
And busked them in a dern stead thereby:  
A cruel captain in Aire dwelt that year,  
In England born, that heght Thomlin Weer:  
An hundred men were at his lodging still,  
To brook that land they did both power and will.  
A Scottish fisher which they had tane beforne,  
Contrare his will gart him be to them sworn:  
In their service they held him day and night:  
Before the sun Wallace gart Jop him dight,  
And sent him forth the passage to espy,  
On the fisher they hapned suddenly,  
All him alone, but one boy that was there,  
Jop hint him soon, and for no fear would spare,  
By the collar, and a knife out pulled he:  
For God's sake, this man asked mercie,  
Jop spiered soon, of what nation art thou?  
A Scot, he said, but Sutherland gart me vow,  
In their service, against my will full fair,  
But for my life that I remained there:  
To seek fishing, I came in this north-side:  
Be ye a Scot, I would fain with you bide;  
Then he him brought in presence of Wallace:  
The Scots were blyth, when they had seen this case.  
For with his boat they might well passed have,  
For ferry craft he thought not for to crave.  
Upon that tide long space they tarried nought,  
To the south land with full glad hearts they sought,  
Then brake the boat when they were landed there,  
Service of it Sutherland might have no mair:      They



Then through the moss they passed with good speed,  
 To the Torwood, that man with them they led  
 The widow there brought tydings to VVallce,  
 Of his true eme that dwelt at Dunipace,  
 Thomline of VVeer in prison had him set,  
 For more treasure than he before might get,  
 VVallace said, dame he shall well loosed be  
 The morn by noon, or mo therefore shall die.  
 So got them meat, and in quyet they bade,  
 VVhile it was night, then ready soon they made :  
 Toward Airth-hill right suddenly they drew,  
 A strength there was that well the fisher knew,  
 Of draw dykes, and full of water wan,  
 VVisely thereof he watched them, this man  
 On the back-side he led them privately,  
 From the water, as wont to come was he :  
 Over a small bridge good VVallace entred in,  
 Into the hall himself thought to begin.  
 From the supper as they were bown to rise,  
 He salust them upon an awful wise.  
 His men followed suddenly at anes,  
 Hasty sorrow was raised in those wanes.  
 VVith shearing swords sharply about them dang,  
 Feil on the floor were felled them amang.  
 With Thomline of Weer, Wallace himself hath meet,  
 A fellow straik sadly upon him set.  
 Through head & smyre, all through the coast himclave  
 The worthy Scots fast sticked all the lave :  
 Keeped well the doors, and to the death them dight  
 To scape away the Sutheron had no might.  
 Some windows sought for to have broken out,  
 But ali for nought full fey was all the rout ;  
 About the fire gashed the blood so red,  
 An hundred men was slain into that stead.  
 Then Wallace sought where his uncle might be,  
 In a deep cave he was set dolesfully,  
 VVhere water stood, and he in yrons strang :  
 VVallace full soon the braisses up he dang,  
 Out of the dark brought him with strength at hist.  
 But noise he heard, of nothing else he wist :  
 So blyth before in world he had not been :

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And therewith sighd when he had Wallace seen.  
 In ditches the dead bodies out they cast,  
 Graithed the place as then they liked best.  
 Made full good chear, and wise watches they set,  
 While near the day they slept without let.  
 When they had sight, spoiled the place in hy,  
 Found gaining gear, both gold and jewelry.  
 On all that day in quiet held them still:  
 When Sutheron came, received them with good will  
 In that labour the Scots were all full bane.  
 Sutheron came in, but none went out again.  
 Women and bairns put in prison and cave,  
 So they might make no warning to the lave.  
 Steven of Ireland, and Keirly that was wight.  
 Keeped the port upon the second night,  
 Before the day the worthy Scow role,  
 Turfed good gear, and to the Torwood goes,  
 Remained there while night was come on hand,  
 Then bowned them in quyet through the land:  
 The widow soon, fra they were passed doubt,  
 A servant sent, and let the women out,  
 To pass from Airth, where that they liked best,  
 Now speak of them that went into the west.

## C H A P. V.

How Wallace burnt the Englishmen in Dumbartan.

WAllace himself was sicker guide that night,  
 To Dumbartane the way he choosed right:  
 Ere it was day, for then the night was lang,  
 Unto the town full privately they gang:  
 Meikle of it Englishen occuppyed:  
 Good Wallace soon through a dark gate him hyed,  
 Unto the house which he was wont to ken.  
 A widow dwelt, which friend was to our men,  
 About the bed and on the backside was made  
 Adern window, was neither long nor braid:  
 There Wallace called, and soon fra she him knew,  
 In haste she rose and privately him drew  
 In a close barn, where they might keep be:  
 Both meat and drink she brought them in plentie  
 A goodly gift to Wallace als she gave,  
 An hundred pounds and more out over the lave.

Nine Sons she had, were likely men and wight,  
 An oath to him she gart them swear full right.  
 In peace they dwelt, in trouble they had been :  
 And tribute payed to English Captains keen.  
 Sir John Monteith the castle had in hand :  
 But some men said, there was a private band :  
 To Sutheron made, by means of that knight,  
 Of their supply to be at all his might.  
 Whereof as now I will no process make,  
 Wallace that day a short purpose can take.  
 When it was night he bade the widow pass,  
 And mark the doors where Sutheron dwelling was :  
 Then after this, he and his Chevalry,  
 Graithed them well, and weapons took on hie,  
 Went to the gate where Sutheron were on sleep,  
 A great ostellary ~~was~~ Scots took to keep :  
 An English captain was ~~swi~~pping up so late,  
 While he and his with drink~~ing~~ were made heat :  
 Nine men was there with him of his courage.  
 Some would have had good Wallace into that rage :  
 Some would have bound Sir J. the G thro strength :  
 Some would have had good Boyd at swords length :  
 Some wished Lundie that scaped was in Fife :  
 Some wighter was nor Setoun then in strife,  
 When Wallace heard the Sutheron make such din,  
 He gart all bide, and him alone went in.  
 The lave remained to hear of their tydance.  
 He salust them with sturdy countenance :  
 Fellows, he said, since I came last from hame :  
 In travel I was, in land of uncoth fame :  
 From south Ireland I came in this countrie,  
 The new conquest of Scotland for to see.  
 Part of your drink and some good would I have,  
 The captain then a shrewd answer him gave ;  
 Thou seemest a Scot, likely to be a spy,  
 Thou mayest be one of Wallace company,  
 Contrair our king he is risen again,  
 The land of Fife he hath ridden in plain :  
 Thou shalt bide here, while we wot how it be :  
 Art thou of his, thou shalt be hanged hie.  
 Wallace thought then it was no time to stand,  
 His noble sword he gripped soon in hand, Over

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Overthort the face drove the captain in teen,  
Strake all away that grew above the een:  
Another braithly on the breast he bore,  
Both brain and bone the burly blade through shere,  
The rest rusht up, then Wallace in great yre,  
The third he felled derfly in the fire.  
Steven of Ireland, and Keirly in that throng,  
Keeped no charge, but entred them among.  
And other mo that to the door can preass:  
While they him saw there could nothing them cease.  
The Sutheron men full soon were brought to dead:  
The hostler bade them all good ale and bread.  
Wallace said, no, while we have leisure mair,  
To be our guide, thou shalt before us fare,  
And begin fire where that the Sutheron lyes.  
The hostler soon upon an hasty wise,  
Hint fire in hand, and to a great house yeed,  
Where Englishmen were into meikle dread:  
For they wist not, while that the red flame rose,  
As wood as beasts amongst the fire then goss,  
With pains fell rushed full sorrowfully;  
The lave without of our good chevalry,  
At each house where the hostler began,  
Keeped the doors, from them escaped no man.  
For all their might, though king Edward had sworn  
Got none away that was of England born,  
But either burnt, or but rescue was slain,  
And some through force driven to the fire again  
Some Scots folk in service them amang,  
From any pain freely they let them gang.  
Three hundred men was of Dumbartan send,  
To keep the land, as their Lord had them kend,  
Skaithless of them for ay was this region.  
Wallace ere day made him out of the town:  
Unto the cave of Dumbartan they yeed,  
And all that day sojourned but dread:  
Both meat and drink the hostler gart be brought.  
When night was come, in all the hast they mought  
Toward Rosneth full earnestly they gang,  
For Englishmen was in that castle strang:  
On the Gearloch, they purpose them to byde.



Betwixt the kirk that near was there beside,  
 And to the castle full privately they draw,  
 Under a brae, and lodged them full law,  
 Beside the water where common use had they,  
 From castle to the kirk they past each day :  
 A Marraige als was that day to begin,  
 All ished out, and left no man within.  
 That fence might make, but servants in that place,  
 Thus to that tryst they passed upon case.  
 Wallace and his drew them full privately,  
 Near hand the place when they were passed by ;  
 Within the hall, and thought to keep that stead,  
 From Sutheron men or else therefore be dead,  
 Compleat was made the marriage into plain,  
 Unto Rosneth they passed home again :  
 Fourscore and mo was in that company,  
 But not arrayed as was our chevalry :  
 To the castle they went to pass but late,  
 The worthy Scots so hard upon them set,  
 Fourty at once derfly to death they bare,  
 The remnant afrayed was so fair,  
 Longer in field they had no might to byde,  
 But hercly fled from them on either side.  
 The Scots there well hath the entry won.  
 And slew all such as the house found was in :  
 Then on the flyers followed wonder fast,  
 No Englishmen with their life from them past,  
 The women soon they ceased upon hand,  
 Keeped them close, for warning of the Land :  
 And dead bodies all out of sight they cast,  
 Then at good ease they made them for to rest.  
 On their purveyance seven days lodged there,  
 At rude coast ; to spend they would not spare.  
 When Sutheron came, they took them gladly in,  
 But out again, they let none of that kin,  
 Who tydings sent the captain of that stead,  
 Their servitors the Scots put to dead.  
 Spoiled the place, and left no goods there ;  
 Brake walls down, and made the biggins bare,  
 When they had spilt all stone work that they mought  
 Then kindled fire, and from Rosneth they sought :  
 When they had burnt all tree work in that place,

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Wallace gart free the women of his grace :  
 To do them harm his purpose never was.  
 Then to falkland the worthy Scots can pass,  
 Where Earl Malcom was byding at defence,  
 Right blyth he was of Wallace good presence ;  
 Then he found there a noble company,  
 Sir John the Graham, and Richard of Lundie,  
 Adam Wallace that worthy was and wise,  
 Barkly and Boyd, with men of mickle prife ;  
 At Chrifftmas there, Wallace sojourned still.  
 Of his mother tydings was brought him till ;  
 In time before she had left Ellerslie,  
 For Englishmen she durst not in it be ;  
 From thence disguised she past in Pilgrims weed,  
 Some girth to seek in Dumferling she yeed,  
 Sicknefs she had, forsooth into that stead,  
 Diseased she was, God took her sprit to lead.  
 When VWallace heard that these tidings were true.  
 Then sadness sore on each side did pursue ;  
 In thanks he took, because it is natural,  
 He loved God with sicker heart and heal.  
 Better him thought that it was happned so,  
 Than Sutherland should put her to other wo.  
 He ordained Jop, and also Master Blair,  
 Thither they past, and for no coast to spare,  
 But honourably put corps to sepulture ;  
 At his command they served all their cure,  
 Doing thereto as death desired to have,  
 VWith rich intire the corps they put in grave.  
 Again they turned, and shewed of her end :  
 He thanked God, what grace that ever he lend.  
 He saw the world was full of fantasie,  
 Comfort he took, let all mourning go by ;  
 His most delight was for to free Scotland.  
 Now will I tell what case then came on hand.

## C H A P. VI.

How Sir VWilliam Douglas wan the castle of Sanguhair by a jeopardie, and how VWilliam VWallace rescued him from the Englishmen, and put them out of that part.

Sir VWilliam long of Douglas dail was Lord,  
 By his first wife, as right is to record ; De-

Deceased then out of this worldly care,  
 Two Sons he had with her that lived there,  
 Which likely was, and able in courage,  
 To school was sent into their tender age;  
 James and Hew so heght these brethren twa,  
 And after soon their uncle could them ta:  
 Good Robert Keith had them from Glasgow town,  
 And over the sea, to France hath made him boun:  
 At study then he set them in Paris,  
 With a master that worthy was and wise,  
 The king Edward took their father the knight  
 And held him still, though he was never so wight,  
 While time he had assented to his will.  
 A marriage als they had ordained him till.  
 The lady Ferres of power and of hie blood;  
 But thereof came to his life little good;  
 Two Sons he got on this lady but mair,  
 With Edwards will he took his leave to fare.  
 In Scotland came, and brought his wife in peace,  
 In Douglas dwelt, forsooth this is no leese;  
 King Edward trowed that he had stedfast been,  
 Fast their fast faith, but contrare soon was seen,  
 Ay the Scots blood remained in Douglas,  
 Against England, which proved in many place,  
 The Sanquhair was a castle fair and strong,  
 An English captain had done feil Scots wrong.  
 Into it dwelt, and Bewfurd he was call'd,  
 That held all west, from then to Douglas hald,  
 Right near of kin was Douglas wife and he,  
 Therefore he trowed in peace of him to be-  
 Sir William saw that VVallace rose in plain,  
 And right likely to free Scotland again,  
 To help him part into his mind he cast,  
 For in that life right long he could not last;  
 He thought no charge to break upon England,  
 It was through force that ever he made them band;  
 A young man then that hardy was and bald  
 Born with himself, and Thomas Dickson call'd.  
 Dear friend, he said, I would prove at my might,  
 And make a fray to false Bewfurd the Knight,  
 In Sanquhair dwels, and doth full great outrage.  
 Then Dickson said, my self into that voyage, Shal

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Shall for you pass, with Anderson to speak,  
Friendship to me my cousin will not break :  
He is the man that fire leads them till,  
Through his help we our purpose will fulfil.  
Sir William then in all the hast he might,  
Thirty true men in that voyage he dight.  
And told his wife to Dumfries he would fare.  
A tryst, he said, of England he had there.  
Thus passed he where that no Sutheron wist,  
With these thirty through wast land at their list,  
While night came, then couched they full law,  
Into a cleugh near at the water craw.  
To the Sanquhair Dickson alone he send,  
And he soon made with Anderson this end :  
Dickson should take both his horse and his weed.  
By it was day, a draught of wood to lead :  
Again he past, and told the good Douglas,  
Which drew him soon into a private place,  
Anderson told what stuff there was therein,  
To Thomas Dickson that was right near of kin,  
Fourty they are all men of meikle vail,  
Be they on foot, they will you sore assail :  
If you happen the entry for to get,  
On the right hand a stalwart ax is set,  
Therewith you may defend thee in a throng :  
Be Douglas wise, he hide not from thee long.  
Anderson yeed to the bushment in hie,  
Near the castle he drew them privately,  
Into a shaw, Sutheron mistrusted nought,  
To the next wood with Dickson soon he sought ;  
Graithed a draught on a broad slipping law :  
Charged an horse, and to the town can draw.  
Arrayed he was in Anderson weed,  
And bade have in, the porter came good speed.  
This hour, he said, thou might have been away :  
Untimeous thou art, for it is scanty day.  
The gate yeed up, Dickson yeed in but mair,  
A thortour band that all the draught up bare,  
He cutted it, the slip to ground could ga,  
Cummered the gate, striking they might not ma.  
The porter soon he hint into that strife,

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Twice through the head, and rest him of his life.  
 The axe he got that Anderson of spake,  
 And beckning made, therewith the bushment brake.  
 Douglas himself was foremost in the preass,  
 In over the wood entred ere he would cease;  
 Three watchmen was from the walls comin new,  
 VVithin the close the Scotsmen them slew,  
 Ere any scry was raised in that flour,  
 Douglas had tane the gate of the great tower.  
 Ran up the stair where that the captain lay,  
 On foot he got, and would have been away.  
 Over late he was, Douglas strake up the door,  
 Bewfurd he found he in midst of the floor,  
 VVith a stiff sword to death he hath him dight,  
 His men followed fast, that worthy were and wight,  
 The men they slew that were within these wanes,  
 Then in the close they sembled all at anes;  
 The house they took, and Sutherland put to dead,  
 Got none but one with life out of that stead,  
 For that the gate so long unsteiked was,  
 This spy he fled, and to Dursdeer can pass,  
 Told that captain that they had happned so.  
 Another he gart into the Ennoch go;  
 And Tybers mure was warned of this case.  
 And Lochmabane all sembled to this place,  
 The country als, when they heard of such thing,  
 Would siede Douglas, & heght they should him hing.  
 VVhen Douglas wist that one did from them scape,  
 To fally him he trowed that they would shape;  
 Dickson he sent upou a courser wight,  
 To warn Wallace in all the haste he might.  
 In the Lennox Wallace had tane the plain,  
 With four hundred that were of meikle main;  
 Kilsyth castle he thought to visit it,  
 That Ravindail held, but true men let him wit,  
 That he was out that time in Cumbernald,  
 Lord Cumine dwelt on tribute in that hald.  
 When Wallace wist, he gart Earl Malcom by,  
 With two hundred the bushment near thereby,  
 To keep the house, that none should to it fare,  
 He took the rest in the wood side near there;  
 A scurrior set to warn if he saw ought,

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Soon Ravindail came, of them he had no thought,  
When he was coming the two bushments between,  
The scurrior warn'd these cruel men and keen.  
When Earl Malcom had barred them from the place,  
No Sutheron yeed with life, they did that grace,  
Part Lennox men they left the house to ta :  
On spoiling then they would not tarry ma.  
To siege houses then Wallace would not byde,  
Throughout the land Wallace then he hy'd.  
And Linkithgow they burnt into their gate,  
Where Sutheron dwelt they made their biggins heat.  
The Peil they took, slew them that were therein  
Of Sutheron blood the Scots thought no sin,  
Then on the morn burnt Dalkeith in a gleid,  
Soon to a strength to Newbottle they yeed ;  
By that Lawder and Christel of Setoun,  
Came from the Bass, and burnt North-berwick town,  
That Englishmen they should no suceour get ;  
Whom they overrook, they slew withoutten let,  
To meet Wallace, they past in all their might,  
An hundred men with them of arms bright :  
A blyth meeting that time was them between.  
When Earl Malcom and Wallace hath him seen,  
Thomas Dickson als met with good Wallace,  
VVhich granted soon for to rescue Douglas.  
Dickson, he said, wots thou of their multiplie ?  
Three thousand men there power may not be.  
Earl Malcom said, though they were thousand five,  
For this action, methinks that we should strive.  
Then Hew the Hay that dwelt under trewage,  
Of Englishmen soon he gave over that wage.  
More for to pay as then he liked nought ;  
With fifty men to VVallace forth he lought  
To Peebles fast, but no Sutheron them bade,  
There at the cross a plain cry they made.  
VVallace commanded, who would come to his peace,  
And bide thereat, reward should have but leese.  
Good Rutherford that ever true hath been,  
In-Etrick wood against the Sutheron keen,  
Bidden he had, and done them meikle dear,  
Sixty he had of noble men of wear.  
VVallace him welcomed that came in his supplie

With lordly fare, and Chistain-like was he.  
 Then to array they went about the town,  
 Their number was six hundred of renown.  
 In birnes bright, all men of meikle vail,  
 With glad hearts they passed through Cliddisdale  
 The siege began, and to the Sanguhair set;  
 But tydings came, and made therein a let.  
 The Sutheron heard that Wallace was so near,  
 Through hasty fray the host was all on steir;  
 No man was there would for another bide,  
 Purpose they took in England for to ride,  
 Their Chistain said, since their king had before,  
 From Wallace fled, their causes was the more,  
 From south they sought, to bide it was great wrath.  
 Douglass as then was thus quite of their skaith.  
 In Crawford-mure by then was good Wallace,  
 When men him told, that Sutheron upon case,  
 Were fled away, and durst not him abyde.  
 Three hundred then he chose with him to ryde,  
 In light harness, and horse that they would wail,  
 The earl Malcom he bade bide with the stail,  
 To follow them, a back-guard for to be.  
 To stuff the chase in all haste bowned he:  
 Through Durisdeer he took the gainest gate,  
 Right fain he would with Sutheron make debate;  
 the plainest way above Morton they hold,  
 Ryding the height, if that the Sutheron would  
 Them to pursue, or turn to Lochmabane.  
 But heed thereto the Englishmen took nane.  
 Down right they held, graith guides could them lear  
 About Cloburn Wallace approached near,  
 In yre he grew when they were in his sight:  
 To them they sped, with will and all their might:  
 On an out-part the Scots set that tide,  
 Seven score at ground they had soon at a side.  
 The Sutheron saw that it was hapned so,  
 Turn'd in again, some rescue for to sho:  
 When they trow'd best with good Wallace to stand,  
 Earl Malcom came then right near at their hand.  
 The whole power took plain purpose to flee:  
 Who were at ground, Wallace gart let them be.  
 Upon the foremost followed with all his might,

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The Earl and his amongst the rest they light,  
Did all to death that unhorsed was that tide.  
After the horse full freshly can they ride.  
Five hundred whole ere they past Dalswinton,  
On Sutheron side to ground there was brought down.  
Of Scots horse many began to tyre.  
Suppose their selves was fierce as any fire.  
The flyers left both wood, waters and hill,  
To take the plain, speedful they thought them till :  
In great battel away full fast they rode,  
Into the strength they thought to make no bode,  
Near Lochmabane and Ochter-house they went,  
Beside Crochmad, where feil Sutheron they shent,  
Right many horse that ridden had so lang,  
And traveled sore, they might no further gang,  
Sir John the Graham upon his feet was set,  
Then Wallace als lighted withoutten let :  
These two on foot amongst their Enemies yeed,  
Was none but horse might from them pass for speed,  
On Englishmen so cruelly they fought,  
Whom they overtook, again harmed us nought.  
To Wallace came a part of power new,  
On rested horse, that partly can pursue ;  
Adam Currie, with good men of great vail,  
And Johnstoun als that dwelt in Elkdail,  
And Kirkpatrick was in that company,  
And Haliday who sembled sturdily :  
Where they entred the salie was so fair,  
Dead to the ground feil flyers down they bare,  
Seven score were whole of new come men indeed,  
The south party of them had meikle dread.  
Wallace was horsed upon a courser wight,  
That good Currie had brought into his sight :  
To stuff the chase with the new chevalry,  
Commanded Graham and his good men for they  
Together byde, and follow as they might.  
Three captains there full soon to death he dight :  
The rested horse so wonder well them bare,  
Whom he overtook again rose never mair,  
Raithly he rode, and wrought full many wound,  
These three captains he sticket in one stound,



Of Durisdeer, Ennoch and Tybers mure,  
 Lord Cliffords Eme away to Carlile fure.  
 The which before had kept Lochmabane :  
 No landed man scaped with him but ane :  
 For Maxwell als out of Carlaverock drew,  
 On the Sutheron the gainest way can sue :  
 Into the chafe so willfully they ride,  
 Few got away that came upon that side.  
 Beside Cockpool full feil fighting they fand,  
 Some drowned were, some slain upon the land ;  
 Who scaped was, in England fled away.  
 Wallace returned, no prisoner took they,  
 In Carlaverock that night resting they made,  
 Upon the morn to Dumfries blythly rade ;  
 There Wallace cryed, who would come to his peace,  
 Against Sutheron, their malice for to cease :  
 To true Scots he ordained Warifon.  
 Who faulted had, he granted remission.  
 In Dumfries then he would no longer bide  
 The Sutheron fled off Scotland on each side,  
 By sea and land, without longer abade.  
 Of castles and towns Wallace chiftains made.  
 Ruled the land, and put it in good rest.  
 With true keepers the which he trusted best,  
 The good Douglas of which I told you air.  
 Keeper he was from Drumlanrick to Aire.  
 Because he had on Sutheron such thing wrought,  
 His wife was wroth, but that she shewed nought,  
 Under covert her malice held persyte :  
 A serpent waits her time when she may bite :  
 To Douglas oft she wrought full meikle cair,  
 Of that as now I leave while further mair.  
 But Sutheron men durst then no castles hold,  
 They left Scotland before, as I you told,  
 Save one Morton, a captain fierce and fell,  
 That held Dundie : but Wallace would not dwell,  
 But thither past, and laid it round about.  
 When Morton saw that he was in that doubt,  
 He asked leave with their lives forth to go.  
 Wallace denied, and said, It bees not so,  
 The last captain of England that here was,  
 I gave him leave whole with his men to pass.

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Thou shalt forethink such mastery for to make,  
 All England shall of thee example take :  
 Such men I weind from thine for to have worn,  
 Thou shalt be hanged, suppose the king had sworn,  
 He gart command, no Scots should to him speak :  
 Confirmed the siege, and said, we shall us wreak  
 On Englishmen, as skill will of Dundie,  
 Scrimgeor he made their constable for to be.  
 An Ballinger of England that was there,  
 Past out of Tay, and came to Quhithie fair,  
 To London sent, and told of all this case,  
 To hang Morton so vowed had Wallace :  
 Before this time Eward with power yeed  
 To war on France, for then he had no dread,  
 Before he trowed Scotland to be his own.  
 When they him warn'd his men were overthrown,  
 Again he took to England hastily.  
 And left his turn all sickled in folly.  
 Gascon he claimed all into heritage,  
 He left it thus with all his hie barnage :  
 And Flanders als he thought to take in hand,  
 All these he left, and came to reave Scotland,  
 When that this king to England was come hame,  
 Summonds they made, and charged Bruce by name,  
 And other mo that lived under his crown,  
 Bishop and Barron to come at his summon,  
 When Wallace twice through force had fred Scotland  
 This tyrant king took plainly upon hand :  
 For great desire he might no way take rest :  
 He thought to him to make it plain conquest.  
 In covetile he had reigned so long :  
 Chiftains he made that they should not go wrong  
 Guides they chose for strengths them to guy,  
 They thought no more to byde at jeopardy,  
 In plain battel that they might Wallace win,  
 He trow'd for war they would no more begin,  
 Leave I this king making his ordinance,  
 My purpose is to speak something of France.  
 The Englishmen then Guyen held in wear,  
 To French folk they did full meikle dear.  
 King and counsel soon in their wits cast,

To get Wallace them thought it was the best :  
 For Guyen land the Englishmen had they,  
 Then ship they thus in all the haste they may :  
 For they traisted, if Scotland were hard stade,  
 Wallace would come as he them promise made,  
 The famine Herauld that in Scotland was,  
 They him commanded, and ordained him to pass  
 Into Scotland without longer delay,  
 Out of the Sluce as goodly as he may :  
 Ready he was, in ship he past on case,  
 In Tays mouth, but bode the haven tais,  
 Where Wallace then was at the saylie still,  
 And he received the Herauld with good will :  
 Their write he read, and said to them wise :  
 An answer soon he could them not devise.  
 To honest inns the Herauld soon he send,  
 On Wallace cost, right boldly for to spend  
 While time he saw how other matters stood,  
 Then answer he should have withoutten dread.  
 The wit of France thought Wallace to commend,  
 Into Scotland with this Herauld they send,  
 Praise of his deed, and als the discription,  
 Of him tane there, by men of discretion,  
 Clerks, Knights and Heraulds that him saw  
 But I hereof cannot rehearse it aw.  
 Wallace stature, of greatnes and of hight.  
 Was judged thus by discretion of sight.  
 That saw him both on chevil and on weed :  
 Nine quarters large of hight he was indeed,  
 Third part that length in shoulers broad was he,  
 Right seemly strong, and lusty for to see :  
 In limbs great, with stalwart pass and found :  
 Has brains hard, with arms long and round :  
 His hands made right like to a palmear,  
 Of manlike make, with nails long and clear :  
 Proportioned fair, and long was his visage :  
 Right sad of speech, and able of courage :  
 Both breast high, with sturdy craig and great :  
 His lips round, his nose square and neat :  
 Burning brown hair on browes and bries light :  
 Clear asper eyes, like diamonds full bright.  
 Under his chin, on his left side was seen,

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By hurt, a wan, his colour was sanguine,  
Wounds he had in many diverse place ;  
But fair and whole well kept was his face :  
Of riches als he kept no proper thing ;  
Gave that he wan, like Alexander the King.  
In time of peace, meek as a mind should be,  
When war approached, the right Hector was he.  
To Scotsmen right good credance he gave,  
But known enemies they could not him deceive.  
These properties were judged into France,  
Of him to be a goodly remembrance.  
Master John Blair this pattern could receive,  
In Wallace book he breived with the lave :  
But he thereof as then took little heed,  
His laborous mind was all of other deed.  
At Dundie sidge thus earnest as he lay,  
Tydings to him Jop brought upon a day.  
How King Edward with likely men of vail,  
An hundred thousand came for to assail,  
And Scots ground they had tane upon case.  
Into some part it grieved good Wallace ;  
He made Scrimgeor at his house for to ly,  
With Eight thousand, and charged him for thy,  
That none should scape with life out of that stead,  
That Sutheron were, but put them all to dead,  
Scrimgeour granted right faithfully to bide,  
With two thousand Wallace could from him ride,  
To Saint Johnstoun three days graithed he there,  
With sad advise towards the south can fare :  
For King Edward that time ordained had.  
Ten thousand whole to pass that was full glad.  
With young Woodstock, a Lord of meikle might  
At Stirviling bridge he ordained them full right :  
And there to bide, the entry for to weir ;  
Of Wallace then he trowed to have no deir,  
Right royally upon a good array,  
Then leave they took, and past out but delay,  
To Stirviling came, and there would not abide :  
To see the north, beyond Forth can they ride,  
Such new courage fell into his intent,  
Which made the Sutheron full sore for to repent.



## The Eleventh B O O K.

## C H A P. I.

## The battel of Faw Kirk.

**T**His Woodstock rode into the north good speed,  
 Of Scots as then they had but little dread:  
 For well they trowed for to rescue Dundie.  
 Their ships came to Tay in by the sea.  
 His guides said, that they should lead him by,  
 Saint Johnstoun where passage lay plainly.  
 The hight they took, and looked them about,  
 So were they ware of Wallace and his rout:  
 Then in some part he remorded his thought,  
 The king's command because he kepted nought.  
 But when he saw they were fewer nor he,  
 He would them bide, and either do or die,  
 Sir John Ramsay foremost his power saw:  
 Said, yon are they that ye see hither draw,  
 Either Sutherland that come so cruelly,  
 Or earl Malcom to seek you for supply.  
 Then Wallace smiled, and said Sutherland they are.  
 Ye may them know right well where that they fare.  
 On Sheriff mure Wallace the field hath tane,  
 With eight thousand of worthy men in wane,  
 The Sutherland were right doughty into deed,  
 Together strake well stuffed in steel weed:  
 Then spears soon all into splenders sprent,  
 The hardy Scots out through the Sutherland went,  
 In rayed battel seven thousand down they bare,  
 Dead on the bent, recovered never mair.  
 Right feil fighting with weapons grounded keen,  
 Blood then from birnes was blushed on the green.  
 The stalwart stout right fellow was and strang,  
 The worthy Scots so derfly on them dang,  
 That all was dead within a little stound;  
 None from that place had ever power to found,  
 Young Woodstock hath both life and host forlorn,  
 The Scots spoiled all good gear them befor.  
 What them thought best of fine harness they wail,  
 Both gold and good, and horse that might avail.  
 To Striveling bridge without resting they rade, Ere

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Ere mo should come, Wallace this ordinance made:  
Past over the bridge Wallace gart wrights call :  
And with crafts-men undid the passage all,  
Then these same folk he sent to the Drifdurd,  
Gart set the ground with strong stakes and burd,  
With nine or ten syles he cast the gate before,  
Enlong the shald made it as deep as shore.  
Then Wallace said, we shall on one side be,  
Yon king and I, but if he southward flee,  
He sent Lawder which had in hand the Bass.  
Enlong the coast, where any vessel was,  
And men with him that busily could look,  
Of each boat a board or two they took :  
Ships they burnt of strangers that were there.  
Setoun and he to Wallace thus can fare.  
In Striviling lay upon his purpose still,  
For Englishmen to see what way they will.  
The earl Malcom Striviling in keeping had.  
To him came with men of arms sad,  
Three hundred whole that sicker was and true,  
Of Lennox folk, their power to renew.  
Sir John the Graham from Dundaff sickerly,  
To Wallace came with a good chevalry,  
Tydings him brought that Sutheron came at hand,  
In Torphichin king Edward was lodgeand,  
Destroying the place of purveyance was there :  
Saint John's good as then they would not spare.  
Stewart of Bute came unto Wallace there,  
With him he had twelve hundred men and mair :  
The Cumine then was past in Cumbernald,  
Upon the morn bowned the Stewart bald,  
Soon to array with men of arms bright :  
Twenty thousand then sembled in their sight.  
The Lord Stewart and Cumine forth they ride  
To the Faw Kirk, and thought there to abide.  
Wallace and his then to array they yeed,  
With ten thousand of worthy men indeed :  
Who could behold his awful lordly vult,  
So well beseen, so forward, stern and stout,  
So good chiftain as with so few they been,  
Without a king was never in Scoland seen.

Wallace himself and Earl Malcom the Lord,  
 Sir John the Graham, and Ramsay at record,  
 Setoun, Lawder, and Boyd that was full wight,  
 Adam Wallace was to that journey dight :  
 And many other that proved well in preass,  
 Their names all I may not here rehearse.  
 Sutheron or then out of Torphichin fure,  
 Their passage made into Slamanane mure ;  
 Into a plain set tents and pavilions,  
 South the Faw Kirk a little above the town,  
 Good Jop himself thus judged by his sight  
 In whole number an hundred thousand right.  
 Of Wallace coming the Scots such comfort took,  
 When they him saw, all dreadour they forlook ;  
 For of envy was few there that it wist,  
 Treasonable folk their matter works at list :  
 Poyson since then at the Faw Kirk is call'd.  
 Through great treason, and corruption of ald.  
 For Cumines had envy of good Wallace.  
 For Earl Patrick, as hapned upon case :  
 Countess of March was Cumines sister dear,  
 Under colour he wrought on this manner.  
 Into the host had ordained Wallace dead.  
 And made Stewart to fall with him at plead,  
 That Lord, he said, that Wallace had no right  
 Power to lead, and be present in sight :  
 He bade him take the vanguard for the gy,  
 So wist he well that he should strive for thy.  
 Lord Stewart asked at Wallace his counsel,  
 Said, Sir, ye know what may us best avail :  
 Yon awfull King is fellon for to byde,  
 Right unabased Wallace answered that tyde :  
 And I have seen twise mo into Scotland,  
 With yon same King, when Scotsmen took on hand,  
 With fewer men than now hither is fought,  
 This realm against, and to good purpose brought.  
 Sir, we will fight, for we have men anew,  
 As for a day, so that we all be true.  
 The Stewart said, The Vanguard we should have.  
 Wallace answered, and said, So God me save,  
 That shall ye not, so long as I may reign,  
 Nor no man else, except my righteous king.

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If he will come and take on him the crown,  
At his command I shall be ready bown.  
Through Gods grace I rescued Scotland twife,  
I were over mad to tine it in such wise,  
To tine for boast that I have governed lang,  
Thus half in wrath from ward him can he gang,  
Stewart therewith all bowned into bail.  
Wallace he said, by thee I tell a tale.  
Say forth, quoth he, of the fairest ye can,  
Unhappily his tale thus he began.  
Wallace he said, thou takes this meikle cure,  
So fared it by working of nature,  
How an Howlat complained of his fethreme,  
When dame nature took of each bird but blame.  
A fair feather, and to the Howlat gave,  
Then he through pride rebuted all the lave :  
Wherefore should thou thy senyie show so hie,  
Thou thinks none here that should thy fellow be :  
This makes it, thou art glad with our men :  
Had we our own, then were but few to ken.  
At these words good Wallace burnt as fire,  
Over hastily he answered him in yre :  
Thou lied, he said, the sooth full oft hath been,  
There have I bidden, where thou durst not be seen,  
Contrare thine enemies, no more for Scotlands right :  
Nor dare the Howlat when that the day is light :  
That tale full near thou hast told by thy sell :  
To thy desire thou shalt not me compel ;  
Cumine it is hath given thee this counsel,  
Will God ye shall of your first purpose fail :  
That false traitour that I from danger brought,  
Is wonder like to bring this realm to nought :  
For thine oggart either to do or die,  
To prison fled, or cowardly to flee :  
Rescue of me thou shalt get none this day,  
There with he turned, and from them rode his way,  
Ten thousand men away with Wallace rode,  
None better was in all the world so broad,  
As such men was living upon life.  
Alace, great harm fell Scotland for that strife :  
Past to the wood from the Faw Kirk by east :



He would not bide for command nor request,  
 For charge of none, but it had been the king,  
 That might that time bring him from his etling;  
 The other Scots saw their destruction,  
 For discomfort to leave the field was boun;  
 But that these men were native to Stewart,  
 Principal in Bute, took hardiment in heart.  
 Lord Stewart was at Cumine grieved there,  
 Heght and he lived he should repent it fair.  
 The great trespass that he through misknowledge  
 Had gart him make to Wallace in that place,  
 Of their debate it was a great pitie,  
 For Englishmen then might no blyther be,  
 Hasted so fast in battel to the field,  
 Thirty thousand that well could weapons wield,  
 The earl Hartfurd was chosen their chiftain,  
 The good Stewart to that array is gane,  
 The field he took as true and worthy knight;  
 The Englishmen came on with all their might.  
 Their feil meeting was awful for to see,  
 At the counter they gart feil Sutheron die.  
 When spears were spilt, hint out with swords soon  
 On either side full doughty deeds were done,  
 Feil on the ground was felled in that place,  
 Stewart and his can on their enemies race.  
 Blood bursted out through mailzie birnisht bright,  
 Twenty thousand with dreadful weapons dight,  
 On Sutheron men derfly to death they ding,  
 The remnant again fled to the king.  
 Ten thousand then after the dead eschewed,  
 With that chiftain unto the host relieved  
 Again to ray the hardy Stewart yeed,  
 When Wallace saw that worthy noble deed,  
 Held up his hands with humble prayer preft:  
 O God, he said, gave yon lord grace to last,  
 And power have his worship to attend,  
 To win these folk, and take the whole commend.  
 Great harm it were that he should be overfet,  
 With new power they then to him rebet,  
 By that the Bruce an awful battel rayed,  
 The Bishop-Beik that oft had been assayed,  
 Fourty thousand upon the Scots to fare,

With

With full effeir they raised up right there,  
The Bruce's banner with gold and goulles clear.  
When Wallace saw the battels approached near,  
The right Lion against his own Kinrike:  
Alas, he said, the world is contrare like.  
This land should be yon tyrants heritage,  
That cometh thus to stroy his own barnage:  
So I were free of it that I said air,  
I would forswear Scotland for evermair;  
Contrare Bruce I should rescue them now,  
Or die therefore, to God I make a vow.  
The great debate in Wallace wit can waid,  
Betwixt kindness and willful vow was made.  
Kindness bad him rescue them from their fo.  
Then Will said, Nay, why fool, wilt thou do so?  
Thou hast no wit with right thyself to lead.  
Should thou help him that would put thee to dead?  
Kindness said, yet they are good Scotmen.  
The will said, wit the verity thou may ken.  
Had they been good, all in one we had been,  
By reason here the contrair well is seen,  
For they us hate more than the Sutheron leid,  
Kindness said, nay, that show they not indeed:  
Though one of them be false into their saw,  
Because of him thou should not lose them aw:  
They have done well into yon fellow stour,  
Rescue them now, and take thee high honour.  
Will said, they would have rest from me my life.  
I bade for them in many a fellow strife.  
Kindness said, help, their power is but nought,  
Then wreak on him that all the malice wrought.  
Will said, this day they shall not holpen be:  
That I have said, shall ay be said for me:  
They are but dead, God grant them of his blis:  
Envy long since hath done great harm and mis,  
Wallace therewith turned in yre and teen,  
Tears for bail burst out from both his een.  
Sir John the Graham and many other wight,  
Weeped for wo for sorrow of that knight,  
When Bruce's battel upon the Scots strake,  
Their cruel coming made cowards for to quake.  
Lord Cumine fled in Cumbernald away,      About

About the Scots the Sutheron lapped they.  
 The men of Bute before their Lord they stood,  
 Defending him, when that feil streams of blood  
 Were them about in floats where they yeed,  
 Bathed in blood was Bruces sword and weed.  
 Through feil slaughter of feil men of his own,  
 Soon to the death the Scots were overthrown,  
 Then slew the lord, for he would not be tane.  
 When Wallace saw that their good men were gane,  
 Lords, he said, what now is your counsel?  
 Two choyses there are, I rede the best ye wail,  
 Yonder the king his host abandonand,  
 With Bruce and Beik in yon battel to stand,  
 Yon king in war right wise and fell hath been,  
 Their captains als full cruel are and keen,  
 Better of hand is not living, I wifs,  
 In tyranny, ye trow me well of this,  
 Nor Bruce and Beik, to what side they be set,  
 We have a chose which is full hard but let.  
 And we turn east for strength in Lowthian land,  
 They stuff a chase right hard I understand:  
 Take we the mure, yon king is us before,  
 There is but this withoutten words more,  
 To the Torwood, for our succour is there:  
 Through Bruces host, forsooth first must we fare.  
 Amongst us now there needeth no debate,  
 Yon men are dead, we need not strive for state.  
 They all consented to work right as he will:  
 What him thought best, they granted to fulfil.  
 Good Wallace then that stoutly could them stir.  
 Before them rode into his armour clear,  
 Ruled their spears all in one number round,  
 And we grace have for to pass through them found,  
 And few be lost, to our strength will we ryde,  
 Want we many, in faith we shall abyde,  
 With their armed horse fast on the host they rade,  
 The rierd then rose when spears in sunder glade,  
 Dashed in drofs dunted with spears dint,  
 From forged steel the fire flew forth but stint:  
 The fellon throng when horse and men renewed,  
 Up drove the dust where they their paths proved.  
 The other host might not their deeds see,      The

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The flour that rose, while they dissevered be.  
The worthy Scots eight thousand down they bare,  
Few fell on ground that good Wallace brought there.  
The king cryed, horse upon them for to ryde.  
But this wise Lord gave him counsel to byde.  
The Earl of York said, Sir ye work amils,  
To break array, yon men quite through them is :  
They kend the Land, and will to strengths draw,  
Take we the plain, we are in peril aw.  
The king conceived that his counsel was right,  
Ruled the host, and bade still in their sight,  
Ere Bruce and Beik might return their battel,  
The Scots were through, and had a great avail.  
Wallace commanded the host should pass away,  
To the Torwood in all the haste they may :  
Himself and Graham, and Lauder turned in,  
Betwixt battels, pryfe and proves to win,  
And with them bode in that place hundred three  
Of Westland men used in jeopardy,  
Upon wight horse, that right warly could ride,  
A stop they made where they set on a side ;  
No spears they had, but swords of tempered steel,  
Therewith in stour they let their Enemies feel,  
How they full oft had proved been in preals,  
Of Englishmen they made feil to deceals.  
Ere Bruce thereof might well perceiving have,  
Three hundred there were graithed to their grave,  
The hardy Bruce an host abandone it,  
Thirty thousand he ruled by force and wit,  
Upon the Scots, his men for to rescue,  
Served they were with good spears anew,  
And Bishop Beik a stuff to him to be.  
When good Wallace their ordinance can see ;  
Alace, he said, yon man hath meikle might,  
And over good will to undo his own right.  
He bade his men toward the host to ryde,  
Them for to save, he would behind them byde.  
Meikle he trowed in God, and his own deed,  
To save his men into his doughty weed ?  
Upon himself meikle travel he taes,  
The great battel compleat upon him gaes :  
In the fore-front turned he full oft,

When



Whom ever he hit, their saughning was unsoft :  
 That day in world known was not his make,  
 A Sutheron man he slew ay at one straik.  
 But his own strength might not against them be,  
 Toward his host hehoved him to flee,  
 The Bruce him hurt at his returning there,  
 Under the hanch, a deep wound and fair,  
 Blood bursted out braithly a spears length,  
 From the great host he fled towards his strength :  
 Such a flyer before was never seen,  
 Nought as Gaderis of Gaudifer the teen  
 When Alexander rescued the fourcours,  
 Might not to him be compared in those hours.  
 The feil turning of fourcours he made,  
 How boldly as before the host he bade.  
 Nor how good Graham with cruel hardiment,  
 Nor how Lawder amongst his enemies went :  
 How they alone into the stour then stood,  
 While Wallace was in stanching of his blood.  
 By then he had steemed full well his wound,  
 With three hundred into the field can found,  
 To rescue Graham and Lawder that were wight,  
 But Bishop Beik came on with strength and slight,  
 The worthy Scots retired far a back,  
 Seven aikers broad, unto their own great wrake,  
 Yet were these two delivered their full well,  
 By his own hand, and a good sword of steel,  
 The awful Bruce amongst them with great main,  
 At the rescue three Scotsmen hath he slain ;  
 Whom he hit right ay at one straik was dead :  
 Wallace preassed in therefore to set remead,  
 With a good spear Bruce was served but bade,  
 With great envy to Wallace fast he rade,  
 And he to him assonziet not for thy,  
 The Bruce him mist, as Wallace passed by,  
 Ackwart he stake with his sharp grounden glave,  
 Spear and horse neck he all in sunder drave,  
 Bruce was at ground ere Wallace turn'd about.  
 The great battel of Sutheron stern and stout,  
 They horled Bruce with men of great valour :  
 Wallace, alone was in that stalwart stour,

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Graham preassed in, and strake an English knight,  
Before the Bruce upon the basnet right,  
That frivole stuff, and all his other weed,  
Both bane and brain the noble sword through yeed,  
The knight was dead, good Graham returned right,  
A subtil knight thereat had great despight,  
Followed at wait, and hath perceived well,  
Grahams birney too narrow was some deal  
Beneath the waste, that close it might not be,  
On the fillet full sternly then strake he,  
Pierced the back, in the bowels him bare  
With a sharp spear that he might live na mair.  
Graham turned there, and smote the knight in teen,  
Through the visart, a little beneath the een.  
dead of that dint, to ground he rushed down,  
Sir John the Graham swooned on his arsoun,  
Ere he overcame to pass to his party,  
Feil Sutherland men that were on foot him by,  
Sticked his horse that he no further yeed,  
Graham yeilds to God his good spirit and is dead.  
When Wallace saw this good knight to death brought  
The piteous pain so thirled his thought,  
All out of kind altered his courage,  
His wit in war was then but a wood rage.  
The horse him bare in field where so him list.  
For of himself as then he little wist.  
Like a wood beast that was from reason rent,  
As witless wight into the host he went,  
Dinging on hard, what Sutherland right he hit,  
Straight upon horse again might never sit.  
Into that rage full feil folk he dung down,  
All him about was red a full great rowm,  
When Bruce saw with Wallace, it was sa.  
He then charged men long spears for to ta,  
And slay his horse, so he could not escape.  
Feil Sutherland then to Wallace can them shape,  
Pierced his horse with spears on either side,  
Wounds they made that were both deep and wide;  
Of shafts part Wallace in funder share,  
But feil heads into his horse left there.  
Some wit again to Wallace can redoun,  
In his own mind, so ruled him reason:

So for to die, he thought no vassalage,  
 Then for to flee he took into a rage,  
 Spurred the horse, and ran in a randoun  
 To his own folk where byding on Carroun.  
 The sea was in, they stopped and still stood:  
 On loud he cryed, and bade them take the flood:  
 Together byde, ye may not lose a man.  
 At his command they took the water than.  
 He returned the entry for to keep,  
 VVhile all the host were passed over the deep:  
 Then followed fast, and dread his horse should fail,  
 Himself was clad in a heavy plate of mail.  
 Though he could swim, he trowed he might not well  
 The clear water cooled the horse some deal.  
 Out over the flood he bare him to the land,  
 Then fell down dead, and might no longer stand.  
 Keirly full soon a courser to him brought,  
 Then up he lap, amongst the host he sought:  
 Graham was away, and other fifteen wight,  
 On Magdalen day these folk to death were dight,  
 Thirty thousand of Englishmen for true,  
 The worthy Scots upon that day they slew:  
 VVhat by Stewart, and then by wight VVallace,  
 For all his price King Edward rewed that case.  
 To the Torwood he bade, the host to ride,  
 Keirly and he passed on Carroun side,  
 Beholding over upon the south party.  
 Bruce foremost came, and could on VVallace cry:  
 VVhat art thou there? a man, VVallace can say,  
 The Bruce answered, that hast thou proved this day.  
 Abide he said, thou needest not now to flee.  
 VVallace answered, I eschewed not for thee:  
 But that thy power hath near thine own undone,  
 Amends hereof, will God, we shall have soon.  
 Language of thee, the Bruce saith, I desire.  
 Say forth, quoth he, thou mayest for little hyre:  
 Ryde from thine host, and gar them byde with Beik:  
 I would fain hear what thou likest to speak.  
 the host bode still, the Bruce passed them fra,  
 No man with him, but one Scot that heght Rae,  
 VVhen that the Bruce out of their hearing were,  
 He turned in by, and thus question can spear?

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Why workest thou thus, and might in good peace be?  
Then Wallace said, but in default of thee;  
Through thy falshood thine own wit is miskend;  
I claim no right, but would this land defend,  
That thou undoeest through thy false cruel deed;  
Thou hast tint two that were worth far more meed.

Upon this day, with a good King to found,  
Nor five millions of finest gold so round.  
That ever were wrought in work of coyn so bright;  
I trow in world be not a better knight,  
Than was good Graham of truth and hardiment,  
Tears therewith from Wallace eyes down went.

Bruce said, far more on this day we have lost  
Wallace answered, alace, they were ill cost,  
Through thy treason shouldst be our righteous king,  
That wilfully destroy'st thine own off-spring.  
The Bruce answerd, wilt thou do my devile:

Wallace said, no, thou livest in such wise,  
Thou wouldest me make at King Edwards will be?

Yet I had rather to morn be hanged hie,  
But wilt thou do as I shall counsel give,  
Then as a Lord thou might at liking live,  
At thine own will in Scotland for to reign,  
To be in peace, and hold of Edward King  
Of that false King I think never to take,  
But contrare him with all my power to make:

I claim nothing as by tittle of right,  
Though I might rave, since God hath lent me might  
From thee thy crown of this Region to wear;

But I shall not such charge upon me bear.  
Great God knows best what wars I took on hand.  
For to keep free that which thou dost gain stand,

It might be said of thee long time befor,  
In cursed time thou wast for Scotland born,  
Seemest thou not, that never yet didst good,  
Thou Runnagate, devourer of thy blood.

I vow to God, may I thy master be  
In any field, thou shalt far rather die,  
Than shall a Turk, for thy false cruel wear:  
Pagans to us do not so meikle dear.

Then leugh the Bruce at Wallace earnestness,

And



And said, thou seest that thus stands the case :  
 This day thou art with power overset,  
 Against yon king overhand ye may not get.  
 Then Wallace said, we are by meikle thing,  
 Stronger this day in contrary yon king,  
 Than at Bigger, where he left many of his,  
 An als the field, so shall he do with this :  
 Into the field he shall lose many a knight,  
 Or die therefore, for all his meikle might.  
 And Scotland now into such peril stad,  
 To leave it thus, I might be called mad.  
 Wallace, he said, it approached near night;  
 Would thou to morn, when that the day is light,  
 Ere nine of clock, meet me at the chappel,  
 By Dunipace, I would hear thy counsel.  
 Wallace said, nay, ere that each time be spent,  
 Were all the men hence in the Orient,  
 Into one will with Edward who had sworn,  
 We shall bargain ere nine hours of the morn :  
 Of this wrong reaf, either he shall think shame,  
 Or die therefore, or flee in England hame.  
 But and thou wilt, soon by the hour of three,  
 At that each tryft, will God I shall thee see.  
 While I may last, this realm shall not forfare.  
 Bruce promis'd him with twelve Scots to be there.  
 Then Wallace said, stood thou righteous to me,  
 A contrare-part I should not be to thee.  
 I shall bring ten, and for thy power mo,  
 I give no force, though thou be friend or fo,  
 Thus they departed, Bruce passed thus away,  
 To Lithgow rode where that king Edward lay :  
 The field had left and lodged by south the town,  
 At supper set as Bruce at the pavilion,  
 He entred in, and saw vacant his seat,  
 No water took, but made him to the meat,  
 Fasting he was, and been in meikle dread,  
 Bloody was all his weapons and his weed.  
 The Sutheron Lords scorned in terms rude,  
 And said, behold yon Scot eats his own blood,  
 The King thought evil they made such derision,  
 Bade have water to Bruce of Huntingtown.

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They bade him wash, he said that he would nought  
This blood is mine, that hurts most my thought.  
Sadly the Bruce then in his mind remorded,  
The words sooth Wallace had him recorded :  
Then rewed he fore, fra reason he had known.  
That blood and land should both have been his own  
With them he was long ere he got away,  
But contrare Scots he fought not from that day.  
Leave I the Bruce sore mourning in his intent :  
Good Wallace soon again to his host went,  
In the Torwood which had their lodging made.  
Fires they beit that was both bright and brade.  
Of nolt and sheep they took at sufficence,  
Thereof full soon to get them sustinance.  
Wallace sleepe but short while, and soon rose,  
To rule the host on a good pace he goes.  
The Earl Malcom, Ramsay, and Lundie wight,  
And five thousand in battel then he dight.  
Wallace, Lauder, and Christel of Setoun,  
Five thousand led, and Wallace of Richardtown,  
Full well arrayed into their armour clean,  
Past to the field where that the chase had been,  
Seeking dead men among the worthiest,  
The corps of Graham, for whom they mourned most  
When they him fand, and good Wallace him saw,  
He lighted down, hint him before them aw  
In arms up, beholding his pale face,  
He kissed him, and cryed full oft, alace.  
My best brother in world that ever I had :  
Mine esold friend when I was hardest stead :  
Mine hope, mine health, thou wast of most honour:  
My faith, mine help, my strengthner into flour.  
In thee was wit, freedom, and hardiness :  
In thee was truth, manhood, and nobleness :  
In thee was rule, in thee was governance :  
In thee vertue without variance :  
In thee lawty, in thee was great largeness :  
In thee gentrice, in thee was stedfastness :  
Thou wast great cause of winning of Scotland,  
Though I began, and took the war on hand,  
I vow to God that hath the world to wald.

Thy

Thy death shall be to Sutheron full dear sold.  
 Martyr thou art for Scotlands right and me :  
 I shall be venged, or else therefore shall die.  
 Was no man there from weeping might refrain,  
 For loss of him, when they heard Wallace plain,  
 They carried him with worship and honour  
 In the Faw Kirk made him a sepulchre.  
 Wallace comanded his men therefore to bide,  
 His ten he took, for to meet Bruce they ryde,  
 South-west he past where that the tryst was set,  
 The Bruce full soon and good Wallace have met :  
 For loss of Graham, and als for proper teen,  
 He grew in yre when he the Bruce hath seen.  
 Their saluting was but bousteous and thrown :  
 Rews thou, he said, thou art contrare thine own,  
 Bruce said, Wallace, rebute me now no more,  
 Mine own deeds have bet me wonder fore.  
 When Wallace heard with Bruce that it stood sa,  
 On knees he fell fair countenance can him ma.  
 In arms soon the Bruce hath Wallace tane,  
 Out from their men in counsel are they gane :  
 I cannot tell perfectly their language,  
 But this was it their men had of knowledge :  
 Wallace him prayed, come from the Sutheron King  
 The Bruce said, nay, there lets me yet one thing :  
 I am so bound with witnes to be leal,  
 For all England, I would not false my feal.  
 But one thing here I heght to God and thee.  
 That contrare Scots again I shall not be ;  
 Into a field with weapons that I bear,  
 In my purpose I shall thee never dear :  
 If God thee grants over hand of us to have,  
 I will not flee mine own self for to save,  
 And Edward scape, I pass with him again,  
 But I through force be either tane or slain :  
 Break he on me when that my term is out,  
 I come to thee, may I scape from that doubt.  
 Of their counsel I cannot tell you mair,  
 The Bruce took leave, and can to Edward fare.  
 Wallace in haste provided soon his host,  
 Right sad in mind for Scotfimen that he lost.  
 He made Crawford the Earl Malcom to guide, In

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In the low way to Inneravin to ride  
That their watches then should not them espy;  
The other host himself led hastily,  
By south Manwel, while that they were between;  
Of the out-watches thus scaped they unseen.  
The earl Malcom on Lithgow entred in,  
There hastily a great strife can begin.  
Wallace was nought all to the battel bown,  
When they heard the cry rise into that town.  
On Edward's host they set full suddenly:  
Wallace and his made little noise and cry,  
But occupied with weapons in that stour,  
Feil felled to death that was without armour.  
All disarrayed the English host was than,  
Amongst the pavilions, where Scots full many man  
Cutted down cords, gart many tents fall:  
None sonzeit then, at once were fighting all:  
But Wallace host and earl Malcom with might  
King Edward then with awful fear on hight,  
Cryed to array on Bruce so stern and stout,  
Twenty thousand in arms him about.  
Into harness had bidden all that night,  
But fry'd folk so dulefully been dight,  
On each side fled, for fearedness of their deed:  
Wallace and his so roughly through them yeed,  
Toward the king, and felled feil to ground,  
Who bode them there right fell fighting they found  
The cruel king right awfully abade,  
To all his folk a great comfort he made:  
The worthy Scots among them in that stour,  
Feil Sutheron slew into their fine armour,  
Before the king made stops them among,  
So forwardly they pressed in that throng.  
English commons they fled on either side,  
But noble men, there durst none other byde.  
The Bruce as then to Scots made no grievance,  
But judge he was with fenziет countenance:  
So did he never into no battel air,  
Nor yet after such deed as he showed there.  
The earl Hartfurd to flee he made him bown,  
The earl Malcom by that came in the town:

The



The Lennox men set their lodges on fire,  
 Then fearedly fled many Sutheron syre.  
 The king Edward that yet was fighting still,  
 Hath seen them flee, and liked them full ill.  
 The worthy Scots fast toward him they preass,  
 His bridle leas assayed ere they would ceass :  
 His banner-man in that place Wallace slew.  
 And then to ground the banner soon it flew.  
 The Earl of York counsell'd the King to flee,  
 And so returned, since no succour they see.  
 The Englishmen hath seen the banner fall,  
 Without comfort to flee they purpose all.  
 Ten thousand men in field and town was dead,  
 Of Edwards folk, ere himself left that stead,  
 Twenty thousand away together rade,  
 King and chiftains no longer tarry made :  
 The Scots in haste then to their horse they yeed,  
 To stuff the chase with worthy men indeed,  
 The Lennox folk that wanted horse and gear.  
 Took them at will to help them in their wear.  
 At Stragil rode, what Scots might foremost pass  
 On Sutheron men full great slaughter there was,  
 Wallace hath seen the Scots unorderly,  
 Follow the chase he made masters in hy,  
 Them for to rule, and altogether ryde,  
 Commanding them, each one should other byde.  
 Into flying the Sutheron subtile are,  
 See they a time, they will set on full fair.  
 Feil scailed folk to them will soon renew,  
 For ye see well that they are men anew.  
 The followers was ruled well with skill,  
 In good array they rode all at his will.  
 And slew down fast what Sutheron they overtake,  
 Contrare the Scots came not mastery to make.  
 Into that chase they hasted all so near,  
 No Englishmen durst from the host out fear.  
 The frayed folk at Stragil were fleeand,  
 Drew to the King well mo than ten thousand,  
 Thirty thousand in number then were they,  
 Into array together they past away.  
 Feil Scots horse so driven was in travel,

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Fore-run that day, and irked began to fail :  
The Sutheron was with horse served so well,  
Of Wallace chase the Sutheron had some fell.  
Of horse they were purveyed in great wain,  
The king changed on sundry horse of Spain.  
Then Wallace said, lords, ye may well see,  
Yon folk are now all that yon king may be,  
For fault of stuff we lose over meikle thing ;  
Had we good horse to pass before yon king,  
We should make end of all this long debate,  
Yet some of them shall be handled so heat :  
Part of our horse are holden fresh and wight,  
Set on them fast while that we are in might :  
With that the Scots so hard among them drew,  
Of the outmost three thousand men they slew.  
In Crawford mure many a man was slain.  
Edward gart call the Bruce of meikle main ;  
Then said he thus, good Earl of Huntingtown,  
Ye see the Scots put many to confusion,  
Would ye with men again on them relieve,  
And mar them once, I shall while that I live.  
Love you far more than any other knight,  
And for all this, shall you put in your right.  
Then said the Bruce, Sir loose me of my band :  
And I shall turn, I heght you by my hand.  
The king soon considered in his mind,  
When he heard Bruce answer him in this kind,  
From Englishmen the Bruce heart set it is :  
Then cast he this, how he should mend this miss :  
And so he did in England at his will,  
No Scotsman he let with Bruce bide still :  
But where he past, held him in subjection,  
Of Englishmen under a great bandon.  
He turned not, nor no more language made,  
In rayed battel the king to Sulway rade,  
With meikle pain past upon Englands coast,  
Fifty thousand in that travel they lost.  
When Wallace saw he escaped was away,  
Upon command again returned they,  
To Edinburgh, withoutten words more,  
Put in Crawford that Captain was before,

Of heritage he had in Manwel land,  
 Wallace commanded each man should hold in hand  
 Their own office, as they before time had.  
 Put in good peace, Scotland in right he stad.  
 On the tenth day to Saint Johnstoun, he went,  
 Asssembled lords, then shewed them his intent,  
 Scrimgeour came that then had won Dundie,  
 Wallace command that time well kepted he.  
 He sailied so while strong hunger them drave,  
 Feebled them so, the house to him they gave.  
 These wageours soon they put to confusoun,  
 Then brought Morton to make a conclusion,  
 Before Wallace, and soon from he him saw,  
 He gart hang him for all king Edwards aw.  
 Mafons and minds with Scrimgeour forth he send,  
 Cast down Dundie, and thereof made an end,  
 Wallace sadly when these deeds were done,  
 The lords he called, and his will shew'd them soon:  
 Good men, he said, I was your governour,  
 My mind was set to do you ay honour,  
 And for to bring this Realm to righteousness:  
 For it I past in many painful place.  
 To win our own, my self I never spar'd,  
 At the Faw Kirk then ordained me reward;  
 Of their reward ye hear no more through me,  
 Unto such gifts, God will full well have eye.  
 Now ye are free, through the Maker of might,  
 He grant you grace for to defend your right.  
 Als I presume if harm he ordain'd me,  
 There are Scotsmen which should the workers be.  
 I have enough of our old Enemies strife:  
 Methinks our own should not envy my life,  
 Mine office here over plainly I resign:  
 I think no more to take on me such thing.  
 In France I will, and win my living there,  
 As now advised, and home to come no mair.  
 Lords gainstood, but all that helped nought.  
 For any there, he did as himself thought.  
 Bishop Sinkler was visited with sickness  
 Into Dunkeld, and then through God's grace,  
 He recovered when Wallace past away:  
 After the Bruce he lived many a day.

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Good Wallace thus took leave in Saint Johnstoun,  
Eighteen with him to Dundie made them boun.  
Longoveil past that doughty was indeed,  
The Barrons sons of Brechin with him yeed.  
Two brethren old with their uncle them dight,  
Symond Wallace and Richard that were wight,  
Sir Thomas Gray, this priest can with them fare,  
Edward Little, and Jop, and master Blair.  
Good Keirly past had been with Wallace long,  
And done full well in many fellon throng.  
This Keirly then that could with Wallace fare,  
Will Ker he heght, mine author will declare :  
Keirly in Irish, is but Ker Little call'd,  
In Carrick he had heritage of ald :  
His forbearer which worthy was of hand,  
Saint David King him brought out of Ireland ;  
Then at Dummoir where first Norways came in,  
This Ker made great discomfice of their kin,  
With seven hundred vanquisht nine thousand,  
Some drowned in Down, some slain upon the land ;  
Those whole lands the good King gave him till.  
How Wallace past now further speak I will.

## C H A P. II.

How Wallace met with John of Lyn upon the Sea.

**A** Mongst merchants thus Wallace took the sea,  
Pray we to God that he their helper be:  
They sailed forth by part of England shore,  
To Humber-mouth when that they came before,  
Out of the South a great red sail they see,  
Into the top three leopards standing hie :  
The merchants then the sign when that they saw,  
Coming so near, they were discomfort aw :  
For well they wist that it was John of Lyn,  
Scots to slay, he said it was no sin.  
These frayed folk they yeed to confession.  
Then Wallace said, such a devotion  
Yet saw I never, in no place where I past,  
That for one ship ye should be all agast :  
Yon wood cats shall do but little dear,  
We saw them sail twice mo when they were,



On a fair field, so shall they on the sea.  
 Despite it is to see them stand so hie,  
 The steirs-man said, Sir, will ye understand,  
 He saveth none that is born of Scotland:  
 We may not fly from yon barge, wot I well,  
 Well stuffed they are with gun and gainzie of steel,  
 Upon the sea yon reaver long hath been,  
 To righteous men he doth full meikle teen;  
 Might we be saved, we reck not for our good.  
 This use he hath shortly for to conclude,  
 A flood he bears upon his coat armour,  
 Ay drowning folk, so painted in his figure,  
 Suppose we mourn ye should have no marvel.  
 Then Wallace said, Here is men of more vail  
 To sail the ship, therefore in how thou ga,  
 And thy fears; no more cummer us ma.  
 Wallace and his then soon to harness yeed:  
 When they were graithed into their worthy weed,  
 Himself and Blair, and the knight Longoveil,  
 These three hath tane to keep the mid-ship well,  
 Before were eight, and six be eft he kend:  
 Then two he chose the top for to defend.  
 And Gray he made their steirs-man for to be.  
 The merchants then saw them so manfullie  
 Defend themselves because they had no weed,  
 Out of the how they took then skins good speed  
 Ay betwixt two stuffed wool as they might best,  
 Against the stroak, that they might some part last.  
 Then Wallace leugh, and commanded them aw.  
 Of such harness before he never saw.  
 By that the barge came on them wonder fast,  
 Seven score in her that were nothing agast.  
 When John of Lyn saw them in armour bright,  
 He leugh, and said these haughty words on hight:  
 You glaiked Scots cannot us understand.  
 They are but fools, and new come from the land,  
 He cried Strick, but none answer they made.  
 Blair with a bow shot fast withoutten bade:  
 Ere they clipped he shot but arrows three,  
 And at each shot he gart a reaver die.  
 The briggans then they bickered wonder fast,  
 Amongst the Scots with shot of guns cast,

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And they again with spears headed well,  
Feil wounds they made through plaits of finest steel,  
Either other fastned with clippes so keen,  
A cruel counter was at that ship board seen :  
The derf shot drave as thick as hail shour,  
Lasted and well near the space of an hour.

When shot was gone, the Scots great comfort had,  
At hand stroaks they were sicker and iad.

The merchants als with such things as they might,  
Proved full well in defence of their right.

Wallace and his at near straiks when they see,  
With sharp swords they gart feil briggans die.

They in the top so wightly wrought on hand,  
In the south top their might no reaver stand,

All the mid-ship of reavers was made wast,  
That to give over at point they were almost :

Then John of Lyn was right graithly agast,  
He saw his folk about him sailie fast,

With eager will he would have been away.

Bade wind the sail in all the haste they may :

But from the Scots then might they not eskey,

The ships so fore on either side they wey,  
They saw nothing that might be to them ease.

Crawfurd on lost their sail burnt in a bliese.

He John of Lyn ship for to leave that stead,

Of his best men sixty were brought to dead,

Their ship by ours a board was more in height,

Wallace lap in amongst the reavers wight,

A man he strake over ship-board in the sea :

On the other last he slew soon other three.

Longoveil entred, and als good master Blair,

They gave no grace to freiks that they found there,

Wallace himself with John of Lyn hath met,

At his collar a fellon straik him set,

Both helm and head from the shoulder he drave :

Fair over the board in the sea cast the lave.

Of his body, then all the remanand

Entred and slew the briggans that they fand :

The ship they took, both gold and other gear,

That these reavers had gathered long in wear.

At master Blair spake nothing of himself,

In dead of arms what eventure that befel. —  
 Sir Thomas Gray was priest then to Wallace,  
 Put in this book how them hapned this case.  
 That Blair was in, and many worthy deed,  
 Of which himself had no pleasure to read.  
 Wallace gart rule the ship with his own men,  
 And sailed forth the right course for to ken :  
 Into the Sluce haven while they entred be,  
 The merchants well he helped in safety :  
 Of gold and gear they took part that they fand,  
 Gave them the ship, then passed to the land,  
 Through Flanders rode upon a goodly wise,  
 Entred France, and then past to Paris :  
 The glad tidings that to the king was brought  
 Of Wallace coming, it comfort all their thought :  
 They trowed by him to get redress of wrong,  
 The Sutheron had in Guyen wrought so long.  
 The pears of France were at their Parliament :  
 The king commanded with true and whole intent,  
 They should forsee a lordship for Wallace.  
 The Lords then all deemed of this case,  
 For Guyen was all fall out of their hand,  
 They thought it best for to give him that land ;  
 For well they trowed he had wrought so before,  
 He should it win, or else to die therefore :  
 Als of it they might no profit have,  
 That was the cause that Wallace should it have,  
 This decreet soon they shewed unto the king,  
 Displeased he was they made him such a thing,  
 Of Guyen thus, when Wallace had a feel,  
 No land, he said, liked him half so well ;  
 My chance is thus for to be ay in wear,  
 And Englishmen have done our realm most dear.  
 It is well known my defence righteous there :  
 Right have I here, my comfort is the mair.  
 I thank you lords, made such reward to me,  
 Your purpose is I should not idle be,  
 The king bade him the duke of Guyen land.  
 To that command Wallace was gain standand,  
 Because that land was hastily to conquish :  
 His thought was ay to win it through God's grace,  
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But nevertheless the king had made him knight.  
And gave him gold for to maintain his right :  
And then gave charge to all war-men in France,  
They should be whole at Wallace ordinance.  
And also of him he bade him of arms to take ;  
Wallace forsook such changing for to make.  
Since I began, I bore the red lion,  
And thinks to be ay true man to the crown.  
I thank you, Sir, of this mighty reward,  
Yon men herefore shall not right long be spar'd ;  
I think to quite some part ye kythed on me,  
In your service, or else therefore to die.  
Good Wallace thought his time he would not wasse,  
Unto the wars he graithed him in haste.  
All Scottishmen that were into that land,  
To him they sought with their fewty and band.  
Longoveil als a great power, can rise,  
In Wallace help this good knight gladly gaes :  
Ten thousand whole of noble men they were,  
The broad banner display'd of Scotland there.  
These war-men soon upon the Guyen they sure,  
Broke buildings down which had been stark and sture  
Sutheron they slew against them made debate,  
Brightly on board they raised fires full hate.  
Shemon they took that Wallace first had wonned,  
And slew all men of Sutheron there was founded.  
Into that town Wallace his dwelling made,  
All thereabout he wan the country brade.  
The worthy duke of Orleans was Lord,  
Sembled his folk into a good accord,  
Twelve thousand then he had in armour bright,  
And thought to help good Wallace in his right.  
Leave I them thus, the Duke and Wallace baith,  
And speak some part how Scotland took great skaith.

## C H A P. III.

How Edward king of England came into Scotland,  
and made whole conquish thereof.

**T**He false envy, and the wicked reason  
Amongst themselves, brought feil to confusion,  
The knight Vallange in Scotland made repair,



The false Monteith Sir John withoutten mair;  
 Betwixt them two was made a private band,  
 So on a day they met into Annand.  
 Of the Lennox Sir John had great desire.  
 Sir Aymer heght he should have it in hire,  
 To hold in fee, and other lands mo,  
 Of king Edward so he would pass him to.  
 Thus corded they, and then to London went:  
 Edward was glad to hold that appointment.  
 Monteith anone was bound to that fierce king,  
 To further him in Scotland in all thing.  
 Then passed home, and Vallange with him sure,  
 While he was brought again over Carlile mure,  
 King Edward then in yre and fierce courage,  
 By thirty days he raised his barnage,  
 In Scotland past, and there no stopping fand:  
 No Chistain was that durst against him stand:  
 For Monteith told they thought to make Bruce king.  
 All true Scots would be pleased of that thing:  
 Yet many fled, and durst not bide Edward,  
 Some into Rofs, and in the Isles past part.  
 Bishop Sinckler again fled into Bute,  
 With that fierce king he had no will to mute.  
 This without straik the castles of Scotland,  
 King Edward hath tane into his own hand:  
 Divided then to men that he would like.  
 Strengths and towns to Rofs thro' the Kingrick:  
 Both height and vail obeyed whole his will:  
 That he commanded they purpose to fulfil.  
 The Bishops als inclined to his crown,  
 Both temporal, and the religion,  
 The Roman books that then were in Scotland,  
 He gart them bear to Scoon, where they them fand,  
 And but redeem they burnt them all each ane.  
 Salisberry use our Clerks then hath tane:  
 The Lords he took that would not of him hold,  
 In England sent the noble blood of old.  
 Sir William long Douglas to London send  
 In strong prison, and there he made an end.  
 Earl Thomas als that Lord was of Murray,  
 And lord Frazer, with him to pass away:  
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He gart Vallange with him in England go,  
 No man was left all this main land within,  
 From Edwards peace, known of any kin.  
 Setoun and Lawder dwelt still into the Bass,  
 With them Lundie, and men that worthy was.  
 The Earl Malcom and Campbell past but let  
 In Bute, succour with Sinkler for to get.  
 Sir John Ramsay and Ruthwen they fled north  
 To their cousin that lord was of Fillorth :  
 He past with them through Murray's land right,  
 So found they there a gentle worthy knight,  
 That Clement height, full cruelly ay had been,  
 And fended well amongst their enemies keen,  
 He thought never at Edward's will to be,  
 Into his time he gart feil Sutherland die.  
 He led these lords in Ross withoutten mair,  
 At the Stockford a strong strength bigged there ;  
 Keaped it long right worthily by wear,  
 To their enemies they did full meikle dear.  
 Adam Wallace, and Lindsay of Craigie,  
 Away they fled by night unto the sea,  
 And Robert Boyd that was both wise and wight,  
 Arran they took to fend them at their might :  
 And Corspatrick into Dumbar dwelt still,  
 Fewty full soon he made king Edward till.  
 Abernathy, lord Soulis and Cumine als,  
 And John of Lorn that long time had been false :  
 Lord of Brechin, and many other ma,  
 At Edward's peace, for gifts that he them ga.  
 Justice of peace for twenty days sat he,  
 Of Englishmen in Lorn that men might see,  
 Plain to declare : but of this cause, I wis,  
 That all Scotland by conquest then was his.  
 The lords then, and good bishop Sinkler.  
 Out of Bute then they made a Ballingair,  
 To good Wallace told him the torment hail ;  
 Then wrote they thus to get help of that bail.

O Ur hope our health, and our whole governour,  
 Our goodly guide, our best chifstain in stour.  
 Our lord our love, our strength in righteous place,

For God's sake relieve us of this case,  
 And take the crown to us it were kinder,  
 To brook for ay, ere fierce Edward it bear,  
 The write he got, but yet suffer he would,  
 For great falsehood that part did him of old.  
 Meikle dolour it did him in his mind,  
 Of their misfare, for true he was and kind:  
 He thought to take amends of their great wrang,  
 He answered not, but into war forth rang.  
 Of king Edward yet more forth will I tell,  
 In what wise that he could Scotland deal:  
 In Saint Johnstoun the earl of York he made  
 Captain to be of all these lands brade,  
 From Tay to Dee, and under him Buttlar;  
 His good-fire had at Kinlevin ended there,  
 His father als, Wallace had them both slain,  
 Edward therefore made him a man of main.  
 The lord Bewmont into the north he send,  
 These lordships whole he gave them in command.  
 To Striviling then from Saint Johnstoun he went.  
 There to fulfill the lave of his intent.  
 The lord Clefford he had then Douglas dail,  
 Ruler to be of the south marches hail:  
 All Galloway he gave Cumine in hand;  
 Wist not but God how long that state should stand.  
 With the gentle lord bishop Lambertoun,  
 Of Saint Andrews was Douglas of renown;  
 Before that time young James wight and wise,  
 To him was come from the schools of Paris,  
 A private favour the bishop to him bare;  
 But Englishmen were so great masters there,  
 He durst not well in plain show him kindness,  
 While on a day he took some hardinets,  
 Dowglas he call'd, and can to Striviling fare,  
 Where king Edward was dealing lands there,  
 He profered him into the king's service,  
 To brook his own, frae he wist in this wise  
 Dowglas he was, then he forsook plainlie,  
 Swears by Saint George, he brooks no land of me,  
 His father was in contrare of my crown,  
 Therefore as now he bides in our prison.  
 To the bishop none other answer he made,

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But as he pleased dealt on their lands brade.  
 To the lord Soullis all whole the Mers gave he,  
 And captain als of Berwick for to be.  
 Olivant then that he in Striviling fand,  
 When he him had, he would not keep his band,  
 The which he had made ere he him Striviling gave;  
 Deceitfully the king could him deceive,  
 Into England sent him in prison strong,  
 In great distress he lived there full long.  
 When king Edward had dealt this region,  
 His leave he took, to England made him boun,  
 Out of Striviling southward as they can ride,  
 Cumine happed near hand the Bruce to bide.  
 Thus said he, Sir, and ye can keep counsel,  
 I can you learn which may you best avail.  
 The Bruce answered, whatever ye show to me,  
 As for my part, shall well concealed be.  
 Lord Cumine said, Sir, ye know not this thing,  
 Of all this realm ye should be righteous king.  
 Then said the Bruce, suppose I righteous be,  
 I see no time to take such things on me.  
 I am holden into mine enemies hand.  
 Under great oath when I came in Scotland,  
 To part from him, for profit nor request,  
 Nor for no strength, but if death me arrest:  
 He heght again to give this land to me:  
 Now find I well, it is but subtilty:  
 For this thou sees he deals mine heritage  
 To Sutheron part, and some to traitors wage.  
 Then Cumine said, will ye therefore concord,  
 Of my lands and ye like to be lord,  
 Ye shall them have for your right and the crown,  
 Or, and ye like, Sir, for my varison,  
 I shall you help with power at my might.  
 The Bruce answered, I will not sell my right.  
 But on this wise, what lordship thou wouldst crave  
 For thy supply, I heght thou shalt it have.  
 Come from yon king, Sir, with some jeopardie.  
 Now Edward hath all Galloway given to me,  
 My nevoy Soullis that keeps Berwick town,  
 At your command his power shall be boun:



My Nevoy als a man of meikle might,  
 The lord of Lorn hath great rowm in the hight :  
 My third Nevoy a knight of great renown,  
 Will rise with us, of Brechin the barron.  
 Then said the Bruce, fell there so fore a chance,  
 That we might get again Wallace from France,  
 By wit and force we could this kingrick win,  
 Alace, we have been over lang in twin.  
 To that language Cumine made no record,  
 For old done deeds did in his mind remord.  
 The Bruce and he compleated forth their band,  
 Then that same night sealed it with his hand :  
 This Ragment left the Bruce with Cumine there,  
 With king Edward in England home could fare,  
 And there remained while his ragment was known,  
 Three years and more ere Bruce claimed his own,  
 Some men deems Cumine the ragment did send,  
 Some men again the contrair doth defend.  
 None may say well that Cumine was sakeless,  
 Because his wife was Edward's coulness :  
 He served death by right law of the king,  
 He recklessly miskeeped such a thing.  
 Had Bruce past by but bode to Saint Johnstoun,  
 By whole assent, and had received the crown,  
 On Cumine then he might have done the law,  
 He could not thole from time that he him saw.  
 Thus Scoland left in hard perplexitie,  
 Of Wallace more in some part speak will we.  
 The end of the Eleventh Book.

## The Twelfth B O O K.

## C H A P. I.

How Wallace conquest the land of Guyen, and how  
 he was made Lord thereof.

**T**He fore travel, the earnest business,  
 The feil labour he had in many place :  
 To win the land that the good king him gave,  
 Into his reign he would no Sutheron save.  
 In Guyen land Wallace was still at wear,  
 Of Scotland's loss it did his heart great dear :

Of true Scots in mind he had great pitie,  
 He thought to help, his time when he might see,  
 Of set battels five he discomfeit hail,  
 With jeopardie and many strong assail :  
 Then they forsook, and durst not him abide,  
 The Sutheron fled, from them on either side,  
 To Burdeous into great multiplie :  
 The town they stuff with vittails by the Sea.  
 All Guyen-land Wallace took to his peace,  
 To Burdeous he past ere he would cease,  
 On out-biggings full great mastery he made,  
 Still twenty days at strong assailling bade,  
 Forts and works that were without the town,  
 They brake and burnt, and put to confusion.  
 Hedges and allies by labour that was there,  
 Foiled, and spoiled, they would no fruits spare  
 The Englishmen made great defence again,  
 With shot and cast that meikle were of main :  
 Of guns they were, and ganzies stuffed well,  
 All artailzie and weapons of fine steel,  
 With men and meat within was busked been :  
 The great captain was wise, cruel and keen,  
 Of Glocester the hudge lord and heir ;  
 The earl had been ay used into wear,  
 Keeped his men by wit and hardiment,  
 Without the town there durst none from him went.  
 The land without was near wasted away.  
 War-men so long into the country lay :  
 In Wallace host such scant was of victual,  
 They might not bide no longer to assail.  
 Then this wise lord, the duke of Orleans,  
 To Wallace said, Sir ye should know this chance.  
 It stands over well with this false Sutheron blood,  
 For on no wise can we now stop their rood,  
 The haven they have, and ships at their will,  
 From England comes victuals enough them till :  
 The land is poor of victual should us bield,  
 And ye see well that they forsake the field,  
 Ye may with peace plenish these lands wide,  
 They will not fight though ye all year should bide,  
 My counsil is in plain anent this thing,

That

That ye would pass with worship to the king,  
 By his assent ye may at leisure wail,  
 With provision against them to assail.  
 Wallace inclined, and thanked this wise lord,  
 Then they returned all with one accord,  
 Past up in France with honour to the king,  
 And shewed him whole the verity of this thing,  
 And he thereof in heart was wonder glad.  
 Frenchmen before a hundred years not had  
 Of Guyen half so meikle in their hand.  
 Wrying by then was now coming of Scotland,  
 From part of lords and good bishop Sinkler,  
 Besought this king unto these terms fair,  
 Of his gentrice, and of his goodly grace,  
 For their supply, to counsel good Wallace  
 To come again, and bring them from bandon,  
 And take to wear the crown of that region,  
 This writ as then he would not to him shaw,  
 Right loath he was for friendship, feed, or aw.  
 Wallace should pass so soon from his presence:  
 A dwelling place he took for his residence,  
 In Shemon still Wallace his dwelling made,  
 And held about right likely lands and brade.  
 A keen captain then claimed in heritage  
 Office of it, and great lands into wage:  
 Therefore he fought good Wallace for to sta,  
 Under colour such mattery for to ma:  
 Long time he thought to get a day and place,  
 Said, he desired then service of Wallace.

A tryst they set with fifteen on the side,  
 Forty thereby he gart in bushment byde.  
 Of men in arms. When he with Wallace met.  
 Right awfully he bade them on him set.  
 No armour had Wallace men in that place,  
 But sword and knife they bare on them thro' case,  
 Part of his men left near a forrest side;  
 Right bousteously the captain said that tide,  
 That Wallace held of his lands with unright.  
 Right soberly he said to that French knight,  
 I have no lands but what the king gave me,

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My self therefore have been in jeopardie.  
The knight then said, thy life shall be forlorn.  
Or else that land, the contrare who had sworn.  
A back he lap, and out a sword he drew,  
The bushment broke when he that token shew:  
Good Wallace thought that matters stood not well.  
He gripped soon a shearing sword of steel,  
And at one straike the knight to death he drave,  
About sixteen then lapped all the lave.  
Wallace and his so worthily have wrought,  
Full feil they flew that forest on them fought,  
The knights brother that stalwart was and strang,  
And thought they should be vanged ere they gang,  
Of Wallace men some part he wounded fair,  
Mowing there was into a meadow there,  
Nine stout carls, all servants to that knight,  
Syths then they took, and ran in all their might  
To the fighters, ere they came near that place,  
But them perceived right well hath good Wallace,  
So awful thing of such we never saw:  
Them to resist himself can to them draw.  
Into that flour left his men fighting still,  
To meet these carles that came with eager will,  
The first let draw at Wallace with his syth,  
Deliver he was, and high-over-lap the syth,  
An ackward straik hit the churl on the head,  
Derily on ground he hath him left for dead:  
The other he met, over-lap the syth so keen,  
On the shoulder als strake him in that teen:  
Through all the coast the noble sword it share.  
The third he met with a full awful fare,  
The grounden syth at Wallace he let draw.  
This good Chistain cleanly over-lap them aw:  
With his good sword he made an hideous wound,  
Left him for dead, then on the fourth can found:  
On the right bone in great yre can him ta,  
Cleaved the coast right cruelly in twa:  
Three foremost sythes this good Wallace over-lap  
And four he flew, they saw such was his hap:  
For ay a man he flew at every straik:  
The last fled first, thus can their power slaik.

Wallac



Wallace fast followed, and soon the fifth over-taes,  
 Strake him to death that no further he gaes;  
 Then sped him soon unto his men again.  
 By then they had the knights brother slain:  
 Fifty and six derfly to death were dight.  
 Except seven men that fled out of their fight,  
 Five mawers als that Wallace self with met,  
 To Frenchmen since no such tryst was set:  
 Because that they him brought to such a case,  
 The king heard tell well scaped was Wallace,  
 Sent for him soon, and prayed him to be  
 Of his houshold, and live in good fastie,  
 For well he saw they had him at envy,  
 Still with himself he gart him byde for thy,  
 Two years there Wallace with mirth abade,  
 Still into France many good journey made.  
 The king him pleased in all his goodly main,  
 From him he thought he should not part again,  
 Lords and Ladies honoured him reverently;  
 Wretches and shrews ay held him at envy.

## C H A P. II.

How Wallace slew the two Champions.

**T**WO champions that time dwelt with the king,  
 Had great despite at Wallace in all thing:  
 Together yeed ay these two champions,  
 Of fellon force, and froward of conditions:  
 Right great despite they spake ay of Scotland,  
 While on a day it hapned upon hand,  
 Wallace and they were leaved them alone,  
 By adventure into an house of stone:  
 They used to bear no weapons in that hall,  
 They trowed therefore amiss they might not fall,  
 There communed they of Scotland scornfully,  
 Then VVallace said, Ye wrong us utterly:  
 Since we are bound in friendship to your king,  
 And he of us is pleased of all thing,  
 Als Scotsmen hath helped this realm from dread.  
 Methink ye should give good works for good deed:  
 VVhat may ye speak of your enemies but ill?  
 In lightlinels they made answer theretil,  
 And him despised in their language als.

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Ye Scots, they said, have ever yet been false.  
VWallace took one on the face in his teen,  
VVith his good hand, while mouth, nose and een,  
Though the braith b'ow, all gushed out the blood:  
Grossing to ground he smote him where he stood.  
The other hint to VWallace in that stead.  
For well he wiend his fellow had been dead:  
And he again in grief him gripped sore,  
VWhile his spirit sail'd that he might do no more.  
The first freik rose, and smote on VWallace gait,  
Both to the death be brought them at the last,  
Upon a pillar their brains out he dang,  
And with his hands out at the door them slang,  
And said, what devil moved you carles at me?  
Long time in France I would have let them be.  
Trust well in truth, thus were they done to dead,  
Though Frenchmen now likes not thereof to read,  
Als I will cease, and put it out of ryme,  
Better it is, who right can look in tyme,  
Many great lords was displeased in France,  
But the good king who knew all the whole chance.  
Right great dispite of Wallace spoken had they.  
This pased over while that upon a day:  
Was none of them that durst it undertake,  
He had done wrong or therefore battel make.

## C H A P. III.

How Wallace slew the Lion in Barrace.

**T**His royal Roy an high worship him gave  
As conqueror him honoured over the lave:  
A fell lyon this king gart be brought  
Within Barrace, for great harm that he wrought:  
Tirlizied with yron, and no more power him gave,  
Of woodness he exceeded all the lave:  
But he was fair, and right fellon indeed,  
In that strong strength he gart men him feed,  
Keeped him close from men and bestial:  
In court their dwelt two squyers of great vail,  
That cousins were to the champions tway,  
The which before hapned Wallace to slay,  
A band they made in privy conclusion,

At their power to work his confusion,  
 By any means through fraud and subtilty,  
 After therefore they car'd not for to die,  
 To death or shame, so that they might him bring:  
 Upon a time they went unto the king:  
 This Scot, they said, that ye so well fare make,  
 He sees nought here, but he would undertake,  
 By his great force to put to confusion,  
 Now he desires to fight with your lyon,  
 And bade us ask of you the battel strang,  
 Ye grant him leave in the barrace to gang,  
 Sadly again to them answered the king:  
 Sore me forethinks he desires such a thing:  
 But I will neither for right, nor yet pleasure,  
 Deny Wallace what he desires in France.  
 Then went they forth, and soon met with Wallace,  
 A figured tale they told him in that case:  
 Wallace, they said, the king desires that ye,  
 Direnze battel so cruel for to see,  
 And charged you to fight with this lyon.  
 Wallace answered in hasty conclusion:  
 And I shall do what be the kings will,  
 At my power, right gladly to fulfil:  
 Then passed he unto the king but mair,  
 A lord in court when he approached there,  
 Unwisely asked without provision:  
 Wallace, dare ye go fight with our lyon,  
 And he said, yea: so the king suffer me,  
 Or with your self, if ye ought better be.  
 What will ye more: this thing admitted was,  
 That Wallace should unto the lyon pass.  
 The king charged to bring him good harness:  
 And he said, nay, God shield me from such case  
 I should it take if I fought with a man:  
 But for a dog that nought of arms can,  
 I will have none, but single as I ga:  
 A great mantle about his hand can ta,  
 A good sword, with him he took no mair,  
 Abundantly in Barriace entred there.  
 Great chains were brought in the gate with a gin,  
 And pulled too, when Wallace was therein.  
 The wood lyon on Wallace where he stood, Ramp

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Ramping he brayed, for he desired blood :  
With his round poles in the mantle wrought sa.  
Athort the back good Wallace can him ta,  
With his good sword that was of birnisht steel  
His body in two it cutted ever each deal.  
Then to the King he taked in great yre,  
And said on loud : was this all your desire,  
To ware a Scot this lightly into vain,  
Is there more dogs that ye would yet have slain ?  
Go, bring them forth, since I must dogs quell,  
To do bidding while that I with you dwell :  
It gains me well to graith me in Scotland,  
For greater deeds there men have tane in hand,  
Than with a dog in battle to enchieve :  
At you and France for ever I take leave.  
The King perceived that Wallace grieved was,  
So earnestly he asked leave to pass :  
Rewed in his mind that it was hapned so,  
So lewd a deed to let him undergo.  
Knowing the worship and the great nobleness  
Of him which sprang that time in many place.  
Homely he said, it should displease you nought,  
Ye it desired, it bred never in my thought ;  
And by the faith I owe the crown of France,  
Thought never to charge you to such chance :  
But men of bail that asked it for you,  
Wallace answered, to God I make a vow,  
I liked never such battel to be in,  
Upon a dog no worship is to win.  
The King conceived how this falshood was wrought  
The squyers both were to his presence brought,  
Could not deny, when they came him before,  
All their trespasss they told withoutten more.  
The King commanded they should be done to dead,  
Smote off their heads without any remead.  
The Champions, lo, for envy causeless  
To sudden death, Wallace them brought through case  
The squyers als from their fasteness was kend,  
Envy them brought both to a sudden end,  
Lords, behold, envy the evil dragon,  
In cruel fire he burneth this region :

For



For whosoever abounds in envy,  
 To some mischief it brings him hastily.  
 Forsake envy, thou shalt the better speed,  
 Hereof as now I will no further read.  
 But in my matter, as I before began.  
 I shall declare as plainly as I can.

When Wallace saw they had him at envy,  
 Longer to bide he thought not then plainly.  
 Better him thought in Scotland for to be,  
 And adventure take either to live or die,  
 To help his own he had far more pleasance,  
 Than here to byde with all the wealth in France  
 Then his whole mind, manhood and courage,  
 Was plainly set to win out of bondage,  
 Scotland again from pain and meikle shore,  
 He vowed he should, or else to die therefore.  
 The king hath seen how good Wallace is yet,  
 The letter then him gave withouten let,  
 The which of late from Scotland was him send.  
 Wallace it saw, and well their arms kend :  
 By the first writ thereto accordial,  
 Them to sply he thought he would not fail.  
 Wherefore should I hereof long process make ?  
 Wallace of France a goodly leave can take,  
 The king hath seen that it would not else be,  
 To chamber went, behold him might not be,  
 For great langour, when Wallace can remove :  
 The king to him kept ay kindness and love :  
 Jewels and gold his worship for to save,  
 He bade them give asmuch as they would have.  
 Lords and Ladies weeped wonder fast,  
 When Wallace there so took his leave and past.  
 No man he took but whom he thither brought :  
 Again with him Longoveil forth fought.  
 For pain nor blis, that good knight left him never,  
 For case besel, while death made them dissever.  
 Towards the Sluce in goodly feir past he,  
 A vessel got, and made him to the sea :  
 Eight ship-men hired, and goodly wage them gave :  
 To Scotland sure the firth of Tay they have.

C. H. A. P.

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## C H A P. IV.

How Wallace came into Scotland again at the bat-  
tel of Elchok park.

**U**pon the night Wallace the land hath tane,  
At Ernys mouth, and is to Elchok gane :  
He gart the ship in convert sail away,  
So out of sight they were ere it was day.  
At Elchok dwelt then Wallace cousin dear,  
That Crawfurd, heght the house when they came near,  
On the back-side Wallace a widow fand,  
And in he called, then Crawfurd came at hand,  
From time he wist, that it was good Wallace,  
Into his barn he ordained them a place :  
A mow of corn he builded them about,  
And clos'd it well none might perceive thereout :  
But at one place where meat was to them brought,  
And bedding too, as goodly as he mought.  
Unto the water, whereof Wallace was glad,  
A dern hole forth on the north-side they had.  
Four days or five in rest sojourned there,  
While meat was gone, Crawfurd bowned for mair.  
To Saint Johnstoun their purveyance to buy :  
Englismen thought he took more abundantly  
Than he was wont in any time before,  
They have him tane, and put in prison sore.  
What guests he had, to tell made him request.  
He said, it was but to a Kirking feast.  
Yet they presumed the coming of Wallace,  
Knowledge to get they set a subtil case :  
They let him pass with thing that he had brought,  
Then after soon in all the haste they mought,  
To harness yeed the power of the town,  
Eight hundred men with butler made them bown,  
Follow'd on dreigh, while that this man came hame,  
Wallace him saw, and said, He served blame :  
In my sleeping a fell vison me told,  
Till Englismen that thou should have me sold,  
Crawfurd said, he had been tormented fair  
With Englismen that put him to despair :  
Therefore rise up, and soon some succour see,

I dread full sore they set watches on me,  
 The worthy Scots graithed them in good speed,  
 Their weapons took, then from that house they yeed:  
 Then suddenly feil Sutheron they saw:  
 Too few they were to fight against them aw,  
 That keenly came with young Butler the knight,  
 Then Wallace said, in plain lands is not right,  
 But Elchok park that is near here beside,  
 The first salie we think there to abide.  
 Nineteen they were, and Crawford with good will  
 The twentieth man, the number to fulfil.  
 The park they took where Wallace a place hath seen  
 Of great holin, that grew both high and green,  
 With thortor trees a manner of strength made he,  
 Ere they were won, they thought to gar feil die.  
 The wood was thick, but little of breadth and length,  
 And they had meat thought to hold the strength.  
 The Englishmen then pas'd to Crawford's place,  
 Found in the barn the lodging of Wallace:  
 Then Crawford's wife in hand soon have they tane,  
 And asked at her what way the Scots were gane?  
 Right well they trew'd that Wallace should there be,  
 From France to Tay he was come through the sea,  
 She would not tell for boast nor yet reward,  
 Then Butler said, over long thou hast been spar'd,  
 And gart them big a full broad burning fire,  
 Therewith he grew in maltalent and yre:  
 The Sutheron swore, therein she should burnt be,  
 Then Wallace said, she shall not end for me:  
 Great sin it were yon sakeless wight to sla,  
 Ere she should end, in faith there shall die ma.  
 He left the strength, and the plain field can tae:  
 On loud he cryed, and said, lo, here they fae,  
 Thinks thou not shame for to torment a wife,  
 Come forth to me, and make end of our strife,  
 Fra Butler had on field good Wallace seen,  
 For old malice he wox near wood for teen:  
 Upon the Scots they shuip all with great main,  
 Good Wallace soon the strength he took again.  
 A feil bicker the Englishmen began,  
 Assailed sore with many cruel man:  
 But they within were noble of defence,

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Made great debate with force and violence.  
At their enty fifteen they put to dead.  
Then all the rest removed from that stead.  
Yeed to array again to sailie new.  
Wallace beheld, which well in war him knew,  
Fellows, he said, again all at this place,  
They will not fail: but this stands the case,  
Yon knight thinks for to divide his men  
In seir places, the sooth ye shall well ken,  
Again on us to prove how it may be:  
Us now behoves some other way to see,  
Contrare their might a good defence to make.  
Now Longoveil thou shalt fix with thee take,  
William mine eme as many with you go,  
And five with me, as now we have no mo.  
Knight Butler then parted his men in three  
Wallace visied where Butler shuip to be,  
Thithier then past that entry for to wear,  
Which side they did assailie with great fear.  
Wallace let part on the entry begin.  
But none went out that on the Scots came in,  
Seven foremost was that in the front first yeed,  
Wallace five men that doughty were indeed,  
Each one slew one, and Wallace gart two die;  
Butler was next, and said, this will not be,  
Aback he drew, and let his courage stake,  
The worthy Scots proved well for Scotlands sake,  
Good Longoveil his counter made so fore,  
And Crawford als, they failed them no more.  
Right near by then approached the dark night,  
And stars to appear began into their sight.  
Sutheron set watches, and to their super went.  
The Butler was sore grieved in his intent,  
Yet sure they well of good stuff, ale and bread.  
Wallace and his they wist of no remead,  
But cold water that ran out through a strand,  
In that lodging none other food they fand.  
Then Wallace said, good fellows, think not long,  
Will God, we shall be soon out of this throng,  
Suppose we fast a day, or yet a night,  
Take all in thanks this pain for Scotlands right,  
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The Earl of York was in Saint Johnstoun still,  
 To Butler sent, and bade him bide at will,  
 To him full soon there should come new power.  
 And als himself this told the messenger.  
 Butler would fain that Wallace had yeelden been,  
 Ere the Earl came, and for this cause was seen,  
 His good syre and his Father both he slew.  
 The knight therewith toward the park him drew :  
 What chear they made, upon the Scots he call'd,  
 Then Wallace said far better than thou wa'd.  
 Then Butler said, I would fain speak with thee,  
 Then Wallace said, thou mayest for little fee.  
 Wallace he said, thou hast done me great skaith,  
 My father and my God syre thou slew baith.  
 Then Wallace said, for that state thou art in,  
 It were my debt for to undo thy kin.  
 And I think als, as God of heaven me save,  
 That my two hands shall graith thee to thy grave.  
 Then Butler said, that is not likely now,  
 But we thee have, we shall gar sydes sow.  
 Of this I ask, and thou would make me grant,  
 What I thee heght, that thing thou shalt not want,  
 Say south, quoth he, be thy desire reasonable,  
 I shall it grant without any fable.  
 The Butler said, Wallace thou knows right,  
 Thou may not scape by power nor by flight :  
 And since thou sees it may no better be,  
 For thy gentrice thou would thee yeeld to me,  
 Then Wallace said, thy will unskilful is,  
 Thou would me do which is over high a mis :  
 Yeelden I am to better, I can prove.  
 To Whom ? he asked, to the great God above,  
 For ever each day, since I had wit of man ;  
 Before my work, to yeeld me I began,  
 And als at night when that I failed light,  
 I me betaught to the maker of might.  
 The Butler said, me thinks thou hast done well :  
 Yet of one thing, I pray thee, let me feel :  
 For thy manhood this to me manifest,  
 When thou sees thou mayst no longer last,  
 On this each place which I have tane to wear,  
 That thou come forth, and all other forbear.

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Then VVallace leugh at his cruel desire,  
And said, I shall, though thou were wood as fire,  
And all England the contrary had sworn,  
I shall come out thereat each place the morn,  
Or else this night trust well that I thee say:  
I bide not here till nine hours of the day.  
Butler sent forth the chake watch on the side,  
In that each place boldly he bowned to byde:  
Thus still they bode while day began to pear,  
A thick mist fell, the planet was not clear.  
VVallace assayled all that placeabout,  
Like as he would at an some place brake out  
VVhile Butlers men away from him could go,  
To help the lave: when they saw it was so.  
VVallace and his fast sped them to that stead,  
VVhere Butler bode, feil men they brought to dead.  
The worthy Scots soon passed through that melie,  
Crawfurd therewith was sore hurt on the knee;  
At earth he was, good VVallace turned again,  
And at on straik the Butler hath he slain,  
Hint up that man under his arms so strong,  
Defending him out of that fellow throng,  
Good rowm he made amongst them where he goes;  
With his right hand he slew five of his foes;  
Bure out Crawfurd by force of his person,  
Nine aker broad ere ever he set him down.  
The Sutheron found that their Chistain was dead,  
Sembled him about, but then was no remead.  
Thirty with him of the wightest he brought,  
Dead on that place, whereat the Scots out sought.  
Wallace and his by then was from their fight,  
Sutheron bode still for great los of that knight.  
The mist was mirk, that Wallace liked well,  
Himself was glad, and said to Longoveil:  
At Mothwen wood is my desire to be,  
For there is bestial to get in great plentie.  
By then they were welcom unto the hight,  
The mist slaked, the sun shin'd fair and bright?  
Soon were they ware, a little space them by,  
Of four and thirty in a company,  
Then Wallace said, be yon men friends or fo,  
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We will them see, since that they are no mo.  
 When they came near, a noble knight it was,  
 The which to name height Sir Hew of Dundass.  
 And Sir John Scot, a wife and worthy knight,  
 Into Strathern a man of meikle might :  
 For there he had great part of heritage ;  
 Dundass's sifter he had in marriage.  
 Passing they were, and might no longer lest,  
 To Englishmen their fewty for to fest,  
 The lord of Brechin such command had them made,  
 Of king Edward to hold their lands brade.  
 But fra they saw that it was wight Wallace,  
 Held up their hands, and thanked God of grace,  
 Of his great help which he had sent them there :  
 To Methwen wood with one assent they fare,  
 Sobn got them meat of bestial that they fand,  
 Rested that day ; when night was come on hand,  
 To Birnane wood, but resting are they gane,  
 Where they had found the squyer good Ruthwen ;  
 In out-law use he had long lived there,  
 Of bestial while he might get no mair,  
 They tarried not, but into Athole yeed,  
 Where meat was scant, there Wallace had great dread  
 Passed to Lorn, right little found they there,  
 Of wyld and tame that country was made bare ;  
 But in the strengths, there food was leaved none,  
 These worthy Scots then made a piteous moan.  
 Sir John Scot said, he had far rather die  
 Into good name, and leave his heirs free,  
 Than for to bide as bound in subjection,  
 When Wallace saw these good men of renown,  
 With hunger stad, almost might live no more,  
 Wit ye for them he sighed wonder fore.  
 Good men, he said, I am the cause of this,  
 At your desire, I shall amend this miss,  
 Or leave you free some chevissance for to ma,  
 All him along he bowned for to ga :  
 Prayed them bide while he might come again,  
 Out over an hill he passed into plain.  
 Out of their sight into a forrest side,  
 He set him down under an oak to bide,  
 His bow and Sword he leaned to a tree,

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In anguish great on grouse then turned he :  
This piteous moan was for his men so wrought,  
That of himself little thing he then thought.  
O wretch he said, that never could be content.  
Of over great might that the great God thee lent :  
But thy fierce mind, wilful and variable,  
With great Lordship, thou couldst not so bide stable  
And wilful wit, for to make Scotland free,  
God likes not that which I have tane on me :  
For worthier than I of birth was born,  
Through my desire for hunger are forlorn :  
I ask at God them to restore again :  
I am the cause, I should have all the pain.  
While studying thus, while flyting with himself,  
While at the last upon a sleep he fell :  
Three days before there had him followed five,  
The which was bound, or else to lose their live :  
The Earl of York bade them so grant guardoun,  
That they by thift thought to put Wallace down.  
Three of them was born men of England,  
And two was Scots that took the deed on hand ;  
And some men said, the third brother betrayed,  
Kildrommy east, where great sorrow was raised.  
A child they had which used to bear meat  
In wilderness amonst the mountains great ;  
They had all seen the desseverance of Wallace  
From his good men, and where he bode on chase  
Amongst thick wood, in covert held them law,  
While they perceived he could on sleeping saw,  
And these five approached Wallace near :  
What's best to do ? at other fast they speir.  
One man said thus, it were an high renown,  
And we might lead him quick to Saint Johnstoun.  
Lo, how he lies, we may our gripes wail,  
Of his weapons he shall have none avail :  
We shall him bind in contrare of his will,  
And lead him thus on back side of yon hill,  
So that his men shall nothing of him know.  
The other four assented to that saw :  
And then these five made them unto Wallace,  
And thought through force to bind him that place.  
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What, trow'd these men for to hold Wallace down :  
 The manliest man, the starkest of person  
 Living he was, als stood into such right.  
 We trust great God his deeds hath in sight.  
 They gripped him, and out of sleep he braid ;  
 What meanest this ? then sadly Wallace said :  
 About he turned, and up his arms thrang.  
 On these traitors with knightly force he dang ;  
 The starkest man into his hands hint he.  
 And all his brains he dang out on a tree,  
 His sword he got soon after that he rose,  
 Champion like amongst the four he goes :  
 Every man he gart die at a dint,  
 When two were dead, the other three would not flint,  
 Made them to flee. but then it was no boot.  
 Was none living might pass from him on foot.  
 He followed fast, and soon to death them brought,  
 Then to the child sadly again he sought.  
 What didst thou here ? the child with a pale face,  
 On knees did fall, and asked Wallace grace :  
 With them I was, and knew nothing their thought,  
 Into service, as they me bade, I wrought.  
 What bearest thou there ? but meat the child can say ;  
 Go take it up, and pass with me away.  
 Meat in this time is far better than gold.  
 Wallace and he forth founded on the fold.  
 Who brought Wallace from his enemies bold ?  
 Who but great God that hath this world to hold ;  
 He was his help in many fellaon thrang.  
 With glad chear thus unto Ern can he gang,  
 Both rosted flesh there was, als bread and cheese,  
 To succour them that were in point to lise :  
 And he it deals to four men and fiftie,  
 Which had before fasted over days three.  
 Then took his part he had fasted as long.  
 Where heard ye ever any in such a throng,  
 In hunger so sleeping, and weaponless,  
 So well recovered as Wallace did in case ?  
 Plainly by force vanquisht his enemies five ;  
 Men of wit this question will describe,  
 Withoutten gloze, I will tell forth my tale.  
 How came this meat, this fellowship asked hail : To

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To their desire Wallace, no answer yold,  
Where five were dead, he led them forth and told,  
Greatly displeased was all the chevalrie,  
To a chiftain, they held it fantasie  
To walk alone. Wallace with sober mood,  
aid, hercof hath come nothing now but good.  
To the low-land again full fast they fought,  
askt at the child, if he could wish them ought,  
Where they might best of purveyance for to win?  
Of none, he said, was this countrey within,  
For all about, in as far as I know,  
While that he came down to the Rannach haw.  
That lord hath stuff, both ale, bread and vernage,  
That king Edward he take full meikle wage,  
Then Wallace said, myself shall be your guide,  
Know that stead about on either side:  
Through the wild land he guided them full right.  
To Rannach hall he brought them that same night.  
Watch was set, and that full soon they ta,  
He was a Scot, yet would he not him sla,  
That gart him tell the manner of that place:  
Has entred they within a little space:  
The gate they wan, for castle there was none,  
At mood wall wight, withoutten lime or stone,  
Wallace in haste strake up the chamber door  
With his right foot that stalwart was and stout:  
Then they within awaked suddenly.  
The lord got up, and mercy can he cry.  
At time he wist that good Wallace was there,  
He thanked God, then said these words mair:  
True man I was, and win against my will  
With Englishmen, suppose I like it ill:  
Scots we are that in this houte are now,  
Your command all boldly shall we bow.  
Our nation good Wallace had great pitie,  
Took oaths of them, and then meat asked he.  
Good cheer they made while day-light on the morn,  
His true man soon assembled him befor:  
Three sons he had that stalwart were and bold,  
And twenty men of kin in his household.  
Wallace was blyth they made him some supply:  
And I thank God that we thus multiply.

All that day over in good liking they rest,  
 Watches they chose to keep them that could best  
 Upon the morn, the light day when he saw,  
 Then Wallace said, our power for to know  
 We will take field, and up our banner raise,  
 In right Scotland, and contrare our faes  
 We will no more now us in covert hide,  
 Power to us will sembled on each side.  
 Then horse they got, the best that could be there,  
 Towards Dunkeld the gainest way they fare:  
 The Bishop then got him to Saint Johnstoun,  
 The Scots slew that were of that nation,  
 Both poor and rich, and servants that they fand,  
 Left none alive that were born of England.  
 The place they took, and made them well to fare,  
 Of purveyance that Bishop had brought there.  
 Jewels they got, both gold and silver bright,  
 With good chear there five days sojourned right:  
 On the sixth day Wallace to counsel went,  
 Gart call the best, and shewed them his intent:  
 No men we have to assault Saint Johnstoun.  
 Into the north therefore let us make boun:  
 In Ross, ye know good men a strength hath made.  
 Hear they of us, they come withoutten bade;  
 Als into Butc is good Bishop Sinkler,  
 Fra he got wit, he comes withoutten mare.  
 Good west-land men of Arran and Rauchlie,  
 Fra they be warned, they will all come to me,  
 This purpose took, and in the north they ride,  
 No Englishmen durst in their gate abide.  
 Whom Wallace took, they knew the old ransom.  
 Fra he come home, to flee they made them boun.  
 And Scotsmen sembled to Wallace fast,  
 In awful fear out through the land they past.  
 Strengths were left, wot ye, all desolate,  
 Against these folk no man durst make debate:  
 In array'd bartel they rode to Aberdeen,  
 In whole number seven thousand then were seen;  
 But Englishmen had left the town all waste,  
 On ever each side away then can they haste,  
 In all the land left neither more nor less,  
 Lord Bewmont took the sea at Buchan-ness,

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Through Scotland then was manifest in plain,  
The Lords that fled in heart was wonder fain.  
The knight Clement of Ross came suddenly  
In Murray land with their good chevalry.  
The house of Nairn that good knight well hath tane,  
Slew the captain, and good men many ane.  
Out of Murray and Buchan land came they,  
To seek Bewmont, but he was past away,  
Then those good men to Wallace passed right,  
When Wallace saw Sir John Ramsay the knight,  
And other good that had been from him long,  
Great courage then was raised them among.  
The land he ruled as that him liked best.  
To Saint Johnstoun then rode ere they would rest.

## The siede of Saint Johnstoun.

**A**T every port a stalwart watch he made,  
Confirmed a siede, and stedfastly abade,  
Bishop Sinkler in all good haste him dight,  
Came out of Bute with seembly men in sight:  
Out of the yles of Rauchly and Arrane,  
Lindsay and Boyd, with good men many ane:  
Adam Wallace Barron of Richartoun,  
Full sadly fought to Wallace of renown.  
At Saint Johnstoun bade at the sailie still,  
For Sutherland men they might well pass at will:  
For in their way there durst no enemy be,  
But fled away by land, and eke by sea.  
About the town this sembled they but more,  
For they had been with good Wallace before.  
Setoun, Lawder, good Richard of Lundie,  
In a good barge they past about the sea:  
In Saint Johnstoun haven their ankers have they set,  
Two English ships they took withoutten let:  
The one they burnt, and stuffed the other well  
With artailzie, and stalwart men in steel,  
To keep the port, there should come no victual  
Into the town nor men that might avail.  
From south and north many from Scotland fled,  
Left castles waste, feil left their lives in wed.  
The Sutherland Bishop that before left Dunkel,  
To London past, and told Edward himsel,  
In Scotland there had fallen a great mischance:



Then sent he soon for Aymer the Vallance.  
 And asked him, what then was best to do?  
 He heicht to pass, and take great gold thereto,  
 Into Scotland, some means there to make  
 Against Wallace, in hand thus can he take.  
 He said, he would undo king Edwards crown,  
 Except he might through treason put him down,  
 King Edward heicht what thing that Vallance band  
 He should it keep, thereto he gave his hand.  
 Vallance took leave, and into Scotland went,  
 To Bothwel came, then cast in his intent.  
 What man there was might Wallace best beguile,  
 And soon he found within a little while,  
 Sir John Monteith that Wallace gossip was,  
 A messenger Sir Aymer hath gart pass;  
 At Ruglin kirk these two together met,  
 Him to betray the barnage there was set,  
 Then Vallance said, Sir John thou knows this thing  
 Wallace again riseth contrair the king,  
 And thou mayest have what lordship thou wilt wail,  
 And thou wouldest work as I would thee counsel:  
 Yon tyrant holds the realms in trouble baith,  
 To thrifty men it doth full meikle skaith:  
 He trusted thee, thou mayest full well him take,  
 Of this matter, I rede an end thou make.  
 Were he away, we might at liking reign  
 All as Lords, and live under a king.  
 Then Monteith said, he is our governour,  
 For us he bode in many fellon stour,  
 Not for himself, but for our heritage,  
 To sell him thus, it were a great outrage.  
 Then Vallance said, and thou well understood,  
 Great merit it were, he spills so meikle blood  
 Of christen men, putteth souls in peril,  
 I bind meals he shall be holden hail,  
 As for his life, and kept into prison,  
 King Edward would have him in subjection.  
 Then Monteith thought, so they would keep cunnand  
 He would full fain have had him off Scotland,  
 Vallance saw him in a study be,  
 Three thousand pound of fine gold let him see,  
 And heicht he should the Lennox have at will, Thus

Thus treasonable Monteith granted theretil.  
An obligation with his own hand he made,  
Then took the gold, and Edward seal so brade,  
And gave him his, when he his time might see;  
To take Wallace, over Sulway gave him free  
To Englishmen: by this treasonable concord,  
Sir John should be of all the Lennox Lord.  
Thus Wallace should in England kept be.  
So Edward might make Scotland to him free.  
Their covetise was over great master seen,  
None example takes how another hath been.  
For covetise puts in pains strong and fell:  
For covetise the serpent is in hell:  
For covetise good Hector took the deed:  
For covetise there can be no remead:  
Through covetise good Alexander was lost,  
And Julius als for all his reif and boast.  
Through covetise died Arthur of Britaine:  
For covetise there hath died many ane.  
For covetise the traitor Ganillion,  
The flower of France he put to confusion.  
For covetise they poysoned Godefray  
In Antioch, as the author will say.  
For covetise Monteith upon false wife,  
Betrayed Wallace who was his gossip thrife,  
Vallance in haste with blyth will and good heart,  
To London past, and shewd it to Edward:  
Of their contract he had far more pleasance,  
Than of fine gold given in the ballance.  
Of greater weight than his ransome might be.  
Of Wallace forth yet speak some part will we.  
At Saint Johnstoun yet was the sieging still,  
In a morning the Sutheron with good will,  
Five hundred men in arms right eagerly,  
They issued forth to make a Jeopardie.  
At the south port upon Scot and Dundass,  
Who in their time right wise and worthy was:  
Against their foes right sharply fought and sore,  
In that counter seven score to death they bore:  
Yet Englishmen that cruel were and keen,  
Full deirly fought, where doughty deeds were seen  
From the west side drave all the Scots hail

To the fighters, when they saw nought avail,  
 But in again full fast they can them speed:  
 The knight Dundass full doughty proved indeed,  
 Over near the gate full bandonly he bade.  
 VVith a good sword full great mastery he made,  
 Nought knowing well his fellows were him fra,  
 In at the gate the Sutheron can him ta:  
 Unto the earl they led him hastilie:  
 VVhen he him saw, he said he should not die,  
 To slay this one it may us little remead.  
 He sent him forth to VVallace in that stead.  
 Unto the north his battels hath he brought,  
 VVhile he him saw, of this he with right nought.  
 Sent to the earl, and thanked him largely,  
 Height for to quite when he such cause might see:  
 But yet therefore foverance he would not grant,  
 Though they were yeelden, and come recryant.  
 For gold nor good he would no tribute take,  
 A great assault then they began to make,  
 The Earl of Fife dwelt under trews long  
 Of King Edward, and then he thought it wrong,  
 That VVallace so was sieging Saint Johnstoun,  
 But if he come in right help of the crown.  
 To Englishmen he would not keep that band,  
 Then come he soon with good men of the land.  
 And Vallance was then Sheriff of Fife,  
 To VVallace past, and sterked him in that strife  
 The earl was come of good true noble blood,  
 Of the old Thane, which in his time was good.  
 Then all about to Saint Johnstoun they gang.  
 The felloe fault was hideous and strang  
 Full feil faggots unto the dyke they fast.  
 Hather and hay about the stakes they cast:  
 VVith trees and earth a great Passage they made,  
 Out over the walls they yeed in battels brad:  
 The Sutheron then made great defence again,  
 VVhile at the walls there were a thousand slain.  
 VVallace and his yeed rayed in battel right.  
 All Sutheron men densly to death they dight:  
 To save the earl. VVallace the Herauld send,  
 Good Jop himself the which before him kend:  
 For Dundass sake, he said, he should not die,

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Wallace himself thus ordained for to be,  
A small hackney to him he gart betake,  
Silver and gold his charges for to make.  
Set on his cloak a token for to see.  
A Lion in wax that should his conduct be:  
Conveyed him forth, and no man him withal,  
Women and barns, Wallace gart free them all.  
And then he cryed, true Scots to their own.  
Plenisht the land which had been long overthrown  
Then Wallace past the Southland for to see,  
Edward the Bruce in his time right worthy,  
That year before he had in Ireland been,  
And therewith him were cruel men and keen,  
Fifty in feir were of his mother's kin:  
At Kircudbright in Galloway entred in,  
With those fifty he had vanquisht ninescore,  
And then past withoutten tarry more,  
To Wigton soon, and that castle hath tane,  
Sutheron were fled, and left it all alane,  
Wallace him met with true men reverently,  
To Lochmabane went all that chevalry;  
They made Edward both lord and leader there.  
This condition Wallace made him but mair,  
But a short time to bide Robert the king,  
If he came not in this region to reign,  
That Edward should receive the crown but fail,  
This height Wallace, and all the barnage hail,  
In Lochmabane prince Edward leined still,  
And Wallace past to Cumnok with good will:  
At the Black-bog where he had wont to be,  
Upon that stead a royal house held he.  
English Wardens to London past but mair.  
And told the king of all their great misfere:  
How Wallace can Scotland from him reduce,  
And how he had received Edward Bruce.  
The commons swore they should come never mair  
Upon Scotland, and Wallace living were.  
Then Edward wrote to Monteith privily,  
Prayed in haste the time was passed by,  
Of the promises to which he was bounden,  
Sir John Monteith into his wit hath founden,  
How he should best his purpose to fulfil,



His sister's son in haste he called him till,  
 And ordained him in dwelling with Wallace:  
 An oath again he gart him make on case,  
 What time he wist Wallace in quiet draw,  
 He should him warn, what adventure might faw.  
 This man granted that such thing shuld be done:  
 With Wallace thus he was in service soon:  
 But of treason, Wallace had little thought:  
 His laborious mind on other matters wrought:  
 Thus Wallace thrice hath made all Scotland free,  
 Then he desired in lasting peace to be;  
 For as of wear he was in some part irk,  
 He purposed to serve God and the kirk,  
 And for to live under his righteous king,  
 That he desired above all earthly thing.

## C H A P. V.

How Wallace was betrayed by Sir John Monteith,  
 and had in England, and was martyred there.

**T**HE Herauld Jop in England soon he send,  
 And write to Bruce right heartily his commend,  
 Beseeching him to come and take his crown,  
 None should gainstand, clerk, burges, nor barron,  
 The herauld past, when Bruce saw his credence,  
 Thereof he took a perfect great pleasance.  
 With his own hand again wrote to Wallace,  
 And thanked him of lawty and kindness,  
 Beseeching him this matter to conceal.  
 For him behoved out of England to steal.  
 For long before was keeped the ragment,  
 Which Cumine had to bide the parliament  
 Into London, and if they him accuse,  
 To come from them he would have some excuse,  
 He prayed Wallace on Glasgow mure to wake,  
 The next first night of July for his sake,  
 And bade he should but into quiet be,  
 For he with him might bring few chevalrie.  
 Wallace was blyth when he this writting saw,  
 His household soon he gart to Glasgow draw,  
 That month there he ordained them to bide;  
 Keirly he took each night with him to ride,  
 And this young man that Monteith to him send;

Wist none but they what way that Wallace wend,  
The which gart warn his Eme the eighteenth night  
Sixty full soon Sir John Monteith gart dight,  
Of his own kin and allaya was born,  
To his treason he gart them all be sworn:  
From Dumbartoun they sped them hastily,  
Near Glasgow kirk they busked them privately,  
Wallace past forth where that the tryft was set,  
A spy they made, and followed him but let.  
Robreton was near the way beside,  
And but one house where Wallace used to bide.  
He woke on foot, while passed was midnight,  
Keirly and he then for a sleep them dight.  
They bade this man that he should wake his part,  
And waken Wallace, came men from any airt  
When they sleept, the traitor took good heed,  
He meet his Eme and bade him have no dread.  
On sleep he was, and with him but one man.  
Ye may him have for any craft he can:  
Without the house their weapons laid them fra,  
For well they wist got Wallace one of tha,  
And on his foot, his ransom should be sold.  
Thus sembled they about that feeble hold,  
This traitor watch from Wallace then he stal  
Both knife and sword, his bow and arrow all.  
After midnight in hand they have him tane,  
Slumber'd on sleep, no man with him but ane:  
Keirly they took and led him from that place,  
Did him to death withouten longer space,  
They thought to bind Wallace with strengths strong  
On foot he got these feil traitors among.  
He gripped about but no weapons he fand,  
Yet with a stool that did beside him stand,  
The back of one he bursted in the thrang,  
And of another the harns out he dang,  
And als many as hands could on him lay,  
By force him hint, for to have him away:  
But that power on foot might not him lead  
Out of that house while they or he were dead.  
Sir John saw well by force it might not be,  
Ere he were tane rather he thought to die:  
Monteith bade cease, and then spake to Wallace,

And show'd him forth a full right subtilt case:  
 Ye have so long here used you alone,  
 While wit thereof is into England gone,  
 Therefore hear me, and sober your courage,  
 The Englishmen with a full great Barnage,  
 Are ssembled here, and set this house about,  
 That ye by force on no wise can win out,  
 Suppose ye had the strength of good Hector,  
 Amongst the host ye may not long endure:  
 And they you take, in haste your death is dight,  
 I have spoken with lord Clifurd that knight,  
 Their Chistain is, and well meened for your life,  
 They ask no more but be quite of your strife,  
 To Dumbartoun ye shall pass forth with me,  
 Then in your house ye may in safety be.  
 Sutheron such use with Monteith long had they,  
 That Wallace trowed some part that he would say.  
 Monteith said, Sir, lo, weapons none we have,  
 We come in traist, your life if we might save  
 Wallace trowed well; and he his gossip thrise,  
 That he would nought by any manner of wise  
 Him to betray for all Scotland so wide,  
 An Oath of him he asked in that tide.  
 There wanted wit, what should his oaths more?  
 Forsworn to him he was long time before.  
 The oath he made, Wallace came in his will,  
 Right fraudfully all thus he show'd him till,  
 Gossip, he said, as prisoner they must you see,  
 Or else through force they will take you from me.  
 A couch with slight upon his hands they laid,  
 And under then with slicker cords they braid,  
 Both sharp and tough, and fast together drew.  
 Alace, the Bruce might sore that binding row,  
 Which made Scotland soon broken upon cale,  
 By Cumine's death, and loss of good Wallace.  
 They led him forth in fear amongst them aw:  
 Keirly he mist, and then the Sutheron saw.  
 Then wist he well that he betrayed was,  
 Toward the south with him when they can pass:  
 Yet they him said, In truth he should not die,  
 King Edward would keep him in good safety,  
 For the honour of war that he had wro

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But the sore bands so troubled all his thought.  
Credence thereto forsooth he could not give,  
That he wist well they would not let him live.  
A false foul case that Monteith bath him sald,  
When on this wise good Wallace he was call'd,  
Some men says, it was to save his lord,  
They lied all out that made that false record :  
At the Faw Kirk the good Stewart was slain, ^  
Our Chronicles rehearles that in plain,  
On Magdalone day the eighteenth year before,  
Cumine's death therefore it witnesseth more :  
And at Restoun Wallace was treasonably,  
Thus falsly stoln from his good chevalry,  
In Glasgou lay, and wist not of this thing,  
Thus was he lost, in binding of his king,  
South they him led, ay holding the west land,  
Delivered him in haste over Salway fand.  
The lord Clifford and Vallance took him there,  
To Carlile town full fast with him they fare :  
In prison him set, that was a great dolour :  
That house after they called Wallace tower.  
Some men then said that knew not well the case,  
In Berwick town to death they put Wallace :  
Contrare is known by this opinion,  
That Sutheron men had not then Berwick town,  
To Scotland free it was till Soulis it gave,  
For lord Cumine to England with the lave.  
Another point is, the traitors durst not pass,  
That sold him so, where Scotsmen master was.  
The third point is, The commons of England,  
What they deny they will not understand :  
That thing be done, for witness that may be,  
No nor credence give further than they may see.  
To see him die, Edward had more desire  
Then to be lord of all the whole empire :  
And for this cause they kepted him so lang,  
While the commons might unto London gang.

**A** Lace, Scotland, to whom shalt thou complain ?  
**A** Alace, from pain who can thee now refrain ?  
Alace, thine help is falsly brought to ground :  
Thy best chistain in braith bands is bound.  
Alace, thou hast now lost thy guide of light.



Alace, who shall defend thee in thy right :  
 Alace, thy pain approacheth wonder near,  
 With sorrow soon thou shalt be left on stear.  
 Thy gracious guide, thy greatest governour,  
 Alace, over near hath come thy fattal hour.  
 Alace, who shall now beet thee of thy bale ?  
 Alace, when shall of harms thou be hail ?  
 Who shall defend ? who shall thee now make free ?  
 Alace, in war, who shall thine helper be ?  
 Who shall thee keep ? who shall thee now redeem ?  
 Alace, who shall the Saxons from thee fleem ?  
 I can no more but beseech God of grace,  
 Thee to restore in haste to wealth and peace,  
 So good Wallace may succour thee no mair,  
 The loss of him increaseth meikle care.  
 Now of his men in Glasgou still they lay :  
 What sorrow raise when they mist him away :  
 The cruel pain, the woful complaining,  
 Therefore to tell it were an heavy thing ;  
 I will let be, and speak of him no mair :  
 Little rehearse is over meikle care,  
 And principally where redemption is none,  
 It helps not to tell their piteous moan :  
 The death thereof is yet in remembrance :  
 I will let slak of sorrow the ballance.  
 But Longoveil to Lochmabane can pass,  
 And there he height where good prince Edward was  
 Out of Scotland he should pass never more,  
 Loss of Wallace fought to his heart full sore :  
 The realm of France he vowed never to see,  
 But revenge Wallace, or else therefore to die.  
 There he remained while coming of the king :  
 With Bruce in war this good knight forth did reign,  
 Remembrance since is in the Bruce's book,  
 Second he was when they Saint Johnstoun took,  
 Followed the king at winning of the town,  
 The Bruce therefore gave him full great guardoun,  
 All Chartris land the good king to him gave,  
 Chartris since then of him come are the lave.  
 Whereto should I far in this story wend,  
 But of my book to make a final end  
 Robert the Bruce came home on the third day,

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In Scotland, after that Wallace was away,  
To Lochmabane, where he found good Edward,  
Whereof he was greatly rejoiced in heart :  
But fra he wist that Wallace away was led,  
So meikle bail into his breast was bred,  
Near of his wit he worthed for that deed :  
Edward full soon then to his brother yeed.  
A sudden chance this was in wo from weal.  
Good Edward saith, this helpeth not a deal :  
Let mourning be, it may be no remead ;  
Ye have him tint, ye should revenge his deed.  
But for your caule he took the wars in hand,  
In your defence, and thrice hath fred Scotland,  
The which was lost from us and all our kin,  
Were not Wallace, we had never entred in.  
Mirrour he was of lawty and manhead :  
In wars the best that ever power shall lead :  
Had he liked for to have tane the crown,  
Would none him let that is in this region.  
Had not been he, ye should had none entres  
Into this realm, for treason and falsness.  
That shall ye see : the traitor that him sold,  
From you he thinks Dumbartane for to hold.  
Some comfort take, and let slak of this sorrow,  
The king charged Edward on the morrow,  
Redress to take of wrong that wrought him was,  
To Dalswinton he ordained him to pass,  
And men of arms if they found Cumine there,  
Put him to death, for no dread they would spare.  
They found him not, the king him after slew  
Into Dumfries where witneis were anew :  
That happned wrong, over great haite in a king :  
To work by law, it may skaith little thing.  
I need not here no further for to shaw.  
How that was done, is known to you aw.  
But young Douglas first to the king can pass,  
In all his wear that wight and worthy was :  
Nor how the king hath tane on him the crown,  
Of all that here I make but short mention :  
Nor how lord Soulis gave Berwick town away,  
How after soon als tint was Galloway.  
How John of Lorn against his right king rose, On

On either side how Bruce had many foes.  
 How bold Brichin contraire the king could ride,  
 Right few was then in wear with him to bide.  
 Nor how the north was given from the good king,  
 Which made him long in painful war to reign :  
 But true to him was James the good Dowglas,  
 For Bruce's right bode well in many place :  
 Under the king he was the best chiftain :  
 But Wallace I set a chiftain him alane,  
 Therefore to him is no comparison,  
 As of one man, save reverence of the crown,  
 But so many as of the Dowglas hath been,  
 Good of one thing was never in Scotland seen.  
 Comparisons I cannot well declare,  
 Of Bruce's book, as now I speak no mair.  
 Master John Barbour which was a cunning clerk  
 Hath of the Bruce said meikle in his wark :  
 In this matter I am prolixit almaist,  
 To my purpose briefly I will me haste.  
 How good Wallace was set amongst his foes,  
 To London with him Clifford and Vallance goes,  
 Where king Edward was right fain of that sang :  
 They have him set fast in a prison strang.  
 Of Wallace end my self would lean for dread  
 To say the worst, but righteousness me lead,  
 We find his life was als so very true,  
 His fatel hour I will not fenzie now :  
 Monteith him sold, and that over well was known,  
 Feil of that kin in Scotland then was sown,  
 Charged to bide under the great judgment  
 That king Robert asted in his parliament,  
 Thereof I make no longer countenance,  
 But Wallace end in world was displealace :  
 Thereof I cease, and put not isto ryme,  
 Scotland may think the blessed happy time  
 That he was born, by principal points two  
 This is the first ere that we farther go :  
 Scotland he fred, and brought it from thirlage,  
 And now in heaven he hath his herberage,  
 Whereof we have right stedfast confidence,  
 Since for his country he made so great defence.

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## An Admonition to the Reader.

These things which follow, favouring of the superstitious credulity of the People, and deceitful countenance of the Monks of those times, we have notwithstanding insert, lest we should seem at our own hand rashly to omit any thing which we found in our Copy: to the end, that they may admonish us to study to be thankful to our blessed Lord, who hath now opened our eyes to see through the mist wherewith those former Ages were blinded,

**A** Monk there was in Burie Abbay than,  
Into that time a right religious man:  
A young man als with him in order stood,  
Who knew his life was clean, perfect and good;  
This Father Monk was visited with sicknels,  
Out of the world as he should pass on cace,  
His brother saw his sprite likely to pass,  
A band of him right earnestly could he ask,  
To come again, and show him of the meed,  
That he should ask of God for his good deed.  
He granted him, at his power to prieve,  
To come again, if God will give him leave.  
His sprite changed out of this world's pain,  
In that same time came to the Monk again.  
Such thing hath been, as is by voice and sight,  
Where he appeared there shined meikle light,  
Like to lanterns they illuminate so clear,  
That worldly light thereto might be no pear,  
A voice thus said, God hath me granted grace,  
That I shall keep my promise in this place.  
The Monk was blyth of this clean figure fair:  
But a fire-brand in his forehead he bare,  
As that him thought misliked all the lave.  
Where art thou sprite? answered, so God me save,  
In Purgatory. How long shalt thou bide there?  
But half a year to come, and little mair.  
Purgatory is, I let thee well to wit,  
In any place where God will it commit;  
An hours space I was there judged to be,  
And that passeth, suppose I speak with thee.      Why



Why hast thou that, and all the rest so haile,  
For In science I thought me most avail ;  
Who prides therein, labour is in waste ;  
For science comes but of the holy Ghost.  
After thine hour, where is thy passage even ?  
When time comes, he said to lasting heaven.  
What times is that, I pray you, now declare ;  
Two are on life, must be before me there.  
Which two are they ? the verity we ken ;  
The first hath been a great slayer of men,  
Now they him keep to martyr in London town,  
On wednesday before the king and common :  
Is none on life that hath so many slain  
O brother, he said, this tale is but in vain,  
For slaughter is to God abominable.  
Then said the sprite, Forsooth this is no fable,  
He is Wallace defender of Scotland,  
For righteous war that he took upon band.  
Righteousness there is loved over the lave,  
Therefore in heaven he shall that honour have :  
Syn a poor priest is meikle to commend,  
He took in thanks what thing that God him send,  
For godliness and good devotion,  
Heaven he shall have to lasting warison.  
I am the third granted through God's grace.  
Brother, he said, tell I this in our place,  
They will but deem I either dream or rave,  
Then said the sprite, this witness thou shalt have,  
The bells shall ring for ought that ye do may,  
When they him ilay, half an hour of the day.  
And so they did, the Monk wist what they ailed.  
Through broad Britain, the word thereof was caild  
The sprite took leave at God's will to be.  
Of Wallace end to hear is great pitie.  
And I would not put men in great dolour,  
But lightly pass out over this fatal hour.  
On wednesday fierce Sutherland forth him brought.  
To martyr him as they before had thought.  
Wallace was martyr'd, the truth to you to tell,  
As were Oswald, Edmund, Edward with pain sell :  
With men of arms led him a full great rout,  
With a bold sprite then Wallace blent about : A

A priest he asked for him that died on tree :  
King Edward then commanded his Clergie,  
And said, I charge in pain of loss of life,  
None be so bold yon tyrant for to shryfe,  
He hath long run in contrare of mine hieness.  
A blessed Bishop soon present in that place,  
Of Canterbury he then was righteous lord,  
Against the king he made his right record,  
And said, my self shall hear his confession,  
If I have might, in contrare of thy crown,  
Or thou through force shall stop me from this thing,  
I vow to God which is my righteous king,  
Over all England I shall thee interdict,  
And make it known thou art an Heretick :  
The Sacrament of Kirk I shall him give,  
Then take thy choice to sterue, or let me live :  
It were more vail in worship of thy crown,  
To keep such one in life in thy bandoun,  
Than all the land and good that thou hast rest :  
But covetise thee ay from honour drest :  
Thou hath thy life rung long in wrongous deed,  
That shall be seen on thee, or on thy seed.  
The king gave charge they should the Bishop ta :  
But wise lords counsell'd to let him ga :  
All wise men said, that his desire was right,  
To Wallace then he talk'd in their sight,  
And sadly heard his confession to the end,  
Humbly to God his spirit he did commend :  
Lawty him served with hearty devotion,  
Upon his knees, and said an orison,  
His leave he took, and to Westminster rode.  
The clouchmed there they bare Wallace but bode  
Unto a place his martyrdom to take,  
For to his death he willed them furthering make.  
From the first night he was tane in Scotland,  
They kepted him into the famine band :  
Nothing he had that would have done him good,  
But Englishmen him served of careful food.  
The worldly life desires the sustenance,  
Though he had got in contrare of pleasance,  
These thirty days his hands they durit not slaik,  
While he was bound to a scample of aik,      With

With iron chains that were both stark and keen,  
 A clerk they set to hear what he would mean.  
 Thou Scot, he said, that so great wrong hath done,  
 Thy fatal hour thou sees approacheth soon,  
 Thou should in mind remember thy misdeed,  
 That clerks may when they the psalms read,  
 For Christians souls which oft makes them to pray,  
 In their number thou may be one of they,  
 For now thou sees on force thou must decease,  
 Then Wallace said, for all thy round rehearse,  
 Thou hast no charge, suppose I had done miss,  
 Yon blessed Bishop hath height I shall have blis.  
 And I trow well that God shall it admit,  
 Thy simulat words shall not my conscience smit :  
 Comfort I have of way that I should gang,  
 Most pain I feel that I bide here so lang,  
 Then said the clerk, Our king sent oft thee till,  
 Thou might have had all Scotland at thy will,  
 To hold of him, and ceased of thy strife,  
 So as a lord to reign through all thy life.  
 Then Wallace said, thou speaks of mighty thing :  
 Had I lasted, and got my righteous king,  
 And worthy Bruce received had his crown,  
 I thought have made England at his bandoun,  
 That utterly it should been at his will,  
 What pleased him to save, or else to spill.  
 Well, said the clerks. I see thou repents nought,  
 Of wickedness thou hast a fellen thought,  
 Is none in world that hath so many slain,  
 Therefore to ask, me think, thou should be bairn,  
 Grace at our king. and then at his barnage.  
 Then Wallace smiled a little at his language :  
 I grant, he said, some Englishmen I slew,  
 In my quarrel, me thought not half a new ;  
 I moved no war but for to win our own,  
 Both God and man the right full well hath known :  
 Thy frustrate words doth nought but tyres me,  
 I thee command, in God's name, let me be,  
 A sheriff gart this clerk soon from him pass,  
 Right as they durst, granted what he would ask,

A psalter book Wallace on him had ever.  
From his childhood, with it he would not sever,  
The better he trowed in his voyage to speed:  
But when he was dispoyled of his weed,  
This grace he asked at lord Cliffurd that knight,  
To let him have the psalter book in sight:  
He gart a priest open before him hold,  
While they to him had done what that they would:  
Stedfast he read for ought they did him there.  
Feil Sutheron said, that Wallace felt no fair.  
Good devotion so was his beginning,  
Continued therewith, and so was his ending,  
While speech and sprite at once all can fare,  
To lasting blifs we trust for evermair.  
I will not tell how he divided was  
In five parts, and ordained for to pass,  
Yet his spirit thus by likelincfs was well:  
Of Wallace life who hath a better feel,  
May show forth more with wit and eloquence:  
For I to this have done my diligence,  
After the prose given from the latine book,  
Which master Blair in his time undertook,  
In fair latine compyled to an end,  
With good witnes, which more is to commend.  
Bishop Sinkler that lord was of Dunkel,  
He got this book, and confirmed to himsel:  
For very truth thereof he had no dread,  
Himself had heard great part of Wallace deed.  
His purpose was to have sent it to Rome,  
Our father of kirk therein gave his doom,  
But master Blair, and als Sir Thomas Gray,  
After Wallace they lived many a day.  
These two knew best of Sir William's deed,  
From sixteen years while nine and twenty yeed,  
Fourty and five Wallace of age was call'd,  
That time that he was to the Sutheron said:  
Though this matter be nought to all pleasance,  
His soothfast deed is worthy to advance.  
All worthy men that reads this rural dyte,  
Blame not this book, though I be imperfite:  
I should have thanks, since I no travel spar'd:



For my travel no man heght me reward,  
 Nor charge I had of king, nor other lord:  
 Great harm I thought this good deed should be smor'd,  
 I have said here near as the process goes,  
 And feigned not for friends, nor yet for foes.  
 For cost hereof was no man bound to me,  
 In this sentence I had no will to see;  
 But in as much as I rehearsed nought,  
 So worthily as noble Wallace wrought.  
 But in one point, I grant I said amiss:  
 These two knights should blamed be of this,  
 The knight Wallace of Craigie righteous lord,  
 And Liddail too, caus'd me make wrong record:  
 On Allartoun mure, the crown he took one day,  
 To get battel, as mine author will say:  
 These two caus'd me say on another wise,  
 To master Blair he did part of supprise.

*Thus endeth William Wallace wight,  
 Behind him left not such a Knight,  
 Of worthiness and deed of hand;  
 From thraldom thrice he fred this Land.*



*The Conclusion of this Book.*

**G**O noble Book, fulfilled of sentence,  
 Suppose thou be barren of eloquence.  
 Go, worthy Book, fulfilled of worthy deed;  
 But thee to help of language thou hast need;  
 When good makers rang well into Scotland,  
 Great harm it was that none of them thee fand:  
 Yet there is part that can thee well advance,  
 Now byde the time, and be in remembrance.

I you beseech, of your benevolence,  
 Who will not love, lake not mine eloquence.  
 It is well known, I am a rural man,  
 And here have done as goodly as I can;  
 My tongue did never ornate terms embrace:  
 I beseech God, that giver is of grace,  
 Made Hell and Earth, and let the Heaven above,  
 That he to us grant his dear lasting love.

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F I N I S.

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